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THE NEW YORKER

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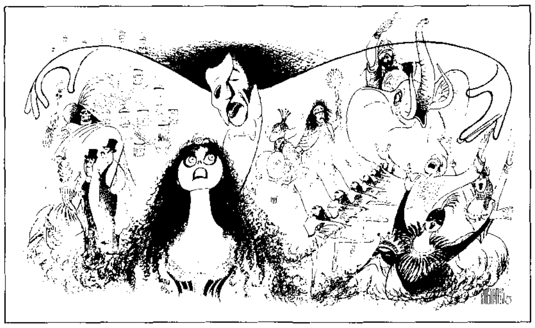

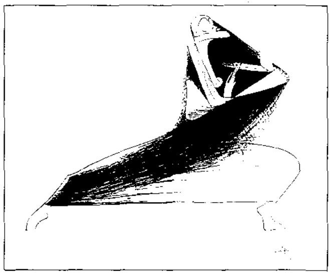

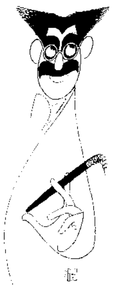

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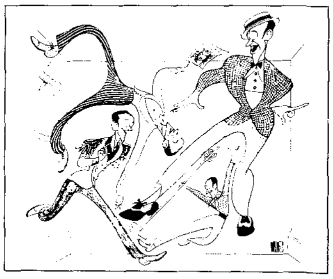

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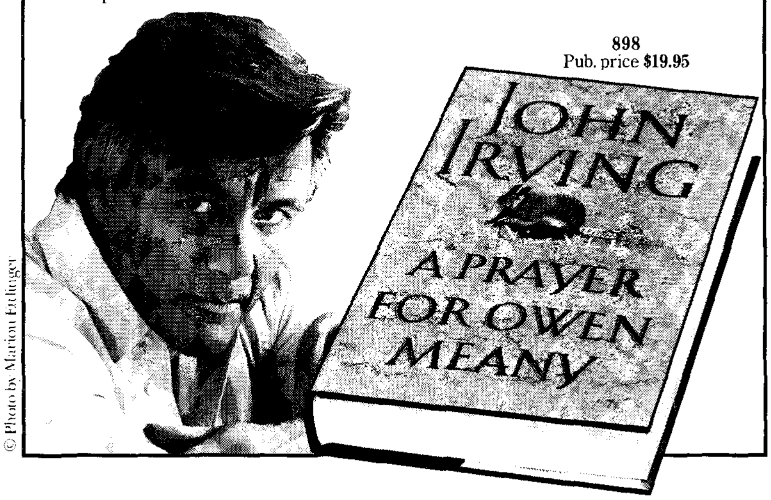

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

Occasionally, when we tire of looking for good theatre in the usual places—on Broadway, Off Broadway, and at Off Off Broadway's more established venues—we head for the less obvious ones, hoping to find, in some little play or repertory company, a rose that we can save from having to blush unseen. Too often it is we who blush unseen: the probably bad play or production of a classic we check out turns out to be just that, a bad play or production; and, feeling foolish and discouraged, we slink away to sulk in our tent until that same combination of boredom and hope sends us out on our rounds again.

Once in a great while, however, we happen on something like the Willow Cabin Theatre production of "Who Will Carry the Word?," which ran from March 30th to April 16th at Intar Stage Two. The play is Charlotte Delbo's haunting memoir of life at Ravensbrück concentration camp, and an extraordinary mixture of art and truth. The Willow Cabin production was a tour de force: partly because one thinks one has seen and read everything related to the Holocaust, but this play was something different; and partly because a play in which one group of women tell the story of another group of women—most of whom died in a situation where the only point of survival was to make sure that somebody got back to tell the story—has to be *very* well acted, and this one was.

Unfortunately, the Willow Cabin is one of those "homeless" companies that have no base of their own. We mention this because it seems crazy to us—and so sad—for any story that had come so far and been so exquisitely preserved for so long to have to stop short on West 53rd Street.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

Approaching Zanzibar—Jane Alexander and Harris Yulin in a new play by Tina Howe. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Aristocrats—A play by Brian Friel, originally done at Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1979. With Niall Buggy, Margaret Colin, John Pankow, and Kaiulani Lee. A Manhattan Theatre Club production. Previews through April 23. Opens April 25 at 8. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 645-5590.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

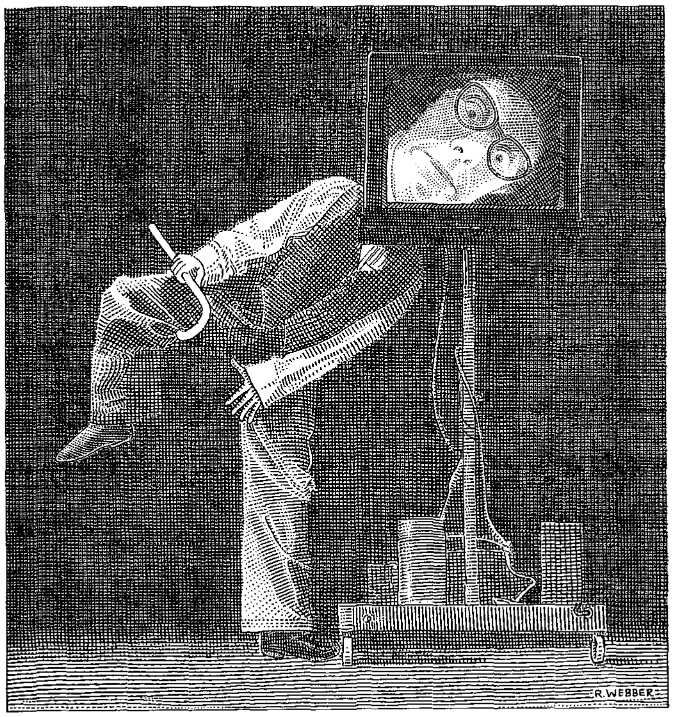
Brothers, Mothers and Others—Two one-act plays, both set in Spanish Harlem, by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld. Previews April 18-19. Opens April 20 at 8, and will run through May 6. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Ghetto—A play by the Israeli writer Joshua Sobol, set in Vilna, Lithuania, in 1942-43. Donal Donnelly, Avner Eisenberg, Stephen McHattie, and Helen Schneider are in the cast. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Largely New York—Bill Irwin's new, wordless comedy about man and technology. Performed by a company of nineteen, including Mr. Irwin himself. Previews begin April 22. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Starmites—A musical about a young girl who is transported to the world of her favorite comic-book characters. The score and lyrics are by Barry Keating, and the book is by Stuart Ross and Mr. Keating. In previews. (Stage Right at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Frank Loesser's **most happy fella.** Opens April 22 at 8, and runs through April 30. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. For information about tickets, call 243-6281.)



Bill Irwin in "Largely New York"

NEW THIS SEASON

Amulets Against the Dragon Forces—An extremely tedious work about the young son of a practical nurse, who takes him along to the house of a dying patient. The performance, under B. Rodney Marriott's direction, is worthy of a better script. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/89.) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes May 7.)

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Born Yesterday—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Brimstone and Treacle—A play by Dennis Potter, based on his screenplay for the 1982 film of the same name. With Frank Lazarus. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050.)

Cantorial—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Chu Chem—A small Jewish delegation (*2m, 1f*) visits China in the fourteenth century and finds traces of another, larger delegation that went there a thousand years before that. This musical is probably harmless if you can manage to ward off the cutes. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 246-0102.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Don Juan of Seville—Ghastly. Carey Perloff's gimmicky staging of Tirso de Molina's "El Burlador de Sevilla" (the original Don Juan play) uses scaffolding, modern dress, and otherwise jokey costumes (Day-Glo seventeenth-century collars and such, worn over tracksuits and crop tops) to soup up a classic. Jeffrey Nordling is inexpressibly vulgar in the title role—like a refugee from the Broadway cast of "The Three Musketeers"—and easily matched by those around him. It's hard to tell which is worse: Lynne Alvarez's effortful, self-conscious translation or Elizabeth Swados's irritating, sententious music. Produced in conjunction with Intar. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 30.)

Early One Evening at the Rainbow Bar and Grille—An apocalyptic play by Bruce Graham. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes April 30.)

Equity Library Theatre—The latest offering is **the thirteenth chair,** a 1916 whodunit by Bayard Veiller. (103rd St and Riverside Dr. 663-2028. Closes April 30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Forbidden City—This domestic drama about a black family living prosperously on the edge of suburban Philadelphia in 1936 was written by Bill Gunn, who died the day before it opened. It's essentially an unfinished play, as full of interest as it is of excess and inconsistency. The writing ranges from the embarrassingly overwrought to the inspired, as does the acting, under Joseph Papp's direction. With Gloria Foster, Akili Price, and Frankie R. Faison. (4/17/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Hamlet—Shakespeare's tragedy, with Shan Sullivan in the title role. (Judith Anderson,

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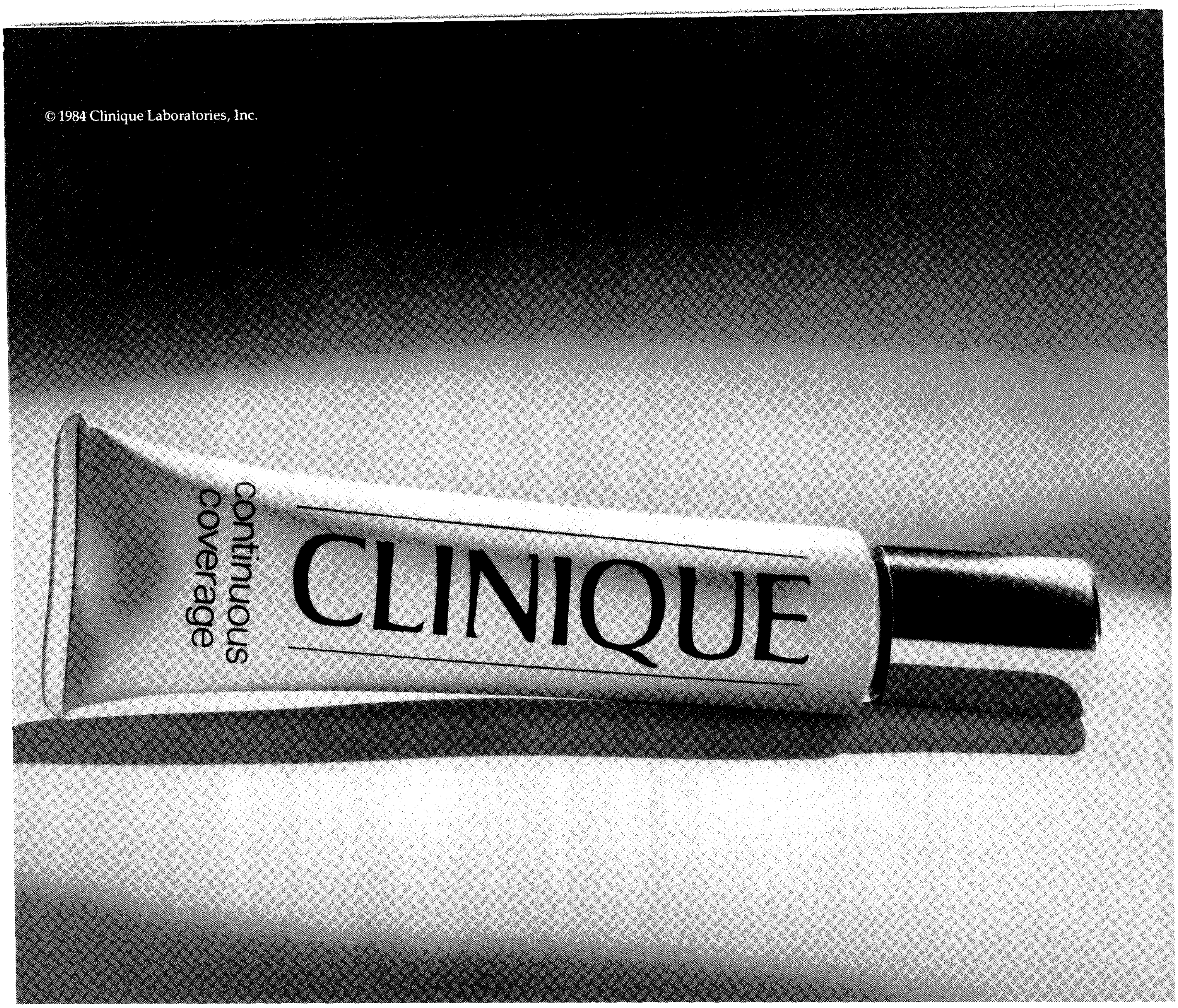

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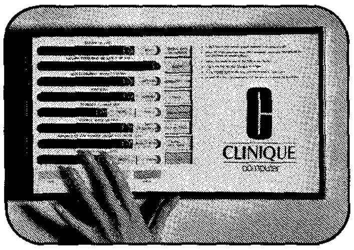

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 23.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Ladies—A theatre work by Eve Ensler, based on her experiences working in city shelters for the homeless. Presented by Music-Theatre Group and the Women's Project. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes April 22.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this funny farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Romberg's **new moon.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. April 17 at 8: Maria Tucci and Richard Thomas; April 23 at 7: Stockard Channing and John Rubinstein; April 24 at 8: Dana Ivey and Christopher Reeve. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Measure for Measure—This is one of Shakespeare's most adult, Shavian, and unsettling plays, but you wouldn't know it from Mark Lamos's bloodless and soporific production. It tries to find modern visual equivalents for the characters and situations in the play, rather than trying to render them morally or dramatically. Len Cariou and Kate Burton are hopelessly bland as the Duke and Isabella. (3/27/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes May 7.)

The Member of the Wedding—Esther Rolle's tart humor adds to her strong performance as Berenice Sadie Brown, the family cook and pivotal character, in this good revival of Carson McCullers' play, directed by Harold Scott. The acoustics in the theatre leave much to be desired. (4/10/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes May 7.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Night Hank Williams Died—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem and Matt Mulhern. (2/20/89) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Only Kidding—A play by Jim Geoghan that looks at the lives of stand-up comedians. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish is his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Musio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

WARMING SIGNS

How can you trust anything with a name like "vernal equinox"? (Sounds like a villainess in a Mickey Spillane novel.) Some clichés exist for good reason: when it comes to changes of season, seeing is believing. Neither Al Roker nor Mr. G. has ever been as accurate at predicting when it's safe to put away the long underwear as the cherry trees just west of Central Park's Inventors' Gate. The mini-grove of trees surrounding a statue that commemorates the landing of the Pilgrims began budding a couple of weeks ago. And, as sure as Dick Francis knows a fetlock from a furlong, these trees never engender false hope.

The Phantom Lady—A seventeenth-century comedy by Pedro Calderón de la Barca, presented by SoHo Rep. Translated from the Spanish by Edwin Honig, and directed by Julian Webber. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Closes April 30. For information about tickets, call 226-5620.)

Quintuplets—A comedy by Luís Rafael Sánchez, with Ivonne Coll and Roberto Medina. Presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. Some performances are in English; the rest are in Spanish. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes April 30.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Walkers—A psychological mystery by Marion Isaac McClinton, who co-directed with Steven Ramay. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes April 23.)

What the Butler Saw—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Angela Thornton in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (3/20/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes May 7.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of Sondheim's **sweeney todd,** with Bob Gunton as the Demon Barber of Fleet Street and Beth Fowler as Mrs. Lovett, his cohort in crime. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes April 29.)

LONG RUNS

anything goes: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run, which turns twenty-nine in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **m. butterfly:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **oil city symphony:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Kathy Beaver, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

HERE'S life in the fast lane: The year is barely a third over and already four new ballets by Twyla Tharp have been given their premières. One of them, "Bum's Rush," has an original score by Dick Hyman, the composer, jazz pianist, and occasional lecturer. (His annual talks at

the 92nd Street Y are among New York's underpublicized pleasures.) The last time we saw Mr. Hyman at a Tharp enterprise, he was sitting off by himself at a grand piano, expertly teasing out some tunes by Willie the Lion Smith for Tharp's "Baker's Dozen." In "Bum's Rush," he will be conducting several other musicians in infectiously danceable numbers with a nineteen-twenties stride-piano flavor. They are meant to evoke vaudeville, which Tharp has called "the genesis of American musical theatre."

American Ballet Theatre brings "Bum's Rush" to the Met in May, but there will be previews of it at the Guggenheim Museum this week, as part of its Works and Process series. On April 20th, the performance will include a lecture-demonstration with Tharp and the cast; on April 21st, there will be a question session with Tharp. (Steve Harlos will be substituting for Mr. Hyman at the Guggenheim; Ted Sommer will be on percussion.) From press accounts and interviews about "Bum's Rush" that have appeared in the wake of Ballet Theatre's current national tour, it's hard to get a handle on the stage action. There will be speaking in "Bum's Rush," too, some of it PG-rated, and Mr. Hyman has mentioned special effects, such as the crack of breaking bones—always, of course, on the proper counts. Tharp has said of vaudeville, "There's an earthiness, with its jokes and vulgarity, that I like." She has also spoken of the work's connection to her childhood experience as the translator for her three siblings, who got together in the playpen and made up their own language.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through June 25. April 25 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—April 18 at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Phases of the Moon" (première), "Post Meridian," and "Last Look." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Diggity," "Counterswarm," and "Musical Offering." . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair." . . . ¶ April 21 at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Phases of the Moon," "Post Meridian," and "Last Look." . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: "Arden Court," "In Transit," "Danbury Mix," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ April 23 at 3: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair." . . . ¶ April 23 at 7:30: "Diggity," "Counterswarm," and "Musical Offering." . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Arden Court," "Ruah" (première), "Danbury Mix," and "Sunset." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through May 7.)

MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY—A San Francisco-based troupe in a week-long engagement. April 18 at 7:30, and April 21 at 8: "Rollback," "Steps Midway," and "Shelf Life." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Miss Jacobi Weeps" (première), "Light Fall" (première), "Shorebirds Atlantic," and "Shelf Life." . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: "Light Fall," "Crossed Tales" (première), "Shorebirds Atlantic," and "Shelf Life." . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: "Rollback," "Shorebirds Atlantic," and "Shelf Life." . . . ¶ April 23 at 2: "Miss Jacobi Weeps," "Crossed Tales," "Shorebirds Atlantic," and "Shelf Life." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—A fourteen-member company of ballroom dancers in a two-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 25 at 7:30, and April 26 at 8. Through May 7.)

DONALD BYRD / THE GROUP—Presenting two programs of contemporary dance. April 19-20 and April 22, all at 8: Program B. . . . ¶ April 21 at 8, and April 23 at 3: Program A. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 619-1980.)

POOH KAYE—In two new works: "Look Up! The Sky Is Falling" and "Fuori Delmuro." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. April 20-23 at 7:30.)

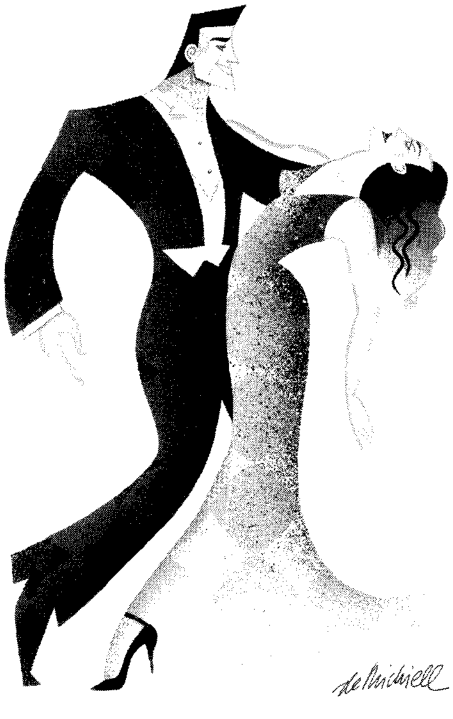
NIGHT LIFE

ONCE in a while, in an effort to be well rounded, we turn this space over to our friend the Old Fogey—a man whose favorite song is "Rockin' Chair" and who rarely stays out much past ten. Here are his notes:

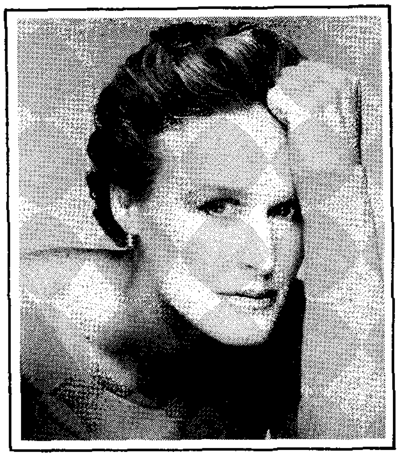
7:15 P.M.: Park cane and hat at Zinno, a trattoria with piano on W. 13th. Pastel walls, with nice faded pix of old Firenze. S.R.O. at bar. Barkeep is fleet, snowy-haired Florentine named Bruno. Order mineral water. Get seat next to balding gent named Harold. Specs, gray suit. Says he's a regular. Says he can take in a set or two here, and be home by ten. Believe Harold to be soul mate.

8:00: Piano player—Kenny Barron—goes to work. Bruno brings Harold bowl of pasta. Harold in seventh heaven, and not too far from home, either.

8:30: Go east, by foot, to Knickerbocker, leisure-class bar-and-grill on Univ. Place. Great War recruit-



American Ballroom Theatre



Glenn Close

. . .Listens to

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CHRYSLER FUND

ing posters, turn-of-century N.Y. *Herald* posters. Room packed, diners in full throat. Too loud to take preprandial nap.

9:45: Listen to piano player named Lynn Bernstein while digesting dinner. Plays something by late T. Monk. Plays with eyes shut. Monk's jumps and turns register on her face as flickers. She's dreaming?

10:00: Feel sandman at back, but able to transport self two blocks north to Bradley's, famous Village piano room. Claim barstool, order cup of cheer. Skinny bop pianist named Ronnie Mathews holding forth. Brad's a serious place: when conversation mounts, chorus of "*shhhh*"*s* levels it. Feel as if should sit up straight.

10:20: Exit Bradley's, cane in hand, hat on head. Lean on convenient lamppost like third-rate boulevardier, have dialogue with self. I: "Home?" Self: "Why not?"

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of Karen Mason, who is singing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Thursdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Fridays and Saturdays. Jill Corey sings at eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Thursdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **LA GRAN SCENA,** the all-male opera troupe, sends up Verdi at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays. **LINDA HOPKINS,** one of the leading ladies in "Black and Blue," has a walloping big voice and a gleaming smile, and shows off both at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. A three-star trio made up of guitarist **HERB ELLIS** (a former Oscar Peterson sideman), bassist **RAY BROWN** (another Peterson alumnus), and pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** (a Peterson admirer) holds forth April 18-23. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Things are fairly quiet here right now—just the sound of the owners humming while poring over their ledgers and the sound (on April 22) of **BUSKIN & BATTEAU** (who make a living by writing advertising jingles) singing their gentle, ironical, un-commercial folk songs. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and an occasional horn player compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** a pianist who flies under the flag of Bud Powell and Charlie Parker, works with bassist **PHIL BOWLER** through April 22. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** commences a week-long run on April 24. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Pretty much everything about this jazz room is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **JIMMY HAMILTON,** who played impeccable clarinet for Duke Ellington for a quarter century, leads a sextet April 18-23. The **SOLOMONIC QUINTET** makes advanced, harder-than-hard-bop sounds starting April 25. Music from nine-thirty.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. The **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND,** an octet that features tenor saxophonist and ex-Savoy Sultan **GEORGE KELLY,** plays on April 23; the Big Apple Lindy Hoppers, a group that **FRANKIE MANNING** (an old Savoy Ballroom hoofer and one of "Black and Blue" 's choreographers) leads, also performs. Activity from eight.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the obituary of Bear Bryant from the U. of Alabama *Crimson White*—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music—country, rock, blues, gospel—every night of the week. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads, and other exotic fare.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds and native string-band music on the weekends. **BILL HARRELL,** a longtime sidekick of bluegrass banjoist Don Reno, brings in his Virginians on April 22. Sets at nine and eleven.

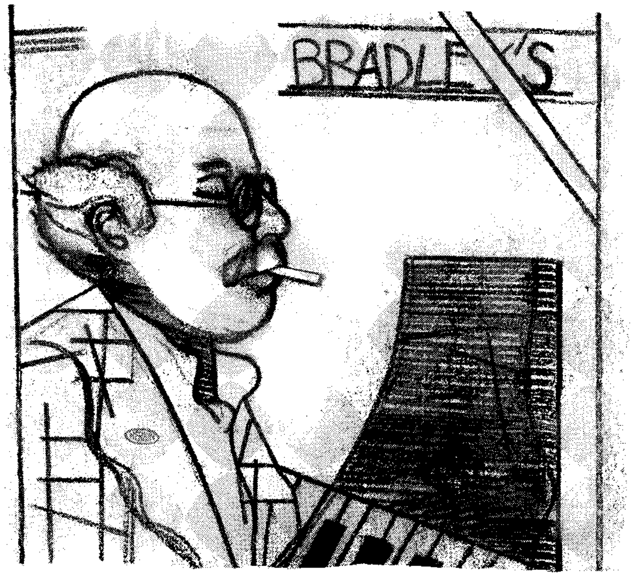
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **STEVE KUHN,** a reflective post-bop pianist, works with the ace rhythm team of **RON CARTER** (bass) and **AL FOSTER** (drums) April 18-23. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL,** who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. **RAY BRYANT,** a bluesy, forthright pianist, teams with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** April 18-23. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A second-floor, two-tiered jazz room, with a view (of funky Broadway), sweet-smelling geraniums, and a lot of things stamped with the letter "J" (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note). **CLAUDE WILLIAMS,** an Oklahoma-born fiddler who played guitar for Count Basie fifty-odd years ago and more recently has been seen on Broadway playing fiddle with the "Black and Blue" orchestra, leads a quintet here on Mondays. Thursdays belong to guitarist and singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio, and April 22 to pianist **LYNN BERNSTEIN'S** threesome. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—The Steinway, which sits next to the brass-railed partition that separates the bar from the dining room (we almost wrote "dinning room"; it's noisy in there), is in the long, striding fingers of **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a young traditionalist, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** helps out. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** whose assorted talents (she plays piano and accordion, has a voice of impressive size, and does campy variations on a red-hot-mama theme) have made her a favorite in both downtown and uptown spas, will be on view Sundays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat (attained by passing through a downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, judging by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a thriving enterprise. The main attractions this week are a group led by **JAMAALADEEN TACUMA** (a bassist who has worked in Ornette Coleman's harmolodic funk band) on April 20-21, and Yo La Tengo, a Hoboken rock band, on April 22. Music after nine.



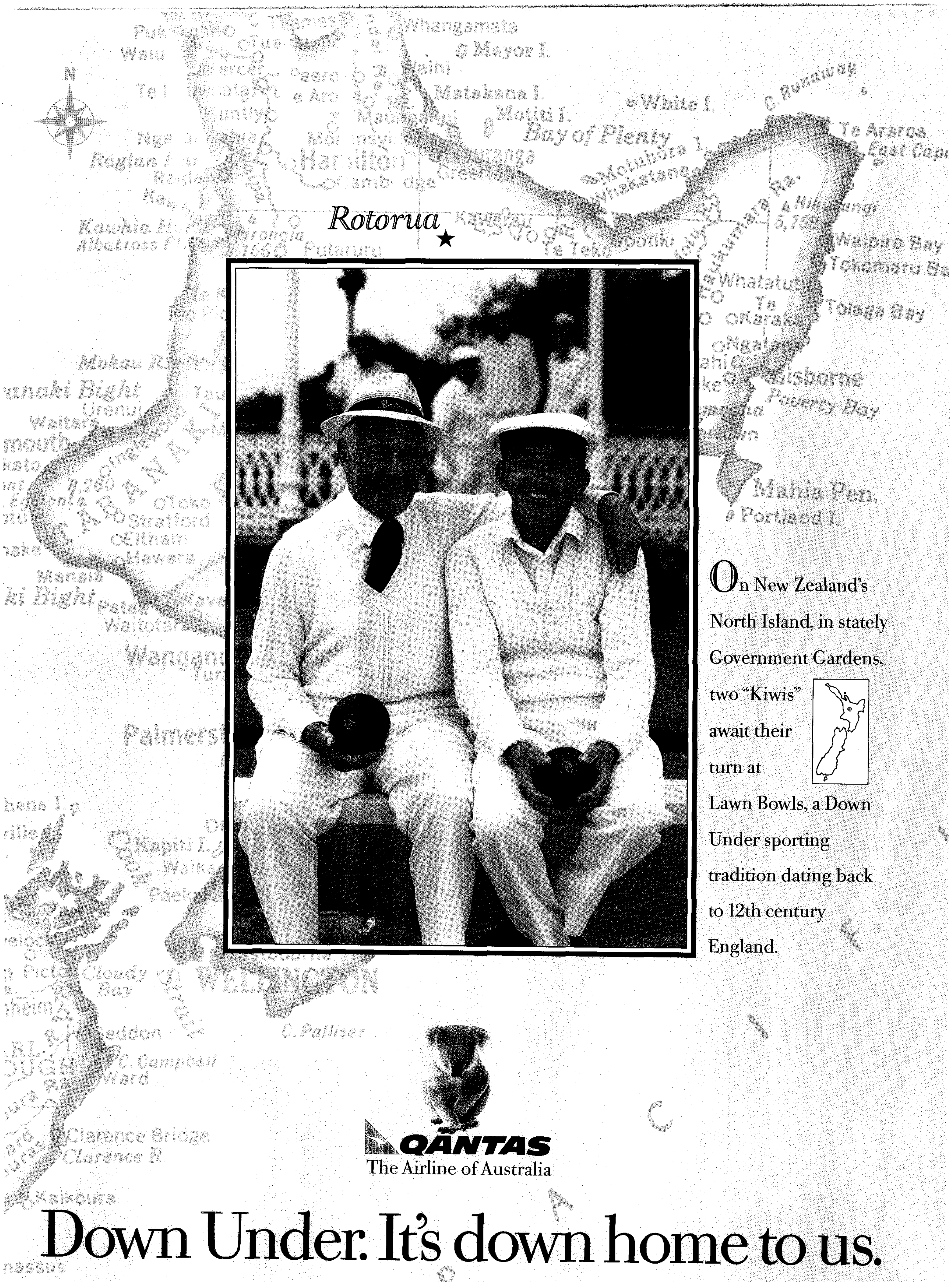
Tommy Flanagan at Bradley's

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The downtown Lone Star (1977-89) bit the dust last week, making this room (which opened last summer, and is larger and swanker than its predecessor) the place of first resort for homesick Texans and ordinary non-Texans in search of themselves and each other and that old honky-tonk feeling. **RUTH BROWN,** the rhythm-and-blues diva, performs here on Mondays; **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT,** who sings of unrequited love and other sorts of love in a high, fervent voice, joins her on April 24. **LIL' ED & THE BLUES IMPERIALS,** a younger-generation Chicago blues band led by a rowdy, heavy-voiced nephew of J. B. Hutto, holds forth on April 22. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and the svelte **JULIE WILSON** on the bandstand, a Billie Holiday flower tucked above her ear. Miss Wilson is concentrating on the proper nouns and risqué verbs of Cole Porter. Her deft accompanist and occasional singing partner is **WILLIAM ROY.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

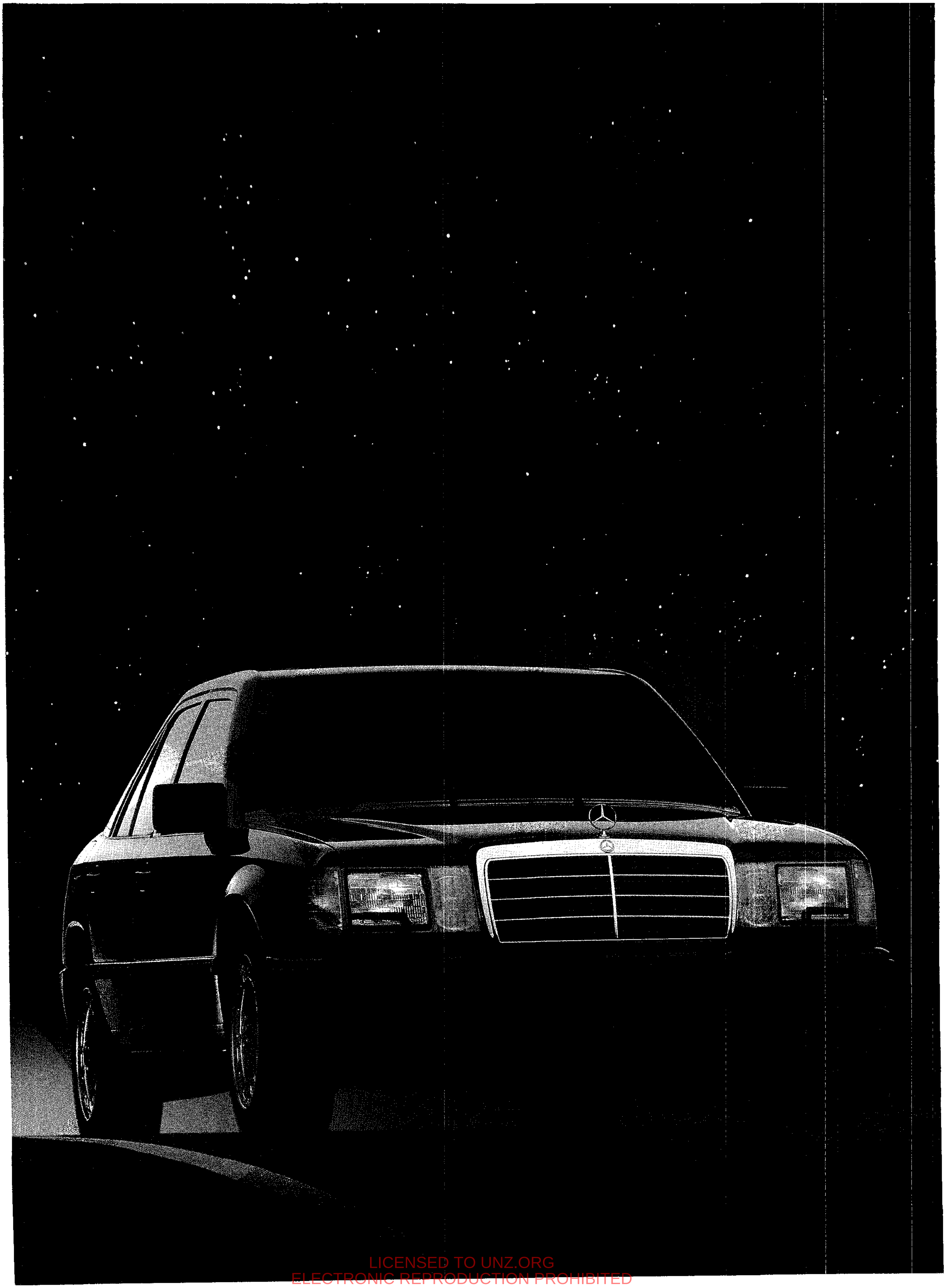
RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights, you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. Lisa Kirk, a Broadway veteran ("Kiss Me, Kate" in 1948; "Mack and Mabel" in 1974), sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—Rock and


Rotorua
Down Under. It's down home to us.

On New Zealand's North Island, in stately Government Gardens, two "Kiwis" await their turn at Lawn Bowls, a Down Under sporting tradition dating back to 12th century England.

QANTAS
The Airline of Australia



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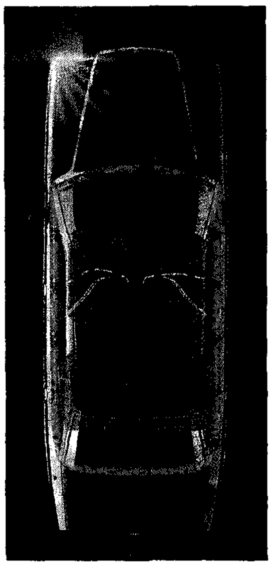

Consider: when the engineers of Mercedes-Benz began creating the 300 Class, they tapped the human resources of a research and development branch five thousand, eight hundred people strong. Technological resources from a sprawling safety research center to one of Europe's most powerful wind tunnels. Technological tools from powerful high-speed computers to laser beams.

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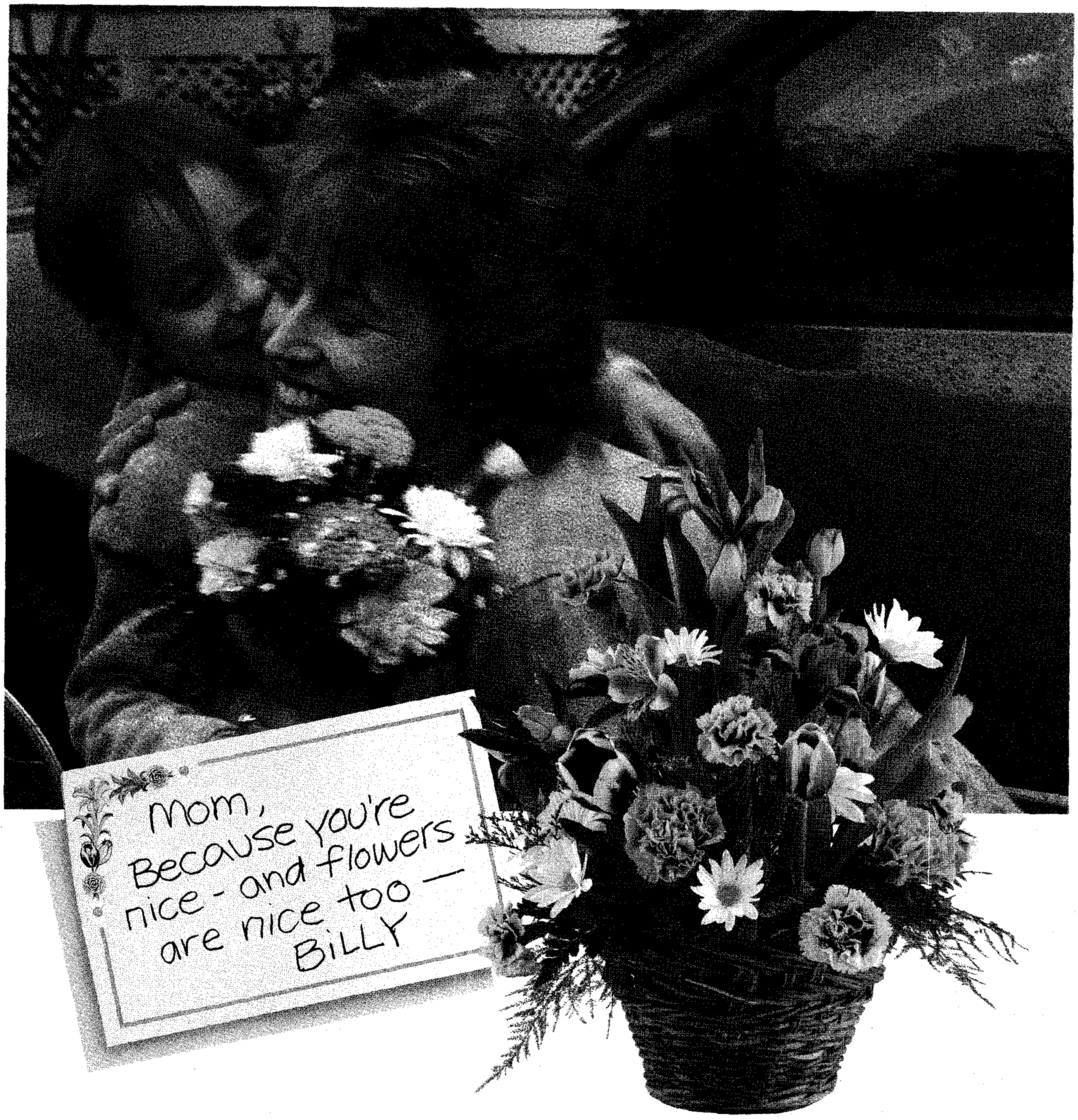
Mom,
Because you're
nice - and flowers
are nice too —
BiLLY

There is an age, usually about five or six,
when the miracle of flowers becomes apparent to us all.
As children we sense it rather than understand it.
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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

roll of the Present Moment and, now and then, of the Old Days. The place seats two thousand (on those rare occasions when it seats anybody) and stands three thousand. Charlie Sexton, a hotshot guitarist, performs on April 19; **WONDER STUFF,** a British band with a taste for late-Beatles-style psychedelia and a sense of humor, plays on April 20. Shows at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**PAUL BLEY,** a Montreal-born pianist whose austere music is full of melancholy notes and difficult silences, will be in this Village temple of jazz (grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) with a quartet April 18-23. Mondays belong to the **MONDAY NIGHT ORCHESTRA,** the jazz-rock big band created by wizard arranger Gil Evans. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded Village elder named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. In the basement, on Mondays after nine, salsa bands play for dancing and listening. **EDDIE KIRKLAND,** an Otis Redding-style blues shouter, has the floor April 21-22. One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, piano-bass teams are on duty nightly, except Mondays, from ten. One more flight up, in the Top of the Gate, Manhattan Tap (four tappers and three musicians) performs on Mondays at eight; the Copasetics' **CHARLES (COOKIE) COOK** does a guest turn on April 24.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **MILT JACKSON** taps out blue figures on his twinkling vibraphone and leads a quartet April 18-23. **JIM HALL,** who seems to pick out only beautiful notes on his guitar, comes in on April 25 with a quartet. Music after ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—This pleasant trattoria, the ground floor of a brownstone, has long been a home to **MICHAEL MOORE,** one of the world's best bassists. He gets a wonderfully rich tone out of his instrument, and he is a graceful and moving soloist as well as an ace accompanist. His musical partners over the years (he arrived in New York in 1968) have been lyricists of a high order: Jim Hall, Ruby Braff, Teddy Wilson, Marian McPartland. Next month, Moore and his family leave this country for the Nilgiri Hills of India, where they are building a house. (His wife is Indian.) Before he goes, he will make a final stand here with two of his favorite collaborators—pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** on April 23 and 30 and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** April 24-29. (All three can be seen in a farewell concert at the Roundabout Theatre on April 24.) Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

WHEN the night club M.K. first opened, there was so much speculation about the identity of M.K. that you would have thought he was a direct descendant of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. The most so-far-to-the-left-side-of-the-moon-it-might-be-on-the-beam guess was that the one-and-a-half-million-dollar club was in honor of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. This was not so. It was Eric Goode, former co-owner of Area—the club that altered its look each month—who converted an ex-bank into the ultimate Area diorama, designed to look like the palatial home of a fictional financier named M.K.

M.K. sure is beautiful enough to live in. The problem with being in a fancy home, however, is that one suddenly has the urge to raise a pinkie. The difference between M.K. and its predecessor is a sense of irony. Area used design as a source of amusement, whereas M.K.'s look creates boundaries of restraint. "We're behaving," sighs a girl slouched against the bar, balancing a Martini as if waiting for Lubitsch to focus his next shot. "Can you imagine getting sweaty at M.K.?" she says to her equally tailored friend. "I feel conspicuous laughing," he replies.

The restaurant, however, is always busy. "At least eating is something to do," snaps a girl who dines there twice a week. "I can't go downstairs," her partner adds. "The dogs aren't the only things stuffed." But if a night at M.K. is like being in a Ralph Lauren ad through eternity, how come all quoted were afraid to give their names? Or is the only thing more boring than being blasé being refused entrée?

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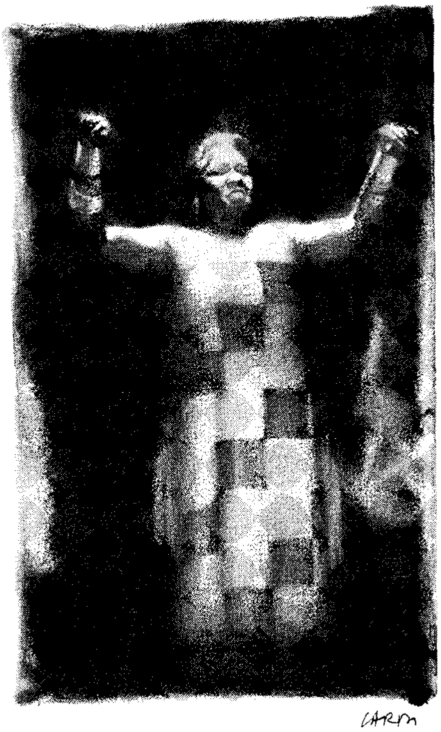


Linda Hopkins at The Ballroom

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

THE CIRCUS—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-nineteenth edition—the last with lion, tiger, and elephant trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Through April 23.)

ALVA ROGERS—A singer who has been seen with Elliott Sharp, Wayne Horvitz, and the Urban Bush Women, and who now appears in "American Top 40," a performance piece written and directed by Lisa Jones. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. April 23 at 8:30.)

JIM REVA AND LISA WEGER—In a performance that entails the stacking of toast and the burning of newspapers. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. April 21-22 at 8:30.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Steve Gross in "Circa Sense." April 20-22 at 8, and April 23 at 3. . . . ¶ Watchface's latest work depicts children conjuring the ghost of Bloody Mary. April 21-22 at 11. Through April 29. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

P.S. 122—Holly Hughes in her monologue about sex and death. April 20-23 at 9:30. Through April 30. . . . ¶ Frank Conversano, a former high-school fullback, in a dance piece entitled "Fall Down Go Boom." April 21-23 at 9. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

ALLONS *enfants*, get out those Phrygian bonnets and that *je ne sais quoi*, it's time to work on your *bonhomie*, your *savoir-faire*, and your fraternal *attitude*. And on that *joie de vivre*, that equivocal *pfhhh*, that *arabesque penchée*, that *noblesse oblige*—and to sharpen those pointy "*u*"*s*. France's fabled, contradictory revolution is shaping up to be a year-long celebration here, *en Amérique*, too, with museums, stores, and Francophile societies all putting on *le chien*. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum's "L'Art de Vivre" exhibition is an especially apt approach, for what could be a better way of tipping our collective *chapeau* than to mount an exhibition of two hundred years of French style and decorative arts?

It must be said at once that some French standards have slipped in the years since the Second World War—when Italy, Scandinavia, and *we* have, for the most part, if at different times, led the Western pack in important and influential design. In fact, the French Revolution seems to have played a big part in France's more recent preoccupations with *le gimmick*, *le week-end*, *le snobisme*, and other manifestations of *le life-style*. In the small alcove section of the exhibition devoted to the period around 1789, there is a small, cursively inscribed watercolor, circa 1790-95, of an *ancien régime* couple who are customers in a fancy wallpaper shop. (Apparently, many new government offices had to be redecorated for the Revolution.) While the wallpaper merchant is wearing a businesslike cutaway, an early harbinger of the century to come, "M. *et* Mme. Denis" are dressed in the manner of Louis XVI—the man who, for our purposes, at that very minute was beheaded. The *nouveau riche* Mme. Denis announces that a certain yellow paper would have suited her well *autrefois*. And there you have it, smack in the midst of the infamous bloody Terror: the birth of the great French art of putting on airs.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Musical instruments acquired over the past ten years, including two of Segovia's guitars and a set of Carleen M. Hutchins' contemporary violins. Through July 30. . . . ¶ "American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. . . . ¶ Fifty Ming and Ch'ing dynasty (fifteenth through seventeenth century) paintings from the museum's collection. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Andy Warhol retrospective. Through May 2. A complementary show is at the Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Pl. . . . ¶ Sculptor Scott Burton's installation of Brancusis from the permanent collection. Through May 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Refigured Painting: The German Image": A haphazard onslaught of Expressionism which attempts to make sense of German painting

ART—Cont'd

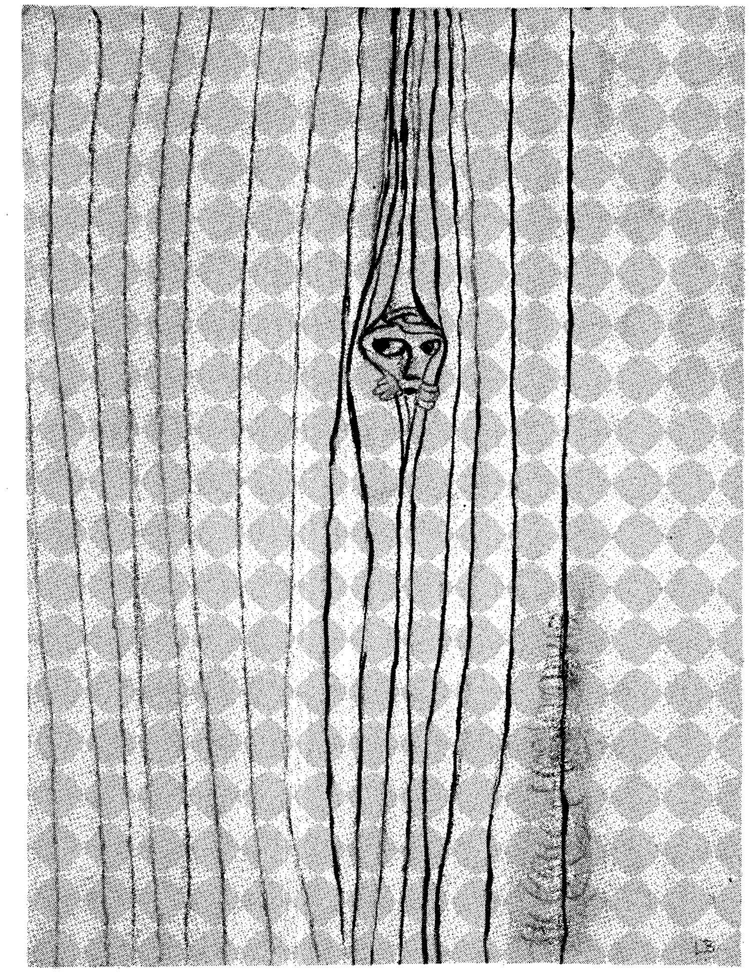
today but desperately needs editing in some areas and amplification in others. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The first taste of the Biennial—works by half the artists on the curators' list are now on view. (Beginning April 27, the other half.) (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures by four American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and John Newman. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from the often overlooked island of Madagascar. Blending influences from Africa, Indonesia, and Europe, the people had rice spoons with handles carved in the shape of naked men, and they wore cornrowed wigs in battle. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Finnish art objects made of wood; a loan show from Helsinki's Museum of Applied Arts. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)



Self-portrait by Louise Bourgeois

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Highlights of the Zurich banker Pierre Uldry's collection of Chinese cloisonné. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:40.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design. Through Bastille Day. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating a new exhibition space—a former public plaza, now enclosed, which the museum has a ninety-year lease on—is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Through July 16. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes, with photographs and drawings, the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The role of the newly free press in the French Revolution is explored in an exhibit of pamphlets, books, broadsides, playing cards, and an early printing press, along with a working press of similar design manned (from 2 to 3 Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays) by printers turning out bilingual copies of "The Declaration of the Rights of Man." Through April 29. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum" is a show of works by thirteen contemporary African-American artists mainly interested in video, performance, and installation. Among the artists are Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Sixteen tiny works on paper made in 1947 for the magazine *Verve.* They are sweet and low-key, but convey little of the vibrant sensuality of this artist's paintings. Through April 29. (Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St.)

Michael David—Crusty midnight-blue paintings incised with circles and diamonds suggest the cosmos; small panels set into them are like windows into other zones. A few gimmicks, but mostly powerful paintings. Through April 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Walter De Maria—Two shows. At Gagosian (980 Madison Ave.), "13, 14, 15 Sided Open Polygons" (1984), in stainless steel, each with a movable ball. Through May 27. . . . ¶ At 65 Thompson Street (a new exhibition space operated jointly by Gagosian and Castelli), "13, 14, 15 Meter Rows" (1985), also in stainless steel, composed of forty-two pieces, each a metre in length. These installations are impeccable, and De Maria's obsessive measuring prompts one, in one's mind's eye, to project the standard units out into left field, into orbit, or down to the core of the earth. Through May 13.

Gregory Gillespie—Paintings that are faithful to the laid-back and the far out, rendered in a dull, maniacally realistic style. Through May 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Grashow—Hilarious, literal-minded woodblocks. "Fire-Fly" has a matchstick for a body, "SpanishFly" grits a rose between her teeth, and "Houseplants" has you-know-what for flowers. Through April 29. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A respectable selection of watercolors and drawings, mostly from the twenties. Today's retro fashions and street conditions make some of these early works seem smoothly up-to-date. Through April 29. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Four decades of painting. Hartigan, who lives in Baltimore, is a rare bird—at once terrifically idiosyncratic and sensitive to many strong currents in the air. This surprising, magical show encompasses assured youthful work from the fifties; humorously brash Pop-abstract syncopations from the sixties; and, from the last fifteen years, some supremely fantasist subjects in fey, luminescent colors—anthropomorphic animal kingdoms, fairy-tale royal portraits, a poisonously green, expressionistic casino scene—in which the entire arsenal of formalist drips, blots, blurs, and splatters has been mobilized for a heavenly wacky style. Through May 6. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Jim Peters—New figurative paintings, most with glass or wire appurtenances, some with box constructions. Peters' style is psychologically probing, bummed out, and smudgy. In "Sunday Morning," for instance, a grimy young odalisque eyeballs us tauntingly, having put aside a copy of the Boston *Globe.* Through April 29. (CDS, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

C. C. Wang—Descended from a family of Chinese artist-scholars dating back to the Sung dynasty, Wang, who has lived in New York City since 1949, is reputed to have the finest private collection of Chinese scrolls in the world. His own beautiful landscape scrolls, in the traditional style but with an awareness of Post-Impressionist painting, are displayed here exquisitely, as if at the Met, alongside antique brush pots, brush washers, armrests, bronze weights, and other scholar's implements. Through May 27. (China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Alison Wilding—Large, wobbly sheet-metal structures—one hiding a dark fabric curtain, another with a rock shoved into it—are an attempt at delicate sculpture with traditionally strong materials. The ever so subtle results tend to elude detection. Through April 22. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Barbara Zucker—A fine sculptor whose work has great presence and its own unmistakable dignity and grace. Zucker's newest works repeat a horned shape in wood and plaster—singly and in grids, on tables and on stairs—and were inspired by Biblical descriptions of objects in the first tabernacle. Through April 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

The Julian Academy—An entertaining, thoughtful salon-style exhibition that assembles scores of paintings and drawings and a few sculptures by artists who taught or studied at the famous French art school from 1870 to 1930. Among the standouts are works by Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant, Fernand Khnopff, Emile Bernard, Louis Michel Eilshemius, and Henri-Georges Charrier. Through May 13. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Group Show—"Les Américains: Americans in France" is the kind of complaisant gathering of minor impressionistic nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Yank paintings of very French things which gives you an itch to get out of the gallery and go to Paris. Through May 6. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Short List—**VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN,** Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. (through May 20); **GIORGIO CAVALLON,** McCoy, 19 E. 71st (through June 1); **HENRY MOORE,** Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through May 27).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Charles Biederman—Paintings and constructions, from the thirties and from the recent past. In the thirties paintings, he brought a bouncy directness to Tanguy's more sinister Surrealist ectomorphs. Lately, he has been making bright, geometric, high-tech aluminum reliefs out of Mondrian's more gnostic neoplastic style. Through April 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Hardly anyone could get away with making paintings of landscapes and floral bouquets in an American Impressionist idiom in the late eighties, but Blaine's pictures are infectiously likable. Through April 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Three shows, two of new sculptures by this impish artist. At Robert Miller, we are treated to some sumptuous slabs of white and pink marble, which have been chiselled into hilariously kitschy configurations of baby legs, dolls' arms, lingams, and larvae. It is a bit as if the neoclassical Antonio Canova had collaborated with the fetishist Hans Bellmer. (41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ At Galerie Lelong, "Progressions and Regressions." The title refers most obviously to two big staircase pieces, "No Exit" and "No Escape," but also to the fact that in the enormous, symphonic "Clouds and Caverns" the artist has amplified one of her best-known older motifs. The emotional pitch here is very grand, almost Lear-like. Both shows through April 22. (20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ And at Sperone Westwater painted wood sculptures from the early fifties. Through May 6. (121 Greene St.)

John Davies—Heads, heads, heads—in every size (from thimble to colossus), staring blankly in every direction. Individually, they're merely competent; as an installation, they're great. Through April 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Heliker—Recent scumbly memory paintings by a diligent eighty-year-old artist—of friends, relatives, and the Maine Coast, in downplayed ho-hum colors and an *intime* style. Through April 29. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Hockney—New paintings. The portraits and sketchy-looking pieces are good. The Matisse, Gauguin, and van Gogh takeoffs are literal and heavy-handed. Through April 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—For the better part of a decade, it has looked as if this highly accomplished sculptor were trading rigor for elegance, but these stunning works on paper—their vitality is like a studied version of Claes Oldenburg's—reveal a constant search for images and a delight in the drawing process. Through April 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent abstract works on paper, made with egg tempera and gouache. This artist's strong biomorphic forms and lapidary palette-knife painting technique have been very influential. He seems now to be trying to loosen up his surfaces and liberate his shapes, but these works, unfortunately, seem somehow depressed. Through April 22. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Keane—This artist has got so involved in his bravura brushwork that his large Expressionist paintings look ready to fly right

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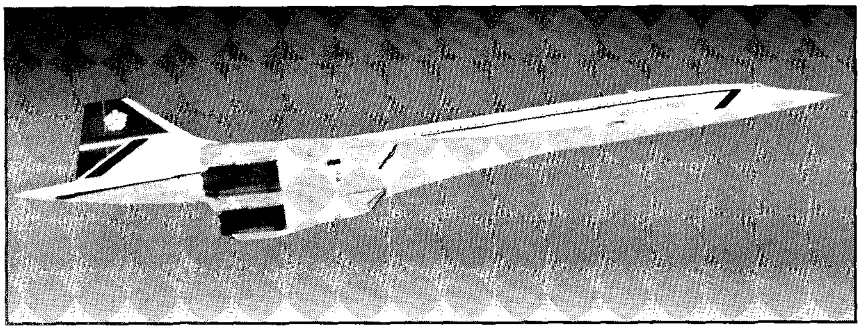

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ART–Cont'd

off the canvases. Through April 29. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson (1900-88)—Larger than life, the late, great lady of American sculpture forged her own irrepressible style in arrangements, such as those on view here, of broken bannisters, chair spindles, type trays, and other orphan materials. Through April 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Breon O'Casey—This artist is also a jeweller (and the son of the playwright Sean), and many attractively plain metal and stone baubles with folkloric overtones, as well as small, happy-looking, clear abstract paintings, are in this show. Simple lines and material forthrightness are key qualities. Through April 29. (Drutt, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elaine Reichek—New conceptual photographic-cum-craft works. The knitted images of now vanished Tierra del Fuego tribesmen seem somehow more embodied—more real—than their photographic doubles. Through April 22. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Segal—Several of these heavily painted relief sculptures provide a compassionate portrait of an overlooked theme: the elderly. A series of large pastel drawings of lonely people emerging from dark grounds make their point most directly. Through April 22. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Timothy Woodman / Konrad Cramer (1888-1963)—Cutout and painted aluminum wall reliefs, on a variety of figurative and narrative subjects, ranging from the Biblical to the cheerfully mundane. As the technical articulation of this artist's work increases, so do its traditionalist Yankee airs. Through April 29. / Paintings, drawings, and prints from the nineteen-thirties. Still-lifes and flower paintings with Cubist tendencies, they seem to have been inspired by Juan Gris, but are so flat and sere that they also seem to be High Plains Midwestern. Through April 22. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Work by three disparate sculptors. Shigeo Toya's massive, elegant, plainly carved wood pieces have a heroic intensity. Magdalena Abakanowicz' headless figures, now overexposed, are losing their dramatic punch and have begun to seem like Eastern European existential clichés. Jenny Lee's busy, skittish-looking steel-and-wood constructions are mostly pastiches of assorted modernist themes, such as Rust Belt constructivism and tribal art. Through April 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**giovanni anselmo,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St., open Mondays (through May 13); **robert goodnough,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through April 22); **robert hudson,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 29); **robert jessup,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 3); **gustav klimt,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through June 10); **jean-paul riopelle,** Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 20); **richard ryan,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 17).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—It's often hard to see past the coolness of Andre's emphatic floor sculptures (there are two new, rich ones on view) to the artist's own personality, but his obsessiveness is given full vent in a fascinating series of sculptural poems from the sixties, in which typed words and the spaces between them form geometrical or zigzag patterns. Through April 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Domenico Bianchi—In some beautiful paintings in thick, fragrant beeswax, the artist has actually captured the fleeting sensations of light. Through April 29. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Mel Bochner—Multipanel paintings of hyperactive cubes, some of them caught in a vortex, rendered with the commitment and compositional richness usually associated with profound mythological and Biblical depictions. Through April 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

James Brown—More or less recent paintings, including many abstractions in dispersion on copper, and several incorporating coral branches; also, one sculpture made of miscellaneous parts, including the bulk of a chair. A great deal of Brown's current work has to do with the Roman Catholic liturgy; full of Stabat Maters and Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries, it is all very tasteful, very recondite, and very *luxe*. One could describe this work as "Brideshead Revival," with further inspiration provided by Messrs. Beuys, Polke, Basquiat, and Schnabel. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St., through April 29; and Castelli, 578 Broadway, through April 22.)

Gene Davis (1920-85) / **Ron Nagle**—Five paintings, with multicolored candy stripes pushed to the sides, like bookends for more attractive stretches of blank canvas. / Bottomless ceramic mugs, some of regular size, others two feet tall, with energetic surface textures and magnificent cracked glazes. Through April 22. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution with red-white-and-blue fluorescent-light sculptures as triumphant as a military parade and as arousing as fireworks. Through April 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Friedman—Retro-futuristic furniture, as if for the Jetsons. The coffee table in the form of a spacecraft (hardware and all) and the lacquered cabinet with the word "DESIRE" stencilled across its doors may not be sculpture, but as functional furnishings they are delightful and gregarious. Through April 29. (Art et Industrie, 106 Spring St.)

Gilbert & George—These postcard "sculptures"—small grids of tenuously linked old postcards—are amusing trifles, and the closest this British duo comes to drawing. Through April 27. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Mimi Gross—Whether it's in her energetic watercolors, her cartoonish crayon drawings, or her more studied painted constructions, Gross has a great touch, but whatever this show is trying to say gets drowned out by all the circus noise. Cutouts from historic paintings, like Poussin's "Rape of the Sabine Women," are everywhere. Through May 6. (Katzen-Brown, 475 Broome St.)

Richard Hunt—Very traditional bronze and steel sculptures of soaring forms by a major black artist, who has produced many public commissions. Through April 29. (Dorsky, 578 Broadway.)

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. All his major projects as court architect are represented, as well as designs for chimneypieces, garden gates, and fountains; self-portraits and sketches of heads; and some set designs, from which a little architectural fantasy is allowed to peek. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Anish Kapoor—This splendid, meticulous sculptor has distanced himself from the Hindu-inspired shapes and bright colors that were his virtual trademarks for about eight years. Natural stone and the picturesque illusion of majesty are the Romantic essences of three of these boldly ambitious new pieces, while the fourth, made of fibreglass and ultramarine pigment, unexpectedly echoes the perception-bending works of Larry Bell. Through April 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Komar & Melamid—Recently naturalized, this once Russian team now celebrates Bayonne, New Jersey, and its brass foundry, in paintings, drawings, and photographs; in sculptural arrangements of industrial garbage in terra-cotta planters; and in bottles of "Absinthial Vodka" made from "genuine Bayonne wormwood." These rueful, soulful scavengers have picked up on Andy Warhol's metallic "oxidation paintings" and, while they're at it, seem to demythologize the site and nonsite pieces of New Jersey's Robert Smithson. Tours of Bayonne with the artists may be arranged at the gallery (see page 32). Through April 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

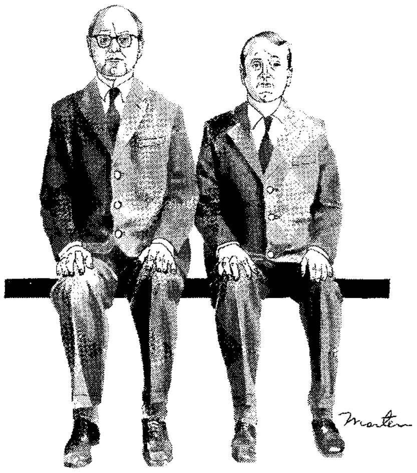
Bill Komoski—Deceptively simple paintings consisting of dark-blue streaks on silver canvases, which look as if they were produced with darkroom chemicals. A wall painting—a wide pumpkin-colored vertical band—is as rich as pure pigment and looks like a column of light. Through April 22. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Walter Martin—Grandfather thermometers, amusing and curmudgeonly, that measure personality flaws ("Mr. Sometimes," "Bull-necked"). The sculptural version of a mood ring. Through April 29. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Dona Nelson / Archie Rand—Intensely lyrical, often luminous figurative paintings with a strong American flavor and a highly idiosyncratic poetic voice. / Energetic but heavy-handed, Rand's paintings create some interesting fantastical montage effects. Through April 29. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

TABLE FOR TWENTY

Every year at this time, we have a crisis over what to do about the second night of Passover. (The first night is reserved for going to relatives.) Some of us are Jewish and some aren't, but we all enjoy hunting for the hidden matzo, and none of us have the setup for a full-fledged Seder. In past years, the solution has been to borrow someone's parents' place, where there's a big kitchen and enough real silverware and china to go around. But this time we want to do it ourself. We could split up, but Seder isn't Seder without the whole family of friends getting together, and, besides, only a couple of us can do a decent brisket, and only one of us knows how to make a good flourless chocolate torte. This year, we've decided to descend on a friend who has a big enough dining area but not enough paraphernalia. So it's up to us to provide the accoutrements. Here's our solution: Rent the stuff. For under a hundred bucks we're getting two tables, twenty chairs, and twenty wineglasses, to be raised in nearly as many blessings.



Gilbert & George

PEOPLE ARE NOT TALKING ABOUT . . .

Worldwide Plaza, an immense complex of offices and apartments now rising in midtown. They're not calling it "one of the architectural wonders of our time." They're not ringing up distant relatives to chat about its "spectacular presence." Why, they're even completely overlooking how "the handsome structures surrounding the spacious central Plaza dramatically redefine the area while providing the quiet residential streets with soaring new vistas." What they're doing is reading *all these extravagant claims in big newspaper ads that tout the architectural brilliance of Worldwide Plaza and other new hulking high rises. Then they're wishing there were a way to wrap the buildings up in the newspapers, tie a bow around them, and write on the package, "Return to sender, no forwarding address."*

Sigmar Polke—Wizard and prankster, maker of beautiful paintings and of parodies of beautiful paintings, Polke now demonstrates the two sides to every story with delightful transparent paintings on wooden stands. The sketchy and dotted images include baroque decorations, brains, and a hobo Gilles. The surfaces (resin on silk) are viscous, like glue, and as shiny as ice. Through April 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Italo Scanga—Works in mixed-media, titled "Lamentations and Saints," from 1972 to 1976, by an always likable, often eccentric artist. Art-book reproductions, painted over and framed, are hung alongside glass vases and broomlike objects. Christian simplicity is the theme; Arte Povera devices are the appropriate means. Through May 3. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

B. Wurtz / (Art)ⁿ—Rudimentary houses drawn in nails on junked-up wood boards, T-shirts printed on bits of canvas, cans scratched on metal sheets, and other juvenilia by Wurtz are cute, vibrant, and brain dead. / Brilliant-colored 3-D computer simulations of viruses and space-travel vehicles by the collaborative (Art)ⁿ look like mini sci-fi movies and are at least as interesting as much of today's organ-obsessed abstraction. Through April 22. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Group Show / Trevor Winkfield—"Around the House" is an engaging, clever theme show that puts tramp art and other well-chosen bits of American craft—for instance, a beautiful carved wooden birdcage (ca. 1890)—together with contemporary work (by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Robert Gober, and R. M. Fischer) that subverts our perceptions of furniture. Here the two categories seem quite kindred. / A one-man show of crazily patterned, precision paintings—in colors that suggest playing cards and board games—of a crazy-quilt universe peopled with queens, jokers, and knaves. One almost expects Robin Williams to crop up here, as King of the Moon. Through May 13. (Thorp, 103 Prince Street.)

Architecture—Many speak of the global community of art, but nowhere is the new internationalism more evident than in this show of drawings for architectural projects by some of the most interesting architects working today: Ricardo Bofill, Peter Eisenman, Zaha Hadid, Arata Isozaki, and Bernard Tschumi. And no wonder. The proposed projects include a sports complex for Abu Dhabi designed by an Iraqi living in London (Hadid) and a new airport for Osaka designed by a Swiss national residing in New York (Tschumi). Through May 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Short List—**CAROL ANTHONY,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through April 29); **SIAH ARMAJANI,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through April 29); **CHUCK CONNELLY,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through April 22); **SONIA GECHTOFF,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through May 30); **ANTONY GORMLEY,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through May 31); **JAN GROTH,** Brown, 560 Broadway (through April 29); **MARGARET ISRAEL,** Twining, 368 Broadway (through April 22); **DENNIS KARDON,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through April 22); **ALAN SARET,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through April 22); **SUSAN SMITH,** Roeder, 545 Broadway, closed Tuesdays (through April 29).

OTHER GALLERIES

Anni Albers—A modest display of prints and three drawings by the master weaver, who has always known how to keep a geometric pattern simple and optically engaging. Through May 3. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon.)

Laura Foreman—Some of these birdhouse assemblages by the choreographer are rather naïve as sculpture, but they are nevertheless serious ruminations on the housing crisis, on homelessness, and on personal entrapment. For an upcoming public sculpture project, Foreman will erect nineteen rent-free birdhouses in city parks. Through May 6. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

Jenny Holzer—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Merrill. Wagner—A small show of modest and accomplished post-minimalist paintings on found pieces of metal and slate. Through April 22. (Pretto, 251 Avenue of the Americas, at Houston St. Opens at 1.)

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Andy Warhol (1930-88)—" 'Success is a job in New York . . .': The Early Art and Business of Andy Warhol" is full of magazine tearsheets, illustrated books, catalogue sketches, vermouth ads, Christmas-card and shoe designs, etc., as well as some revealing pre-New York sketches and paintings. The influence of Warhol's early Slavonic style, full of flourishes, together with the ecumenical free forms of Alexander Calder, led to the graphics of flower power—sixties optimism at its fanciful best. Through April 29. The Museum of Modern Art has a complementary show. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOR a long time, the heart seemed too corny a subject for high art. Not anymore. In the last few months, we've noticed many hearts in the galleries, most memorably an opened heart by Francesco Clemente and a heart robbery—a man literally taking a woman's heart out of her body—by Barbara Kruger, who gives the work an ironic spin by including the New York City car owner's warning to thieves: "NO RADIO." Now Sarah Charlesworth is adding to the heart works. In her new show, on two floors at the Jay Gorney gallery, there is a red diptych with the anatomy of a heart chamber on one side and a pair of locked antlers on the other. As delicate and as meticulously constructed as a layer of living tissue, it is one of a number of pieces in which Charlesworth finds her own kind of pictographs, many of which refer to the body.

Charlesworth is another artist in the ecological vein, who takes already existing photographs from magazines and books and re-presents them in new arrangements. Her uses of color and of layout technique in the downstairs works have a hip style and a contemporary urbanity that cut to the culture's quick as neatly as Pedro Almodóvar does with his use of graphic design in the opening section of "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown." Of all the non-picture-taking artists whose medium is photography, Charlesworth has the most rarefied sensibility. Didacticism has sometimes crept into her work, but now she is less aesthetic and more personal. In the upstairs portion of the show, seeping through all her media know-how is a capacity for expressing something about being a woman, with imagery that is at once exquisitely autobiographical and broadly historical. These pictures don't look like anybody else's—they are totally hers: a synthesis of head, heart, and experience.

Allan McCollum—Part of an ongoing series of photographs, each of which, like McCollum's ongoing series of paintings, is like an Everyman of abstract art. The photographs, in brown and black, are essentially Rorschachs—all blotches and grain. We think of Constable's clouds, Turner's skies, and Gerhard Richter's landscapes when we look at them, but more theoretical types see post-postmodernism. Through April 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Skeet McAuley—These color pictures of people, landscapes, and interiors, taken mostly in or around Navajo or White Mountain Apache communities in the Southwest, are alive with recognition of the rich texture of their subject. They seem to be refreshingly free of clichés, and they portray Native American life in all its complexity—its tradition and contemporaneity. Through April 29. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Burr McIntosh (1862-1942)—A small, mildly interesting show, titled "Polite Society 1900-1910." McIntosh was clearly an ingenious character who got around, with and without his camera. His pictures of turn-of-the-century social life are more fun than they are revealing. Through June 10. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Open Tuesdays through Sundays 10 to 5.)

Cindy Sherman—Over the past few years, Cindy Sherman has gone from being a one-woman Hollywood to a photographer whose repulsive pictures make exorcism look like a pleasant alternative. This show is a wonderful camp on our culture as well as a gold mine for gallery psychologists, who haven't had this kind of opportunity since the Surrealists adopted the unconscious. Through April 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

" 'Life': Through the Sixties"—Surely they had better pictures of hippies in the *Life* archives. This is a strong show despite the organizers' unsuccessful balancing act, which attempts to offset passages of tragedy with a bit of everything else, because it contains photographs—notably of civil-rights demonstrations, of Vietnam, and of the assassinations of the sixties—that are still piercing. Through May 21. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**VICTOR BURGIN,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through April 22); **SARAH CHARLESWORTH,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through April 29); **KONRAD CRAMER,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through April 22); **GERTRUDE JEKYLL,** PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (through May 5).

MUSIC

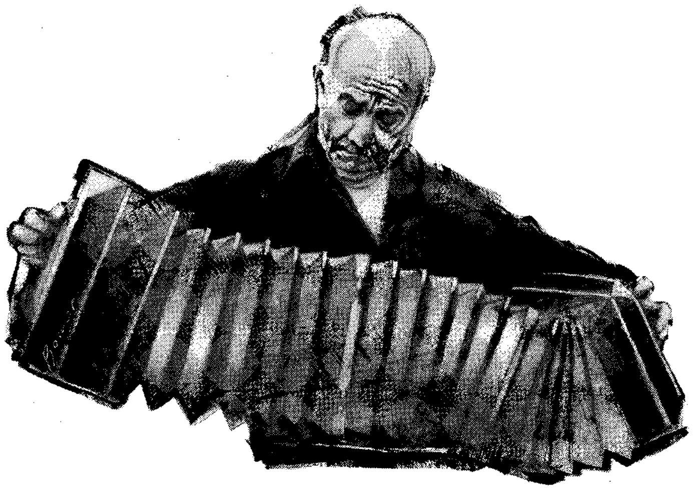
IT is not just for his refusal to make records that Sergiu Celibidache is famous, though in the specialized world of counterculture-classical-music celebrity it doesn't hurt him any. The seventy-six-year-old Rumanian conductor, who visits Carnegie Hall with his Munich Philharmonic this week, does other peculiar things as well, like talking to orchestras at length about philosophy and supervising half-hour tuning sessions. This would not go down well with an American orchestra, but don't worry—he isn't likely to be engaged by any, since he also demands two to four times the rehearsal allotment usually provided and insists that neither players nor soloists take any other work during the rehearsal and performance period. Some rival conductors have been known to turn up their noses at the rather brilliant orchestral execution he gets: who wouldn't, after all that work, they want to know.

Mr. Celibidache has conducted in New York once before. He came five years ago, to work with the orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music (fifteen rehearsals, no union, no problems), and their concert of Rossini, Debussy, Wagner, and Prokofiev at Carnegie Hall was rapturously, riot-

MUSIC—Cont'd

ously received and reviewed as a revelatory demonstration.

We know someone who was there, and he says that it was very good, extraordinarily polished, but that Mr. Celibidache played his high-minded role not without a touch of pomposity, even a very faint clownishness. Our friend thinks Rossini and Prokofiev suited him much better than the other two composers. He is curious enough to go hear Mr. Celibidache again, he says, but would definitely pick Strauss, Mussorgsky, and Ravel (April 21) over Bruckner (April 22), and even at that, he thinks, half the concert might be enough.



Astor Piazzolla at Alice Tully Hall

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**BILLY BUDD,** with Thomas Allen, Richard Cassilly, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; conducted by Thomas Fulton. (April 17 at 8; final performance of the season.) . . . **MADAME BUTTERFLY,** with Leona Mitchell, Diane Kesling, Bruno Beccaria, and Brian Schexnayder; Thomas Fulton. (April 18 at 8 and April 22 at 8:30.) . . . **GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG,** with Hildegard Behrens, Kathryn Harries, Christa Ludwig, and Toni Krämer; James Levine. (April 19 at 6 and April 22 at 12.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Sumi Jo, Frederick Burchinal, and Jerry Hadley; Nello Santi. (April 20 at 8; final performance of the season.) . . . **L'ELISIR D'AMORE,** with Kathleen Battle, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Marcello Pani. (April 21 at 8; first performance of the season.) . . . With Kathleen Battle, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Marcello Pani. (April 26 at 8.) . . . **DAS RHEINGOLD,** with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Birgitta Svendén, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 24 at 8.) . . . **DIE WALKÜRE,** with Hildegard Behrens, Ellen Shade, Helga Dernesch, Robert Schunk, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 25 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through May 6.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 22 at 7:30 and April 23 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Gunther Herbig conducting. April 17 at 8 and April 18 at 7:30: With Alicia de Larrocha, piano, in a Haydn-Mozart-Tchaikovsky program. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2, April 22 at 8, and April 25 at 7:30: With Lorne Munroe, cello, in music by Lutoslawski, Édouard Lalo, and Beethoven.

"New Music Orchestral Project"—Jorge Mester conducting an orchestra in premières by Christopher James, Brian Fennelly, Martin Herman, and Todd Levin. With David Shifrin, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall, April 18 at 8.)

Munich Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Sergiu Celibidache conducting. April 21 at 8: Ravel, Strauss, and Mussorgsky. . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: Bruckner's Fourth Symphony.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting works by Daniel Druckman, Vincent Persichetti, and Brahms. With Jessye Norman, soprano, and the Men of the Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. April 25 at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting a Liszt-Haydn-Rachmaninoff program. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 26 at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. April 26 at 8: The New York première of Steven Stucky's "Dreamwaltzes," as well as works by Édouard Lalo and Shostakovich. With Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: The New York première of Alberto Ginastera's "Popol Vuh, Op. 44," an unfinished work. Also works by Saint-Saëns—with Yefim Bronfman, piano—and Copland.

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting an all-Mendelssohn program. With Paul Peabody, violin; James Winn and Cameron Grant, duo piano; and the Taghkanic Chorale. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 18 at 8.)

Orpheus—This conductorless orchestra will play works by Corelli, Dvořák, Schoenberg, and Bartók. (Carnegie Hall. April 23 at 3.)

Fauré's Requiem—Dino Anagnost directing the Little Orchestra Society and the Metropolitan Singers/Greek Choral Society. With Wendy Hill, soprano, and David Hamilton, baritone. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. April 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 704-2100.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing Mozart's Mass in C, and works by Brahms. With Beverly Myers, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Frederick Urrey, tenor; and Paul Rowe, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 21 at 8.)

RECITALS

Nigel Kennedy and Ken Noda—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 18 at 8.)

André Emelianoff—With Wu Han, piano, and a percussionist in the première of Bright Sheng's "Variations on a Chinese Folksong." (Merkin Concert Hall. April 18 at 8.)

Irina Arkipova and Vladislav Pyavko—Mezzo-soprano and tenor from the Bolshoi Opera. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 18 at 8.)

Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble—Performing contemporary works by Americans. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. April 19 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—In works by Beethoven, Janáček, and Mendelssohn. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 22 at 8.)

Continuum—Presenting an evening of new chamber works by Soviet composer Sofia Gubaidulina. With soloists Jan Opalach, baritone; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; William Schimmel, accordion; and others. The composer will be present. (Alice Tully Hall. April 22 at 8.)

John Williams—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 23 at 3.)

Music and More—Presenting the second of four Mozart-based concerts-cum-commentary. With Israela Margalit, piano; Barbara Conrad, mezzo-soprano; and the Quintet of the Americas. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 23 at 3.)

New York Festival of Song—Carol Yahr, mezzo-soprano; Peter Kazaras, tenor; and William Sharp, baritone, in a program called "Night Time." (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. April 23 at 5. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Music for a While—Songs and dances from the Middle Ages. (Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene St. April 23 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 23 at 8.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Soloists—Performing works by Haydn, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, Shostakovich, and Rossini. After the concert, the audience is invited to meet the performers and sample Russian vodka. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 23 at 8.)

Benjamin Luxon—Baritone, singing works by Beethoven, Schumann, and Mussorgsky. (Carnegie Hall. April 24 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—In a program that includes two premières. With Christine Schadeberg, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 24 at 8.)

Astor Piazzolla—Performing his "nuevo tango" instrumentals with his new ensemble, the New Tango Sextet. (Alice Tully Hall. April 24 at 8.)

Nancy Allen and Carol Wincenc—Harp and flute. (Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. 874-7515. April 25 at 8.)

Michiko Akao—Playing contemporary works for the *yokobue*, including the world première of a work by Toshi Ichiyanagi, who will accompany Ms. Akao on the piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 25 at 8.)

JAZZ/ROCK/POP/ PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Barry Manilow—It's been over a decade since he sang "I write the songs that make the whole world sing" (actually, he didn't write that one—Bruce Johnston did), and in the eighties Manilow has seen his status slip from superstar to Las Vegas entertainer. His luxurious orchestrations, coupled with his dramatic tendencies as a performer, add up to a night that could put a listener into sugar shock. But to anyone whose taste in music runs to the bombastic and sentimental it sounds nice and sweet. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through May 14.)

Al Jarreau—In 1978, this jazz-lite scat singer (percussion noises are his specialty) had a modest hit called "Fly" ("I really want to see you fly, touch the sky"). On his latest record, "Heart's Horizon"—an assemblage of wispy, helium-filled arrangements (they make his earlier material seem gritty)—Jarreau himself nearly leaves the ground. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. April 21-23 at 8.)

Eddie Money—Since turning in his training badge (he did a stint in the New York Police Academy), Officer Money has scored big with a few conventional rock anthems. His style is a little old-hat (earnest, Marlboro-ravaged voice; sensitive-tough-guy lyrics; lots of "baby"s), but some of his songs—the 1986 hit "I Wanna Go Back," for example—are pop beauties. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 947-5850. April 21 at 8.)

David Tudor—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. April 19 at 8.

American Jazz Orchestra—John Lewis, Maurice Peress, and Gunther Schuller conducting a salute to Duke Ellington. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. April 20-21 and April 23, all at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4195.)

Lillian Lux—Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981. April 22 at 8, and April 23 at 3:30 and 7:30.

"Ear to the Ground Festival"—Clarinda and Jackson MacLow, and Lisa Kraus and Steve Gorn. (Ethnic Folk Arts Center, 179 Varick St. 691-5788. April 22 and April 24 at 8.)

Niall Toibin—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 22 at 8.

Michael Moore, Gene Bertoncini, and Roger Kellaway—Roundabout Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. April 24 at 7:30.

Baba Olatunji—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. April 26 at 8.

SPORTS

Knicks—This week marks the end of the regular basketball season, but the N.B.A. playoffs could keep the Knicks jumping until mid-June. Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 20 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Nets, April 22 at 8:30.

Nets—Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, April 18. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, April 20. (Game time: 7:30.)

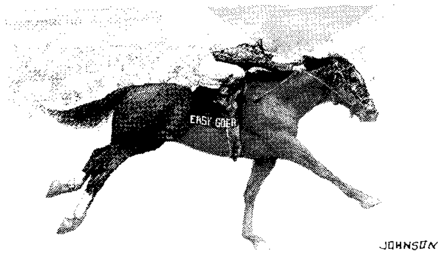
Mets—Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, April 17-19 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago Cubs, April 20-21 at 7:35, April 22 at 2:20, and April 23 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Atlanta Braves, April 25-26 at 7:35.

Yankees—Away until April 28.

(Home base for the Knicks is Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; for the Nets, Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; for the Mets, Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. Shug McGaughey's horse Easy Goer, the Derby favorite, runs the Wood Memorial on April 22. McGaughey calls him "the best colt I've ever had my hands on." . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.



Easy Goer at Aqueduct

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Ballroom Blitz—When we were thirteen, we heated it up at our share of ballroom-dance classes. Now New York City is on the verge of Ballroom Week—a citywide fête, inspired by the American Ballroom Theatre's stint at the Joyce, that is sure to bring back memories of all those fidgety box-step sessions that fell ambiguously between fun and torture. The week will kick off on April 20 and finish up on April 28, and the festivities include a lecture and performance by the original members of the Savoy Ballroom group Whitey's Lindy Hoppers (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St., April 21 at 1); a swing dance at the Central Park Bandshell (mid-Park at 72nd St., April 22 at 1); dinner and dancing with Tommy Tune, Liliane Montevecchi, and others (Café Society, 915 Broadway, April 24 at 8); and a ferry ride to Staten Island featuring a performance by the U.S. Amateur Ballroom Dance Association (April 26 at 5:40).

Movers and Shakers—The spring edition of the New York Armory Antiques Show opens on April 19, with a five-day sale of Oriental rugs, folk art, scrimshaw, and furniture in the William and Mary, Queen Anne, Chippendale, and Art Deco traditions. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 861-3358.)

Making Movies—Screenings of films by students in Columbia University's School of the Arts, and a panel discussion with established filmmakers such as Miloš Forman, Michael Hausman, and Annette Insdorf. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 21 at 8.)

"Wild Kingdom"—Screenings of episodes of the television series (April 25-May 27), and a seminar examining its history and production. (Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. 752-7684. The seminar will be held on April 25 at 12:30.)

"Working in Theatre"—A pair of panel discussions sponsored by the American Theatre Wing. On April 25 at 11 A.M., Joan Allen, Madeline Kahn, Ed Asner, Pauline Collins, and Philip Bosco will give a seminar on performance. . . . ¶ On April 26 at 11 A.M., playwrights and directors, including Wendy Wasserstein, Garson Kanin, and Cindy Lou Johnson, will participate. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor studio, 33 W. 42nd St. No tickets are necessary, but call 765-0609 to reserve a seat.)

Reading—Rita Dove and Stephen Sandy reading their poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 24 at 8:15.)

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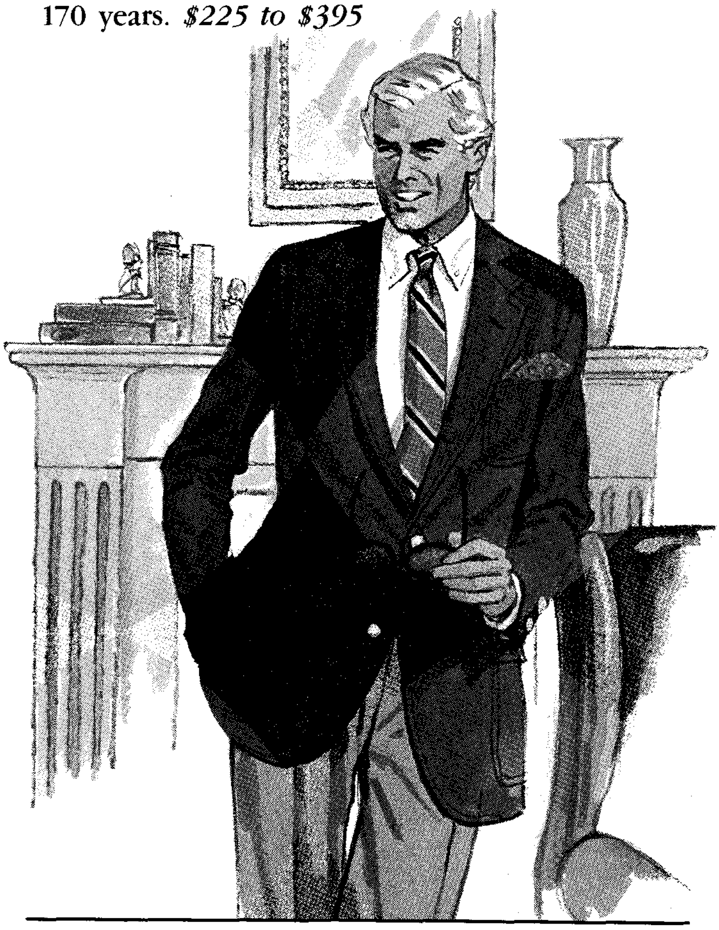

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
April 18-21: "Brightness" (1987, directed by Souleymane Cissé; a Malian film, in Bambara).
April 22: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The six-and-a-half-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
April 23: At 2, "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary; and, at 8 and 10, "Brightness."
From April 25: "Brightness."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.
Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 20: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon. From April 21: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"New York Stories" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Dream Team" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Through April 20: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.
From April 21: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From April 21: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).
Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From April 21 (tentative): "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.
Theatre 2: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

59th Street East Cinema (formerly D. W. Griffith), 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 20: Theatre closed.
From April 21: "Field of Dreams" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Kevin Costner.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon. From April 21: "Checking Out" (David Leland), with Jeff Daniels.
Theatre 2: "New York Stories" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill. From April 21: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 2: "Chances Are" (Emile Ardolino), with Cybill Shepherd and Robert Downey, Jr.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Dream Team" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From April 21: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).
Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 20: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
From April 21: "La Lectrice" (Michel Deville; in French), with Miou-Miou.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Rain Man" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 20: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From April 21: "Pet Sematary" Mary Lambert).
Theatre 2: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.
Theatre 2: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through April 18: "Egg" (directed by Danniel Danniel; in Dutch); and "Stones and Flies: Richard Long in the Sahara" (Philip Haas).
From April 19: "Avanti Popolo" (1986, Rafi Bukaee; in Arabic, Hebrew, and English).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Dream Team" (†).
Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 18: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.
From April 19: "Red Scorpion" (Joe Zito), with Dolph Lundgren.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Dark Habits" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wuthering Heights" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 4: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.
Theatre 2: Through April 20: "The Dream Team" (†). From April 21: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).
Theatre 3: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"New York Stories" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 20: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
From April 21: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Lódź Ghetto" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Few Days with Me" (Claude Sautet; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Working Girl" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rain Man" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.
Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).
Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 20: "The Dream Team" (†).
From April 21: "Field of Dreams" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Kevin Costner.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "New York Stories" (†).
Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 20: "Major League" (David S. Ward) with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From April 21: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).
Theatre 4: Through April 20: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster. From April 21: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 5: Through April 20: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill. From April 21: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).
Theatre 6: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.
Theatre 2: Through April 20: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker. From April 21: "The Dream Team" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.
Theatre 2: "Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Dead-Bang" (directed by John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.
Theatre 2: Through April 18: "Stripped to Kill 2." From April 19: "Red Scorpion" (Joe Zito), with Dolph Lundgren.
Theatre 3: "Skin Deep" (Blake Edwards), with John Ritter.
Theatre 4: Through April 20: "Edge of Sanity" (Gerard Kikoine), with Anthony Perkins. From April 21: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).
Theatre 5: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund).
Theatre 6: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 20: "Leviathan"

(George Cosmatos), with Peter Weller, Richard Crenna, and Amanda Pays. From April 21: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 3: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 4: "The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through April 20: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

From April 21: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Dream Team" (†).

Theatre 2: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman.

Theatre 2: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

April 17: "These Three" (1936, directed by William Wyler), with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea; and "Dead End" (1937, Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart.

April 18: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946, William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, Dana Andrews, and Harold Russell.

April 19: "The Dark Angel" (1935, Sidney Franklin), with Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall; and "Splendor" (1935, Elliott Nugent), with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Helen Westley.

April 20-22: "Look Back in Anger" (†) and "The Entertainer" (†).

April 23-25: "Come and Get It" (1936, Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer; and "The Little Foxes" (1941, Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

From April 26: "The Kid from Spain" (1932, Leo McCarey), with Eddie Cantor and Robert Young; and "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938, George Marshall), with Zorina and Adolphe Menjou.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 18: "Bedazzled" (1967, Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Bed Sitting Room" (1969, Richard Lester), with Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, and Michael Hordern.

April 19-20: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978, Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "Distant Thunder" (1988, Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio.

April 21-22: "Near Dark" (1987, Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar, Jenny Wright, Bill Paxton, and Lance Henriksen; and "The Hunger" (1983, Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

April 23: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" (1970, Elio Petri; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte; and "The 10th Victim" (1965, Petri; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress.

April 24-25: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.

From April 26: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976, Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland; and "Ginger and Fred" (1986, Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

April 17: Cartoons made by Frank Tashlin at Warner Brothers; and cartoons in the style of murder mysteries, film noir, Westerns, and detective stories.

April 18: Warner Brothers cartoons made during the Second World War; and cartoons made by Friz Freleng at Warner Brothers.

April 19: Offbeat cartoons made by Chuck Jones; and a miscellaneous group of Warner Brothers cartoons.

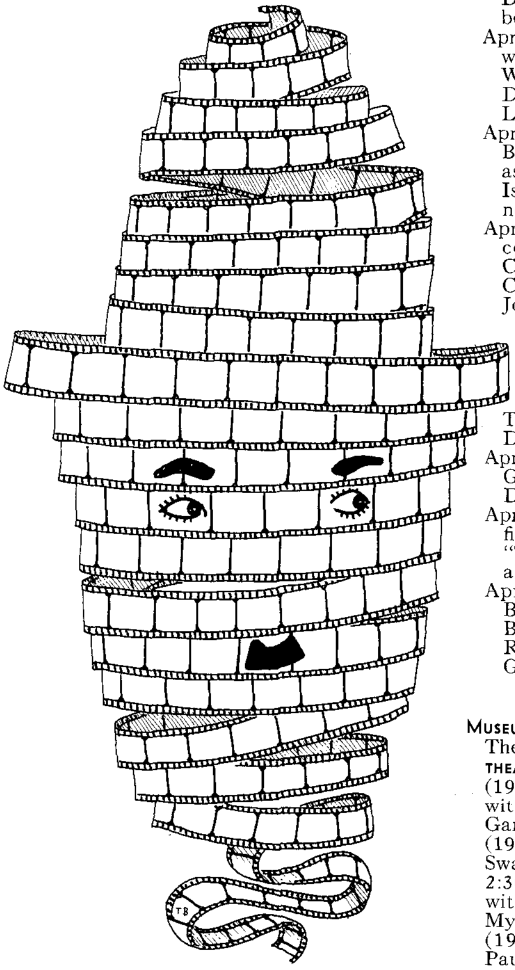
April 20: Cartoons made by Bob Clampett at Warner Brothers; and Surrealist and experimental films made at Warner Brothers during the sixties.

From April 21: "Let's Get Lost" (1989, Bruce Weber), a documentary about Chet Baker.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 17: "The Marriage Circle" (1924, Ernst Lubitsch; silent), with Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost; and "Madame DuBarry" ("Passion"; 1919, Lubitsch; silent), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings.

April 18: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Club de Femmes" (1937, Jacques Deval; in French).



Charlie Chaplin

April 19: "Lost Horizon" (1937, Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933, Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

April 20: "Straight Time" (†); and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975, Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

April 21-22: "Made in U.S.A." (1967, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and "Alphaville" (1965, Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.

April 23: "The Loves of Beethoven" (1936, Abel Gance; in French), with Harry Baur and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Abel Gance: Charm of Dynamite" (1968, Kevin Brownlow), a documentary.

April 24: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and an interview with Joan Crawford filmed in 1966.

April 25: "Last Summer" (1969, Frank Perry), with Barbara Hershey, Cathy Burns, Richard Thomas, and Bruce Davison; and "The Swimmer" (1968, Perry), with Burt Lancaster.

April 26: "Platinum Blonde" (1931, Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, Halliwell Hobbes, and Louise Closser Hale; and "Forbidden" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 17: "October" (1927, Sergei Eisenstein; silent); and "Potemkin" (1925, Eisenstein; silent).

April 18: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931, Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

April 19: "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police" (1938, James Hogan) and "Bulldog Drummond in Africa" (1938, Louis King), both with John Howard as Drummond.

April 20: "Charade" (1963, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Arabesque" (1966, Donen), with Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren.

April 21: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936, Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939, Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan.

April 22: "Saboteur" (1942, Alfred Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940, Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

April 23: "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941, René Clair), with Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, and Bruce Cabot; and "Seven Sinners" (1940, Tay Garnett), with Dietrich, Albert Dekker, and Broderick Crawford.

April 24: "Vampyr" (1932, Carl Dreyer; in German); and "Day of Wrath" (1940, Dreyer; in Danish).

April 25: "O. Henry's Full House" (1952), five stories by five different directors; and "Tales of Manhattan" (1942), five stories, all directed by Julien Duvivier.

April 26: "Conquest" (1937, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931, Robert Z. Leonard), with Garbo, Clark Gable, and Alan Hale.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: April 17 at 2:30: "The Circus" (1928, directed by Charlie Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Allan Garcia. . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "The Gold Rush" (1925, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "City Lights" (1931, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers. . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "Modern Times" (1936, Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Chester Conklin. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947, Chaplin), with Chaplin, Martha Raye, and Isobel Elsom. . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "The Great Dictator" (1940, Chaplin), with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie, and Billy Gilbert. . . . ¶ April 22 at 2: "Modern Times." . . . ¶ April 22 at 5: "City Lights." . . . ¶ April 23 at 2: "The Great Dictator." . . . ¶ April 23 at 5: "Monsieur Verdoux." . . . ¶ April 24 at 2:30: "Limelight" (1952, Chaplin), with Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Buster Keaton, and Sydney Chaplin. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6 and April 25 at 2:30: "A King in New York" (1957, Chaplin), with Chaplin, Michael Chaplin, Oliver Johnston, and Dawn Addams. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967, Chaplin), with Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren, Sydney Chaplin, and Tippi Hedren.

Theatre 2: April 17 at 2:30: "No Man's Land" (1985, Alain Tanner; in French). . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "The Beekeeper" (1986, Theo Angelopoulos; in Italian, with French subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ April 18 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of 1988 award-winning films by university students. . . . ¶ April 20 at 3 and 6: "Girl Talk" (1988, Kate Davis and Alyson Denny), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 21 at 3 and 6: "Memories of Duke" (1980, Gary Keys), a documentary about Duke Ellington. At 6, Mr. Keys will be present and an instrumental group will play Ellington music.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Cecil B. De Mille silent films, made between 1919 and 1928, about sex and marriage. April 19 at 2:30: "The Volga Boatman" (1926), with William Boyd. . . . April 20 at 2:30: "The King of Kings" (1927), with H. B. Warner. . . . April 21 at 2:30: "The Godless Girl" (1928), with Lina Basquette. . . . ¶ Movie serials (single episodes, full-length versions, marathon showings of all chapters), mostly from the thirties and forties. April 21-22 at 7:30: Two different panel discussions, with stars Kay Aldridge, Kirk Alyn, Henry Brandon, and Tom Steele; director William Witney; and film historian Raymond Schnitzer, all of whom will be present both evenings; and film historians Alan G. Barbour (present April 21) and William K. Everson (present April 22). . . . April 22 at 1: Chapter 1 of "The Fighting Devil Dogs" (1938) and the feature-length version of "Dick Tracy's G. Men" (1938, Witney and John English), with Ralph Byrd. . . . April 22 at 4: Chapter 1 of "Adventures of Red Ryder" (1940) and the feature-length version of "The Mysterious Dr. Satan" (1940, Witney and English), with Eduardo Ciannelli. . . . April 23 at noon: "Captain Celluloid vs. the Film Pirates" (1965), made by Barbour, Everson, and Louis McMahon (all of whom will be present) as a tribute to Republic serials. . . . April 23 at 1:30: Chapters 1-15 of "The Purple Monster Strikes" (1945, Spencer Bennet), with Dennis Moore. Four hours, with one intermission. . . . April 26 at 1:10: The feature-length version of "The Tiger Woman" (1944, Bennet and Wallace Grissell), with Allan Lane and Linda Stirling. . . . April 26 at 3: Selected episodes from "Haunted Harbor" (1944), "The Painted Stallion" (1937), and "S.O.S. Coast Guard" (1937).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. April 17 at 8: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Alain Resnais; in French), script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8 and 10: "L'Immortelle" (1962, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Trans-Europ-Express" (1966, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: Ten short films made by Stan Brakhage in 1976. . . . ¶ April 19 at 10: "Last Year at Marienbad." . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: Five short films by George Méliès. . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: "Albert Schweitzer" (1957, Jerome Hill), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 21 at 7: Four short hand-tinted films by Méliès. . . . ¶ April 21 at 8: "The Man Who Lies" (1968, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 21 at 10: "L'Immortelle." . . . ¶ April 22 at 7: Four short films by Méliès. . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: "Eden and Afterwards" (1971, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 22 at 10: "Trans-Europ-Express." . . . ¶ April 23 at 6: "The Cameraman" (1928, Edward Sedgwick and Buster Keaton), with Keaton. . . . ¶ April 23 at 8: "N Took the Dice" (1971-75, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 23 at 10: "Eden and Afterwards." . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Progressive Slidings Into Pleasure" (1974, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 25 at 10: "N Took the Dice." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Playing with Fire" (1975, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 26 at 10: "Progressive Slidings Into Pleasure."

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—April 17 at 8: "On Dangerous Ground" (1952, Nicholas Ray), with Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Three Crowns of a Sailor" (Raul Ruiz). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Baara" (Souleymane Cissé). . . . ¶ April 20 at 8: "In the Land of the Headhunters" (1914, E. S. Curtis; silent) and "Les Maîtres Fou" (1955, Jean Rouch), both documentaries. . . . ¶ April 21 at 8: "The Place Between Our Bodies," "Decodings," and other films by Michael Wallin, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 21 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: "Berlin/Tourist: Journal" (1988), and other works, all by Ken Kobland, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 22 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ April 23 at 8: Ken Jacobs will be present with a live 3-D Nervous System film performance of XCXHXEXRXRXIXEXSX. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: "The Set Up" (1949, Robert Wise), with Robert Ryan and Audrey Totter. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Life Is a Dream" (Ruiz). . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "The Wind" (Cissé).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—April 18-22: "The Great Sebastians" (1957, NBC), with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. . . . ¶ Starting April 25: "No Man's Land" (1980, Granada Television), with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 20 at 6:30: "Father" (1988, Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese), with Eiji Bando; and "Mother" (1988, Zenzo Matsuyama; in Japanese), with Jitsuko Yoshimura. . . . ¶ April 21 at 7:30: "The Heart" (1955, Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori. Based on the novel by Soseki Natsume.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films from Vietnam. April 21 at 3: "When the Tenth Month Comes" (1984, Dang Nhat Minh). . . . ¶ April 21 at 7: "The Victory at Dien Bien Phu" (1964, Tran Viet).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—April 19 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Golem: The Legend of Prague" (1936, Julien Duvivier; in French and Yiddish), with Harry Baur, Roger Karl, and Ferdinand Hart. . . . ¶ April 26 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "L'Argent" (1983, Robert Bresson; in French), with Christian Patey, Sylvie van den Elsen, and Michel Briguet.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Accidental Tourist—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, Sting, Valentina Cortese, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (4/3/89) (Coronet, and Art Greenwich Twin.)

Alice—The Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words. He animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. The director—a self-described "militant Surrealist," who has been making short films since 1964—brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material, and his approach sometimes seems overly formal, a little rigid. But this is an extraordinary piece of work. There are sequences that are small miracles of stop-motion animation: the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. "Alice" is a brilliant demonstration of the connection between a child's imagination and the lonely, obsessive craftsmanship of a great animator. Alice is played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová; she's the only human being in the movie.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Collective for Living Cinema; April 21-22 at 11 P.M.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. The movie is all nuances—the pointed, unmistakable kind that allow audiences to congratulate themselves for having picked them up. Denis certainly knows how to attenuate erotic tension; then, with a sort of dry, academic sadism, she leaves it unresolved. Her picture is nothing but a long tease, high-toned but low-minded. In denying the dignified sufferer Protée any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. Also with François Cluzet, Cécile Ducasse, Mireille Perrier, and Emmanuelle Chaulet. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Festival. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through April 20.)

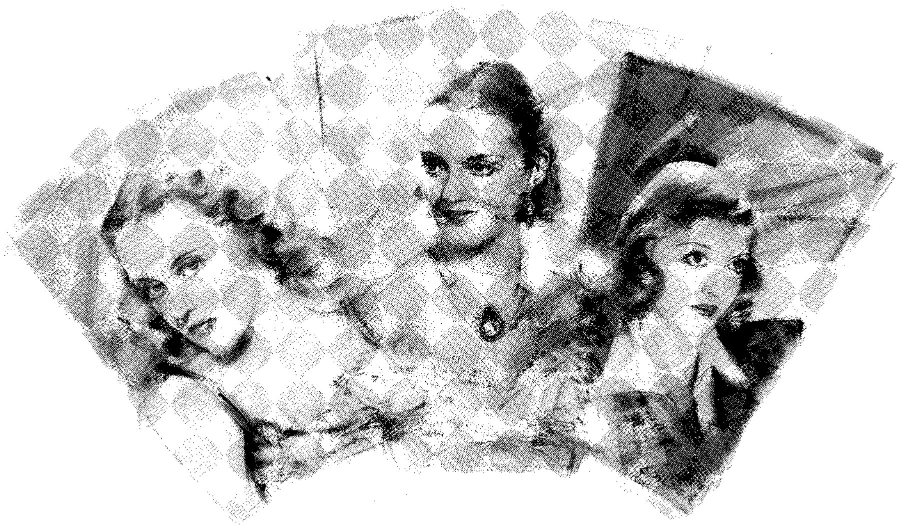
Dark Habits (1983; "Entre Tinieblas")—This amusingly erratic convent farce by the Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar shows us his naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his later movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) Cristina S. Pascual plays Yolanda, a Madrid night-club singer, who hides out from the police in a convent that specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies. The Mother Superior (Julieta Serrano) is so avid to recruit sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) The jokes are sometimes labored; still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma. And he catches something very appealing in the musical numbers, especially at the convent party where three singing nuns (including Carmen Maura on the bongos) serve as backup singers for Yolanda. In Spanish.—P.K. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

The Dream Team—As a wisecracking, intermittently violent lunatic, Michael Keaton electrifies this quirky farce; in a restaurant scene, he's like a James Cagney character—doing something he knows he shouldn't while his face tells us how thoroughly he's enjoying it. Keaton, Peter Boyle (he has some of his best moments since "Young Frankenstein"), Christopher Lloyd, and Stephen Furst are patients in a mental hospital who are taken on an excursion and then stranded in an unstructured loony bin, New York City. Directed by the (erratic) slapstick specialist Howard Zieff, from a script by Jon Connolly and David Loucka, the film isn't the knockout it might have been if it had a few big wild routines. And, yes, it's sentimental. But the sentimentality isn't overplayed, and Keaton's fast rap cauterizes much of it. He's a cross between a mouth and a moonbeam. With Dennis Boutsikaris, Lorraine Bracco, Jack Duffy as the shopkeeper in the Army-Navy store, and Larry Pine as the advertising executive. —P.K. (4/17/89) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Regency; through April 20. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting April 21.)

The Entertainer (1960)—The John Osborne play, set during the Suez crisis of 1956, was staged by Tony Richardson in 1957, starring Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice; it has been his greatest contemporary role, and he appears in this film version, again directed by Richardson. The play is a lewd, tragic vaudeville about the life of a bankrupt pursued by creditors, a crapulent song-and-dance man whose emotions break through onstage in stale blue jokes as he ogles the half-naked chorus girls and razzes the orchestra leader. "Don't clap too hard—it's a very old building," he jeers at the patrons, who are sitting on their hands. And if there's mincing hatred in his tone, and the desperate self-disgust of a performer who can't get a response there's also a trace of affection for the run-down theatre, which suggests dilapidated, crumbling England. The action shifts between the music-hall stage and the rooms that Archie and his wife, Phoebe (Brenda de Banzie), share with his father, Billy Rice, (Roger Livesey), who was a headliner in his day but now, in his seventies, is retired to a life of mildewed gentility. Archie, still hanging on at fifty, has never had the purity that his father had—he refers to himself as "old Archie, dead behind the eyes." Osborne can't bring Archie's principled, observant daughter, Jean (Joan Plowright), to life, but when it comes to a character like Archie—a man who does so much to make you hate him that you can't—he gives him a Shakespearean fury. The film errs in many ways, and at times the editing seems glaringly poor, but Olivier's performance gives it venomous excitement. Adapted by Osborne and Nigel Kneale. With Albert Finney, Alan Bates, Shirley Ann Field, Daniel Massey, and Thora Hird.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 20-22.)

Forbidden (1932)—Movies about women who sacrifice everything for their married lovers or their illegitimate babies were big box office in the twenties and thirties, but they were generally concocted by masters of the tearjerking craft. The director, Frank Capra, wrote this story himself, and he just didn't have the knack. The heroine is unbelievably sacrificial over a span of twenty years, and despite Barbara Stanwyck's amazingly unaffected, straightforward performance, most of the picture is lifeless. As the lover, Adolphe Menjou has the self-possession of a man with power; you can understand the heroine's attraction to him. But that's as far as plausibility goes. Capra doesn't dwell on the sad scenes; the picture moves along so efficiently that it doesn't seem maudlin. It just seems a little crazy.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 26.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. About a half hour from the end, Waters and Lehmann pull back from their sadistic gaudiness. Veronica represents their we-don't-really-mean-it side—we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. Where's the sting? With Kim Walker as tall, blond Heather Chandler.—P.K. (4/17/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

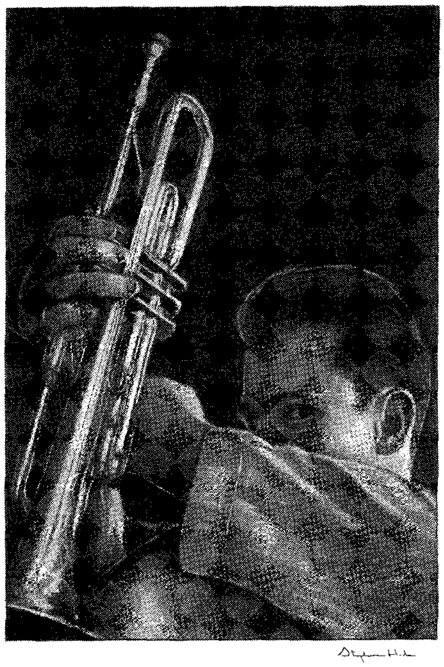


Bette Davis, who just turned eighty-one, is being honored on April 24th by the Film Society of Lincoln Center, and the hoopla will undoubtedly make many of us feel like rushing out to the movies to see the great actress at work. Unfortunately, there isn't a whole lot out there this week. "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (April 24 at the Thalia SoHo) was a big hit for her in 1962, but it's a terrible movie: a crude horror exercise, directed by Robert Aldrich, in which Davis, playing a sadistic former child star, seems to turn herself into a camp icon. William Wyler's 1941 "The Little Foxes" (April 23-25 at the Biograph Cinema) is far better evidence of Davis's power. As Regina Giddens, the rottenest member of an evil Southern family (Lillian Hellman wrote the play and the script), she's so commandingly bitchy that one would think the role had been created for her. In fact, it had been played onstage by Tallulah Bankhead, and Davis's unwillingness to stray too far from her predecessor's interpretation ("There was no new *way to be Regina," she believed) strained her relationship with Wyler, her favorite director. This third collaboration turned out to be their last, and it's a real shame: the first two movies they made together, "Jezebel" and "The Letter," were the best in Davis's amazing but uneven career (And they'll be a double bill at Theatre 80 St. Marks* next *week—April 30.)*

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

Łódź Ghetto—An unusually intelligent and powerful Holocaust documentary. The film begins on the day in 1939 when the Nazis assumed control of the Jewish ghetto in Lódź, Poland (there were two hundred thousand Jews in the city at the time), and ends on the day in 1944 when the Russian Army rolled in and the eight hundred remaining Jews—those who went into hiding rather than allow themselves to be herded onto the Germans' transport trains—emerged from their attics and cellars. In this five-year reign of terror, the prisoners of the ghetto supplied the cheapest of labor for their masters: working for starvation rations and watching helplessly as their families and neighbors died of hunger or were sent away to the death camps. (In one especially chilling scene, tons of personal effects, jumbled haphazardly in sacks, are piled up by the Germans in the streets of Lódź, like some appalling monument.) The film's directors, Kathryn Taverna and Alan Adelson, work with the writings, paintings, and still photos left by the ghetto's residents, a few eerie minutes of film shot by the Nazis, and some footage of present-day Lódź to produce a lucid, intense collage of the everyday life of fear and horror. They allow the assembled words and images to carry the meanings; they know that moralizing, hindsight, and jacked-up pathos are unnecessary (and can sometimes have the effect of distancing us from the enormity of the events). The rigor of the narrative's construction and the dryness of the visual style give the film a kind of passionate purity. The victims' words are read—offscreen—by several actors, including Jerzy Kosinski, David Warrilow, and Theodore Bikel, and the performances are variable: some readers are quietly effective, while others are far too theatrical. The excellent score is by Wendy Blackstone.—T.R. (Carnegie Screening Room.)



Chet Baker in "Let's Get Lost"

Look Back in Anger (1959)—The English "angry young man" bursts onto the screen—an intellectual "wild one" and "rebel without a cause"—delivering some of the most electrifying dialogue of the era. Jimmy Porter (Richard Burton) is a blazingly articulate hero with passion and power, and no place in life, or cause or goal. He is an artist with no art to practice. As rancorous as Hamlet, he rages at his pale, zombielike wife (Mary Ure), at his foxy mistress (Claire Bloom), at his good friend (Gary Raymond), and at all the dismal English life around him. The movie is uneven, and, at the end, damp and foggy as a postwar "Winterset." But it has fire. And Claire Bloom gives a wickedly smart performance; in her own way she's as sensual and knowing as Simone Signoret is in her much more sympathetic role in "Room at the Top." Also with Edith Evans, George Devine, and Donald Pleasence. Directed by Tony Richardson, from Nigel Kneale's adaptation of the landmark play by John Osborne.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 20-22.)

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it).—P.K. (12/26/88) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through April 20.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Straight Time (1978)—Dustin Hoffman gives what is possibly his finest (and most demanding) performance up to this time as Max Dembo, a paroled robber. Based on the novel "No Beast So Fierce" by Edward Bunker, a former convict (who plays the part of Mickey), the film provides a ruthlessly objective view of Max—a man with closer psycho-sexual relations to people from the prison world, such as his viciously zealous parole officer (M. Emmet Walsh), than he could ever have with outsiders, such as the scrubbed-face girl (Theresa Russell) who takes up with him. The script (a synthesis of the efforts of Alvin Sargent, Bunker, and Jeffrey Boam) has first-rate, hardheaded, precise, sometimes funny dialogue, but it errs in bringing this girl too much to the center. Dramatically, the film lacks snap; there isn't enough tension in the way Max destroys his freedom, and so the story drags—it seems to have nowhere to go but down. The director, Ulu Grosbard, doesn't shape the material; he doesn't enable us to feel what we recognize intellectually—that the movie is really about life *inside* prison. But he excels in handling actors: scenes between Hoffman and Harry Dean Stanton (as an ex-convict) and between Hoffman and Gary Busey (as a junkie ex-convict) are performed superlatively. With Sandy Baron and Kathy Bates.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 20.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, and Alec Baldwin. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Waverly, and Cinema 3.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that as Heathcliff he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer; Alfred Newman did the music. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Cecil Kellaway, and Alice Ehlers at the harpsichord. The Ventura area (about forty miles north of Los Angeles) was used for the Yorkshire moors.—P.K. (Quad Cinema.)

1983 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1984 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
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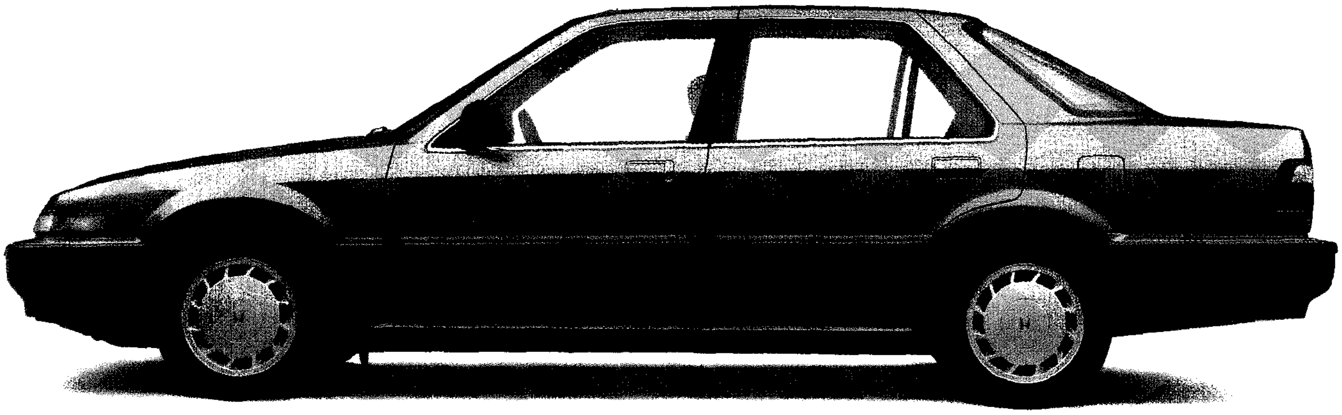
1986 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1987 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1988 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1989 Car and Driver Ten Best List.

There's a pattern here somewhere.



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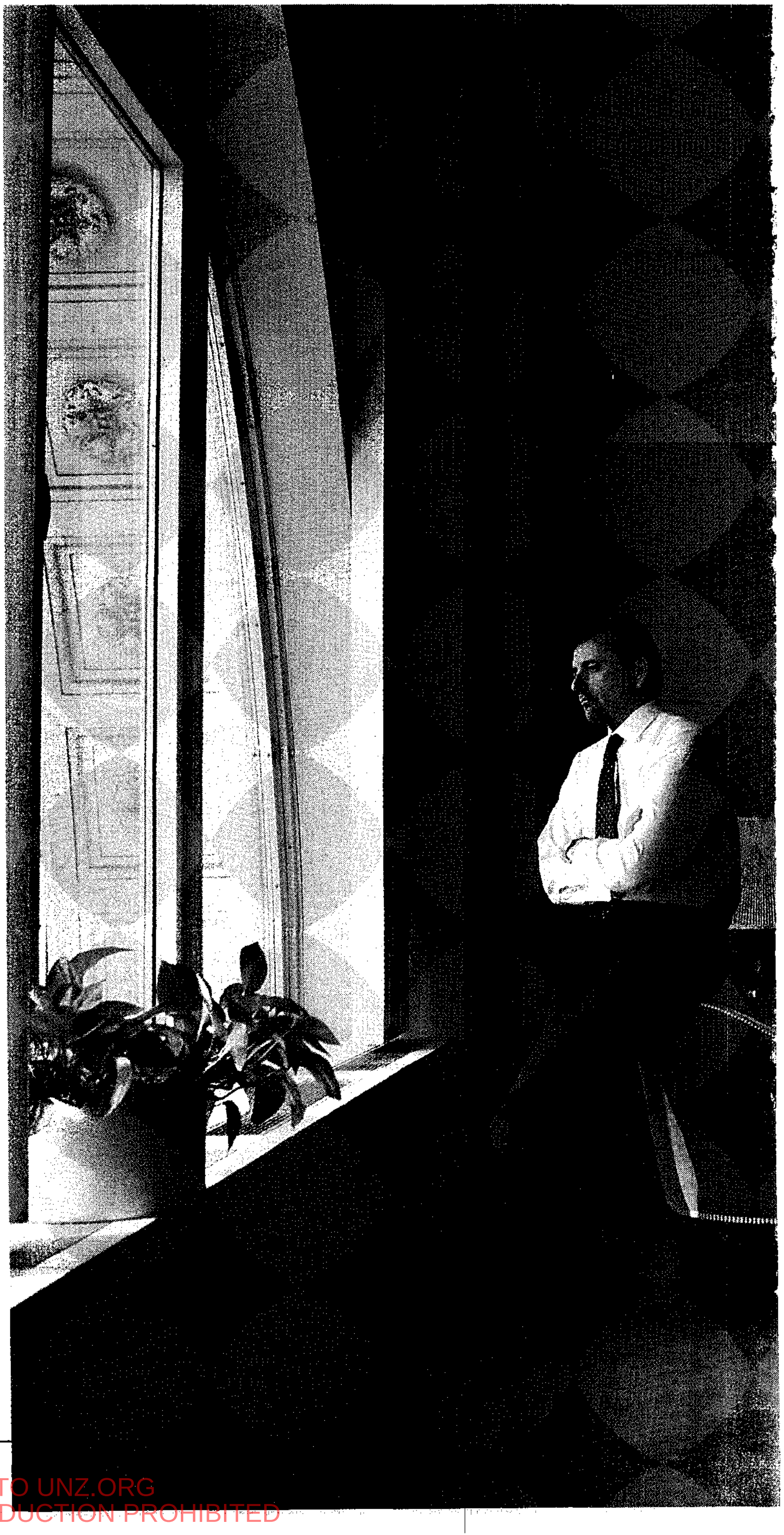

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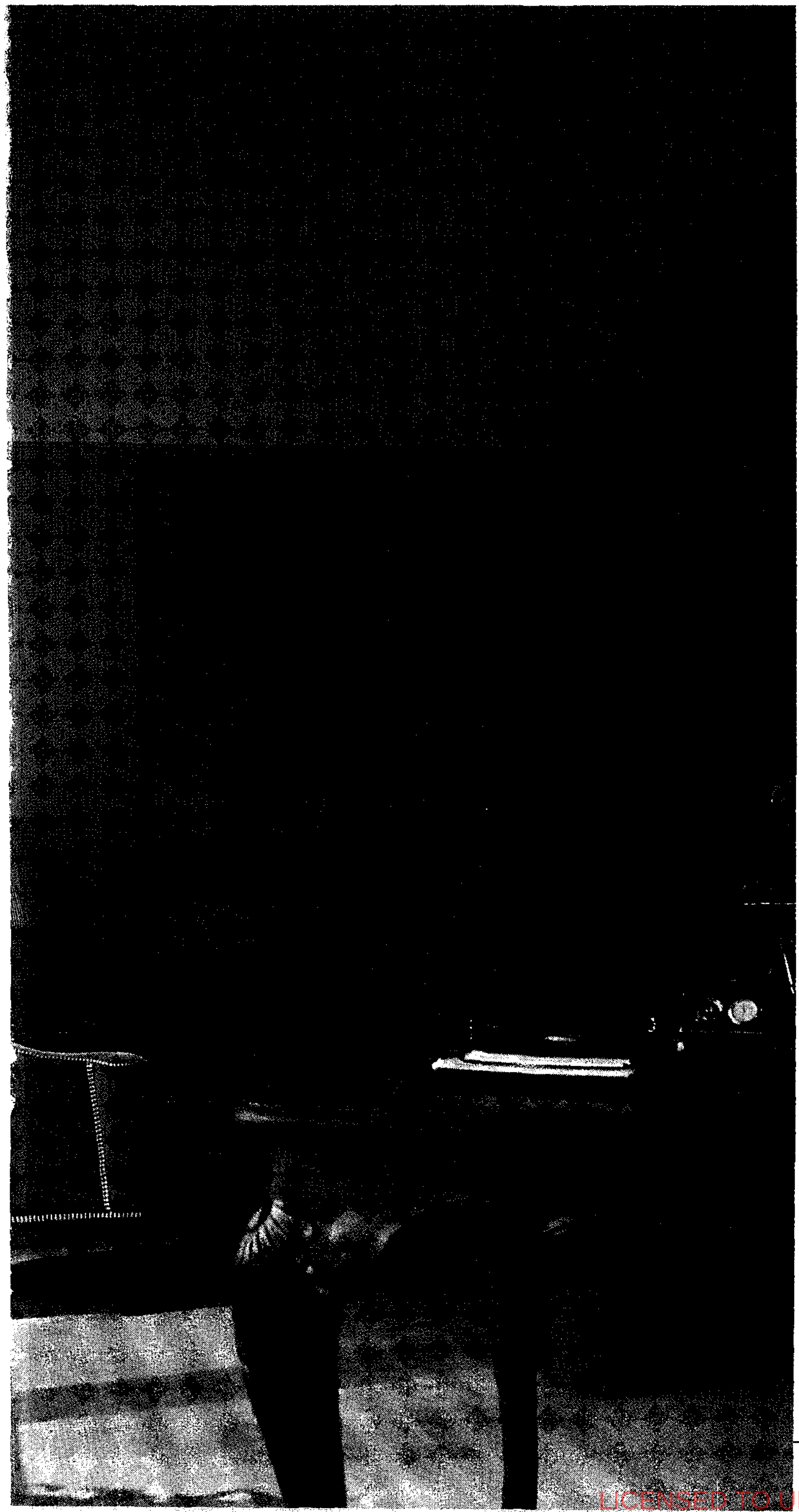

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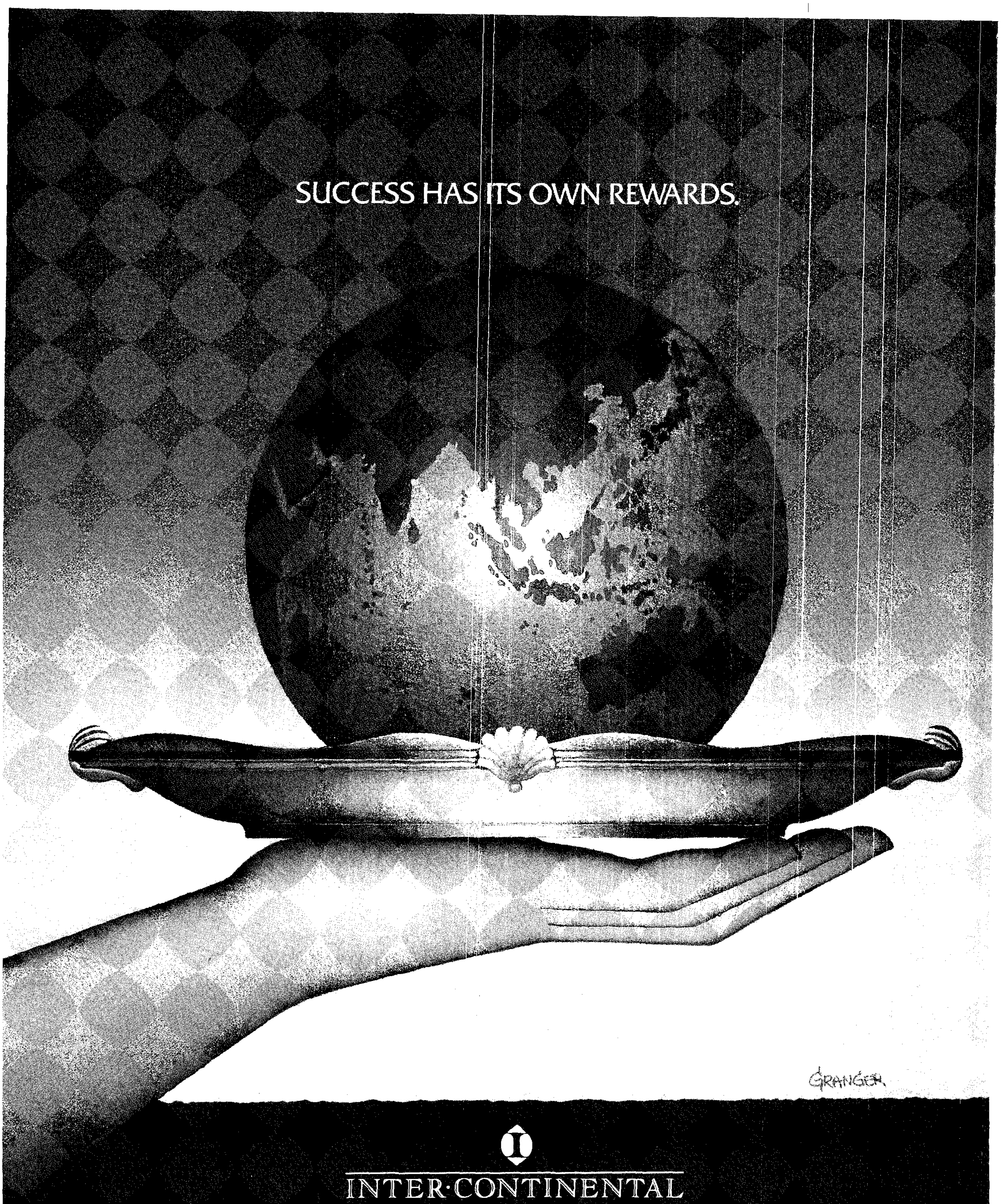
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know writes:

On the way down to Washington to attend the march for abortion rights last weekend, I passed through Elizabeth, New Jersey, where more than twenty years ago I had an illegal abortion. I won't go into the details of my situation then except to say that I had been forced to make a choice, and did, but it was a choice made on a sea of helplessness. It was not something I could talk about at the time, and I went through the experience silently and alone.

On Sunday morning, I walked to the Washington Monument, where the rally before the march was held, and my first impression on seeing hundreds of thousands of people gathered there was of the continuing emergence of women from decades of silence and isolation. My second impression was that there must have been thousands of individual stories comparable to mine which had brought people there. I felt an extraordinary comfort as my story took its place among them. The authority that day lay not with the speakers but with the listeners, in their inwardness and variousness. There were many men in the crowd, and they were welcome, but the main people that day, it seemed to me, were the women.

In the normal course of life, a woman's body is invaded and used and used up in a way that has to do directly with her reproductive system. In her childbearing years, a woman's bodily life is always pressing on her consciousness, through menstruation, and through the ever-present possibility of pregnancy, if not pregnancy in fact. It's a matter of course for a woman to have a special doctor, whom she visits regularly, to look after her reproductive system and the many small problems that can arise there—not to mention the large ones. The life of a woman's body is written in stretch marks, missing breasts, a scarred uterus, the scar of a cesarean birth, of a hysterectomy. And there are dark experiences like incest, rape, and my own illegal abortion, which for many make up a shadow history. All this experience was present on the Mall last Sunday.

What that presence was saying, it seems to me, is that abortion is an issue of bodily sovereignty. The jurisdiction of the government ends at the boundary of my body. Within that boundary I am the sovereign. I choose what values govern there. I can say, as many say, that within my kingdom a fetus has unconditional protection. I can say, as I do say, that abortion represents an irreplaceable human loss but that there are times in my kingdom when that loss must be endured. I do not say, as the most radical feminists do, that an abortion has the same significance as a tonsillectomy, or even less—that it is a form of birth control, no different from using a diaphragm or a contraceptive pill. Such a position puzzles me, because it seems to defy both the facts and the emotional truth as I have experienced it. Yet in my view the women who say this have an absolute right to do so, for every woman must be allowed to reign over her own body. And for the federal government the radical-feminist position is the correct one; for the government, that is, an abortion and a tonsillectomy *should* be equivalent, in the sense that the government should have no more right to deprive a woman of one than of the other. To me, there is some difference, but not much, between a government that says you can't have an abortion and a government, like China's, that in certain cases says you must.

The abortion issue relates to deeply personal levels of life which are rarely brought into the political arena. But the requirements of maintaining political momentum have tended to block those layers of feeling from which the issue arises in the first place. There was a small counter-demonstration at the Washington rally which deployed a kind of fetal pornography—pictures of aborted fetuses—and placards expressing paranoia and hate. There were also women praying. They were, I believe, really praying. Their gesture was incongruous with the rah-rah aspect of the march, and yet this praying arose from a level of feeling appropriate to the largeness of this issue. I disagreed with these women politically, but I also felt that they, and the sentiments they were expressing, belonged *with* us marchers, and not against us. I felt that their feelings, too, arose out of the female bodily experience. In fact, I was more comfortable with their sentiments than I was with some of the pro-choice rhetoric—especially the militant assertion that a woman's rights override the rights of a fetus. Full-grown, healthy human beings cheering for their precedence over the most vulnerable form of human life did not seem to me to be a glorious triumph. For me, the special meaning of the day, of my history in common with other women, was that I was able that evening to relive my experience in Elizabeth, New Jersey—to remember the fierce, despairing love that I had felt for the vague half-being forming within me as I was driven blindfolded and alone to a motel; to remember how the men in attendance were lewd and flippant; to remember disappearing into the darkness of the anesthetic—and, remembering these things, to weep wholeheartedly for the first time.

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Stats

A Statistical-Minded friend writes:

The "County and City Data Book, 1988," a publication of the Bureau of the Census, describes its nine-hundred-and-sixty-four-page self, not immodestly, as "a statistical journey across America." It deals with 3,139 counties, 952 cities of 25,000 or more people, and 9,500 "places" of 2,500 or more. There is no specific ascription of authorship, perhaps because the book contains far fewer words than statistics, but then anybody can put strings of words between hard covers. Figures can be just as descriptive and illuminating as adjectives.

For example, there turn out to be a lot of New Yorks. We are all aware that it is both a state and a city. We may not realize that it is also a county (a.k.a. the Borough of Manhattan), a Consolidated Metropolitan Statistical Area, and a Primary Metropolitan Statistical Area. The C.M.S.A. of which New York City is a prime component includes hunks of northern New Jersey, Long Island, Westchester, and Connecticut, and is more populous than the Los Angeles C.M.S.A. (17,967,800 to 13,074,800).

To return to New York County, one of its distinctions is that it has more people per square mile than any other American county (67,181.8). Among all 3,139 counties, New York ranked thirteenth in growth in private nonfarm business establishments in 1984-85 (1,456), twenty-second in percentage of people aged twenty-five to forty-four in 1984 (38.9), seventh in physician rate per 100,000 population in 1985 (855), and sixteenth in Social Security beneficiaries in 1985 (211,997).

One engrossing section of the book treats of the seventy-five largest cities in the United States. Among them New York stood sixty-fifth in birth rate per 1,000 and sixty-first in percentage of births to mothers under twenty, both in 1984; first in residential electric bills in 1986 ($86.37 a month); first in manufacturing employment in 1982 (529,000); but—statistics can depress as well as elate—fifty-eighth in percentage change in manufacturing employment in 1977-82 (*minus* 13.2). The city's total revenue in 1984-85 was $22,981,400,000 (of which 21 per cent was spent on education and 20.6 per cent on public welfare) and its total outlays were merely $20,590,100,000, but the outstanding per-New Yorker-capita debt in 1986 stood at $1,781, which by my own computation (based on the Bureau's population figure of 7,262,750) adds up to $12,934,957,750. Where in the world did it all go?

"County and City Data Book" is an offshoot of an even more formidable—and more revealing—Census Bureau volume, entitled "Statistical Abstract of the United States." The latest edition, the hundred-and-eighth, was published in 1987. Sometimes you can't see the trees for the forest, the figures it deals in are so big. (The biggest one I encountered was the one for the Gross National Product in 1986: $4,235,000,000,000.) But there are also some human-sized and thought-provoking nuggets. We are reminded here that in 1972 Dr. Spock, running on a People's Party ticket, got 78,756 votes for President, and there that the Girl Scouts accommodate no fewer than 114,000 five-year-olds in a membership class called Daisies. From what other kind of book could you hope to be informed that in the single year of 1986 an American record was set for catching sablefish, whatever they are (84,868,000 pounds); that the only area in the fields of science and engineering in which women were granted more doctoral degrees than men was psychology (51 per cent to 49); and that thirteen per cent of all American adults eighteen and over were into Frisbees? It is usually agreeable to find oneself alluded to in a book, and I did find myself in this one, in Table 543, page 327: there were 761,000 veterans of the Second World War living in New York State in 1986.

The "Abstract" has a good deal of information about New York that didn't make it into the "Data Book." The city's harbor measures 92 square miles, which sounds impressive until you learn that 69 of them really belong to New Jersey. New Yorkers use 508 gallons of fresh water a day apiece, which also sounds like a lot until you find that Idahoans—mainly for agriculture is my guess—use 22,200. New York City's average wind speed is 9.4 miles per hour. The number of new productions staged on Broadway dwindled between 1970 and 1986 from 62 to 33. In 1985, the city's full-time employees had average earnings for the unexplainedly selected month of October of exactly $2,341. But sometimes the Bureau has to make do with fairly round figures. Thus, the per-capita annual national consumption of cigarettes declined from 4,000 to 3,300 between 1970 and 1986. Here I am in the book again: 1986 was the year I quit.

Jocks and Nerds

"WHAT'S your favorite kind?" asked a woman to our right as we stood, hunched over and squinting, trying to read the caption beneath one of the mannequins on the opening night of "Jocks and Nerds: Men's Style in the Twentieth Century," the Fashion Institute of Technology's latest exhibition.

We begged her pardon.

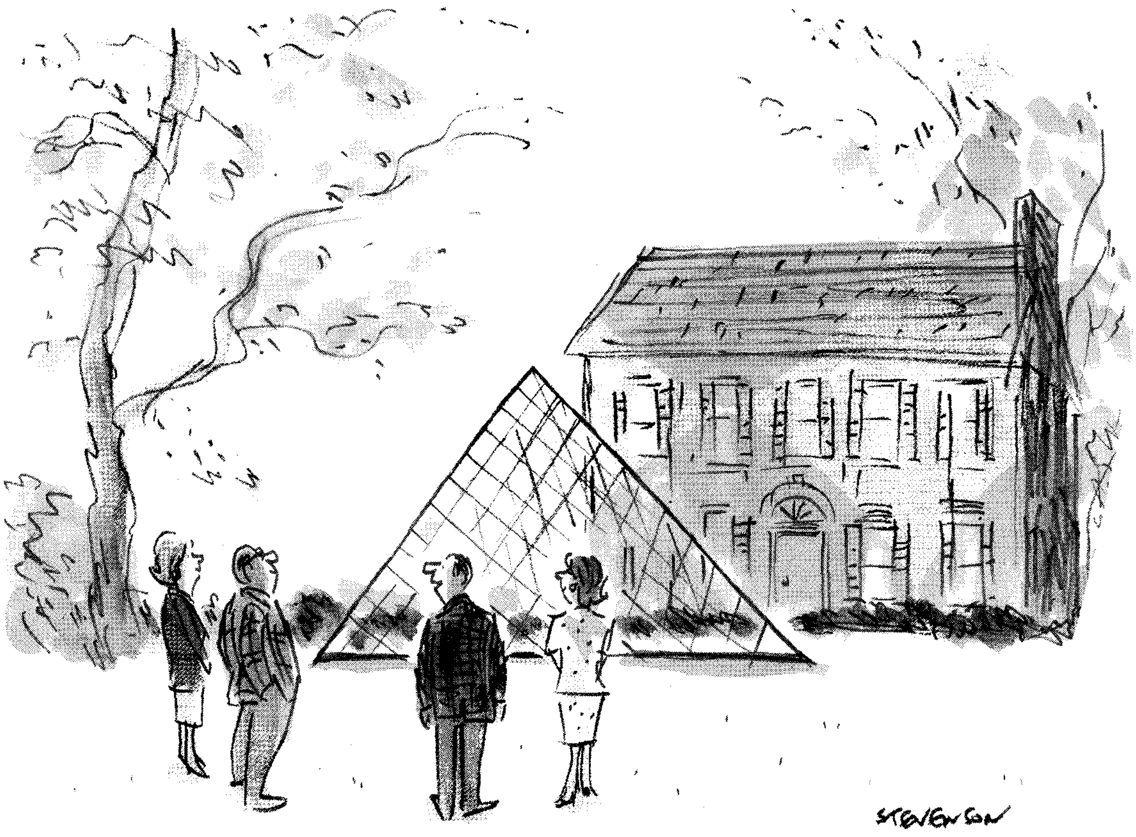
"What's your favorite kind?" she said, louder and slower. "Of *man*."

We told her that we couldn't decide.

The curators of the exhibition, Richard Martin and Harold Koda, had organized its contents according to twelve types: the Cowboy, the Hunter, the Sportsman, the Man About Town, the Businessman, the Rebel, the Dandy, the Worker, Joe College, the Military Man, and, finally, the Jock and the Nerd, who have been made first among equals because, Martin and Koda say in their introduction to the catalogue (published by Rizzoli), "they are roles that have arisen to new respectability in the present day." New respectability, perhaps, but not new roles; it occurred to us that these are the prototypes on which Sparta (Jocks) and Athens (Nerds) were founded.

In the first gallery are a dozen mannequins in a line, as if on one of those moving sidewalks in an airport—the latest version of each of Martin and

Koda's types. The Nerd wears a buttoned-up short-sleeved shirt in a pea-soup shade of green, with pants that stop short of the ankles, and black glasses (no contact lenses for Nerds). The Businessman is dressed in a Burberry trenchcoat and a suit by Hickey-Freeman, and carries a briefcase. The Hunter is outfitted in a safari suit and pith helmet by Abercrombie & Fitch, and Joe College in a herringbone-tweed jacket and chinos by J. Press. The Rebel wears a black leather jacket and mirrored aviator sunglasses. The Jock is in a perforated football jersey and spandex bicycle shorts. "I could spend hours in there," a man wearing the kind of shiny black eyeliner that was big in the sixties told us. "Every fantasy you've ever had is in that room."



"Quite frankly, we stole the idea from I. M. Pei."

Inside, in the main gallery, the Cowboy of the past is represented by a fringed leather jacket with elk-tooth closures, lent by the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, and a pair of red-leather-and-skunk chaps; the Rebel by the black leather motorcycle jacket worn by Arnold Schwarzenegger in "The Terminator"; the Dandy by an Yves Saint Laurent grass-green cotton velveteen suit from 1972; and the Man About Town by silk dressing gowns (1901 and 1935) and a red velvet dinner jacket. "Don't you just look at these types and see someone you know?" one man asked his companion. We made our way around the galleries, studying photographs of, among others, Ernest Hemingway (Hunter), Fred Astaire (Man About Town), Woody Allen (Nerd), and Jean Cocteau (Dandy), and assorted relics of famous men at the height of their glory, like Mark Spitz's swim trunks from the '72 Olympics and Hugh Hefner's black satin pajamas. Egon von Fürstenberg's book "The Power Look" and a light-blue polyester doubleknit leisure suit from Sears reminded us of an era that, although we lived through it, we had pretty much succeeded in forgetting.

But it was hard to concentrate on the exhibition when all around us were men who had got themselves up for the occasion in the uniforms of the various categories on display—Military Men (sailor suits, camouflage fatigues), Joe College types (letter sweaters, white flannel pants), and Nerds (madras shirts, fifties glasses held together with tape at the bridge of the nose). Randy Hoffman, a cabinetmaker who races vintage motorcycles, came encased in black leather and carrying a helmet. "What I'm wearing now, it's functional," he said. "If you fall off your motorcycle going sixty miles per hour, you want to have something on."

A man in a hard hat, a blue T-shirt, and dungarees with a tape measure attached to the belt turned out to be Jeff Freyer, the master carpenter who had supervised the exhibition's installation. "I didn't have time to go home and change," he said.

A man who looked like a sommelier in a fancy French restaurant was in fact Edmund Voyer, a stockbroker and private first class in the Veteran Corps of Artillery, which was authorized by Congress in 1792; he was wearing a gold-braid-trimmed brass-buttoned coat embroidered on the tails with exploding cannon balls (we thought they were pineapples), which is the dress uniform of his unit—the one that fires the cannons down at the Battery on July 4th.

In the far gallery, we came across Charles Churchward, the art director of *Vanity Fair*, dressed as a Cowboy, in an embroidered black-and-white gabardine jacket he'd bought on Melrose Avenue in L.A. the week before and a Western-style straw hat made for him in Santa Fe. It had two bands—one of horsehair and the other of leather trimmed with antique silver and turquoise. "You know," he said, calling our attention to a dark-blue object on the floor in the corner, "for the past five minutes I've been staring at that, thinking it was a shoulder pad somebody had lost, and keeping an eye out for somebody lopsided. But now I see it's a crumpled-up cocktail napkin."

A young man in a gold lamé cap, a white midriff top quilted like a fencer's vest, and a white hand-knit sweater doubling as a pair of pants (his legs went through the sleeves, and kilt pins held the body of it in place around the hips, like a diaper) told us that he thought the curators had left out one important type—the Fashion Victim.

Anthony Lombardi, a fashion coördinator for Saks Fifth Avenue, was dressed in a football jacket from Bloomfield High School, bicycle shorts, and ankle boots he described as "take-offs on Doc Martens," and he had a silver whistle on a lanyard, and the kind of glasses that kids who carried slide rules in their pockets used to wear. "When I was growing up, I always felt like a jock, but I looked like a nerd," he told us. "So now I'm putting it all together—this is the look of the nineties."

We asked the men we talked to whether they thought that you could in fact divide men into these twelve categories. They said that, as a rule, you probably could. We asked them which category they fitted into. They said that they didn't fit into any category—they were the exceptions.

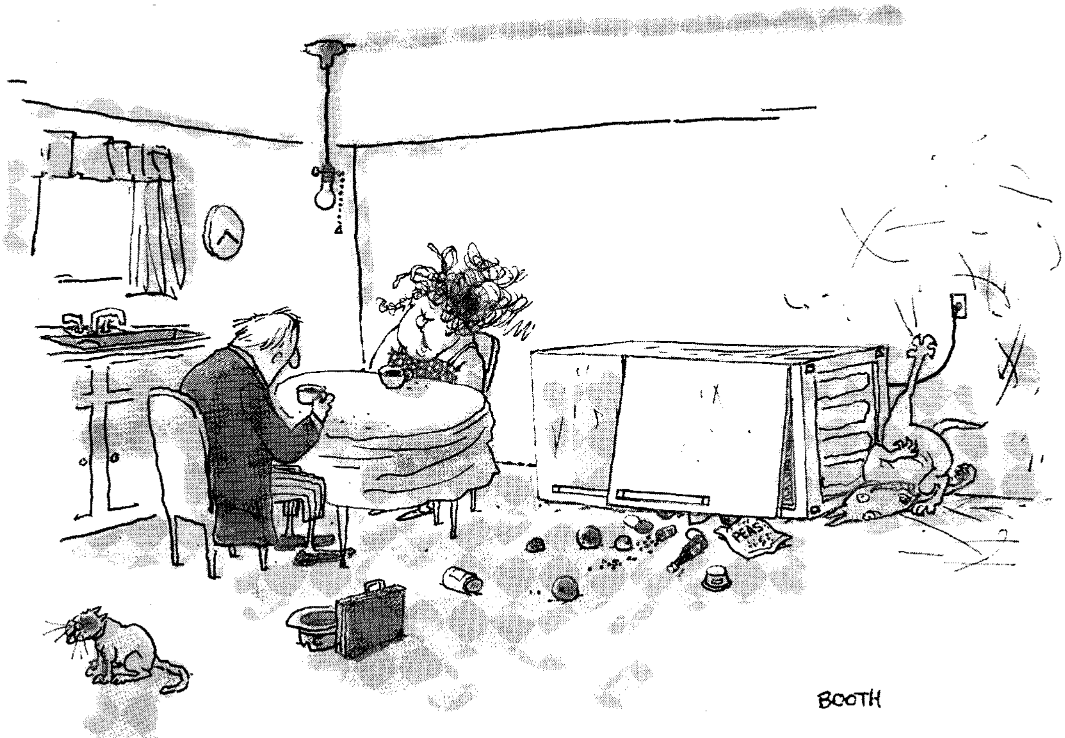
Bayonne

OUR old friend Alex Melamid, who is the shorter and less hirsute half of the Russian conceptual-art team of Komar & Melamid, believes that Bayonne, New Jersey, is the capital of the end of the twentieth century. Melamid came to New York from Russia in 1978, and moved to Jersey City shortly afterward. For the past six months, he and Vitaly Komar have been working in a studio in Bayonne, and on a recent Thursday morning he invited us to join him as he delivered invitations there to his and Komar's new show, which was about to open at the Ronald Feldman gallery, in SoHo, and has Bayonne as its subject. Like any original artist, Alex Melamid manages to make the world resemble his pictures: to spend a day with him is to see the world as a series of detailed comic tableaux, littered with alarming official buildings, official beaux-arts statuary, dated poses, and modernist icons, each scene animated by his two favorite exclamations—"Imagine!" and "Absurd!"

We are coming out of the Holland Tunnel. Lower Manhattan is collapsed in foreshortening, and the Statue of Liberty is set far off to the right—almost as though she belonged to some other, abandoned city—and seen from the rear. "Today we will see the world from the *rump* of Statue of Liberty," Alex says. "From in front she is terrible, so bossy—lady with lamp. From here she is very touching. She is so lonely, and she is so green."

We are on a residential street in Bayonne (a town that the most successful aluminum-siding salesman in the history of the trade must once have passed through). Down the street is a Russian Orthodox church, with several onion domes. Alex stops the car and says, "On this block we find the question that confronts all mankind at the end of the century: 'Where do we go to escape the modern?' Modern is no good, we know. Big mistake. *Huge* mistake—ugliness and cruelty and horror and squalor and publicity. Modernism wanted to change the world, and it achieved *nothing*. In Bayonne, there is nothing modern. Brass foundries. Hardware stores. *Churches*. No movie theatres. No modern architecture. People say to us, 'Sure, it's a little pocket of the nineteenth century. Cute.' Then we realize: No, no, no, no, no, no, *no*. This is a real city. Real place. This is going on *right now*. This is the big secret of twentieth-century life: *Real life is a century behind words*. When Lenin makes the revolution, he has a word—'proletariat.' But there is no proletariat in Russia. None. Just a word. It's a country of peasants. So—imagine!—Lenin says, Let's forget real peasants and *make a country for imaginary proletariat*. And so there is death, starvation, horror—all to make the real world like the word. Same thing now. Everybody says the Industrial Age is over—service-and-information economy now, blue-collar workers gone. But here is Bayonne! Here are guys working for a living in a brass foundry. At the end of the nineteenth century, the world was still really in the eighteenth century. At the end of the twentieth century, the world is really living in the nineteenth century."

We are inside a mom-and-pop ironworks—a blacksmith's shop, really. A friend of Alex's is showing a visitor a lithograph depicting the friend, his brother, and their father, all at work forging hot metal. The lithograph is done



"First thing when you get home tonight help me with the refrigerator."

"Seems anybody can buy a gun these days."

in a style someplace between Reginald Marsh and Caravaggio; it is a busy, agitatedly drawn genre scene with dramatic shadows. The lithograph is signed "John A. Noble." Alex's friend says, "We asked Mr. Noble to make this picture because our dad was retiring, in the sixties, and we—Well, we wanted something in memory of his life's work as a smith. So we asked Mr. Noble to make a picture, and he did."

Back in the car, Alex says, "That picture is the 'Last Supper' of Bayonne. You have heard of John A. Noble? Of course not. It's absurd. He is a very good artist. O.K., he is not a great artist, but who is a great artist? He is a very good artist, and he is a *Bayonne* artist. His studio was on a boat, near here. Mostly made pictures of boats, sometimes made pictures of Bayonne. Everywhere in Bayonne, there are lithographs by John A. Noble."

We are inside a hardware store, whose owner Alex wants to invite to the opening. Alex says, "You remember me? The artist who works here? We would like for you to come to our opening."

The hardware man hesitates. "This is where? This is in *New York*?" he says, with the bemusement of someone who has heard the place mentioned once on a National Geographic special.

"Yeah. New York. Holland Tunnel—there you are!" Alex says encouragingly.

The hardware man says he'll think it over.

They shake hands. Above their heads is the only décor in the store—a copy of John A. Noble's lithograph "The Blacksmith and His Sons."

We are riding down Bayonne's Broadway. "Watch!" Alex says. We take a turn and drive some more, and suddenly are on a road in a huge field of oil-storage tanks. There are hundreds of them. One of them is pink, and the rest are white. "This is all the modern architecture in Bayonne," Alex says. "All modern architecture descends from industrial buildings. In Bayonne, they keep it to industrial buildings. Here is the big mystery of Bayonne: *What is in the pink tank*? Is this best gas, gas for Exxon bosses? Or is this deadly poison—one puncture and no more Bayonne?" We drive on a little farther. "Look! There! By the edge!" Alex says, pointing to a clump of wan, malnourished weeds. "Do you know what this is? It's *wormwood*. Absinthe! Same stuff as absinthe! Part of our Bayonne project has been to make wormwood-flavored vodka. It's dangerous drink; if absinthe gets loose, modern art may begin in Bayonne."

We are having lunch at a tavern called Hendrickson's. On each paper placemat are reproductions of the tavern's vaguely Bavarian front and of a lithograph by John A. Noble called "Bayonne Arabian Nights." (It shows a Bayonne oil refinery lit up at night.) The walls of the tavern are lined with other Noble lithographs. One of the sandwiches on the menu is called the SoHo. Alex says, "You see, it's *SoHo* that is the myth—*SoHo* that is the sandwich. John A. Noble came here, and they say he sometimes sold pictures for drinks. That is why they are here; it's not a corporate collection. People in Bayonne like art—real art, not kitsch art. They buy kitsch art from desperation. They're crazy for Noble—give him drinks for pictures—and he is good. But he dies in 1983, and since then—nothing. The problem is that there is big modern art—corporate kitsch—and kitsch kitsch and nothing in between. They are art-deprived people. I would like to be John A. Noble. His work gives me hope. I will live in Bayonne, paint, and sell my paintings for drinks. I was born just in the middle of the century that began with this idea about modernity, and I will end up in Bayonne."

We are in Komar & Melamid's studio in Bayonne, which is one room in a carpet warehouse, and we're standing in front of a huge, vaguely Expressionist oil sketch of men at work in the Bergen Point Brass Foundry. The picture is reminiscent of the work of John A. Noble. "The Bayonne project took a year and a half of thinking," Alex says. "But the masterpiece took just two hours. When we finished, we looked at each other and said, 'This is realism! This is it, at last—real realism!' Social realism is really conceptual art. That was the point of our old pictures. But this is real realism—people with names. It's good painting, it's not good painting—who knows? But it's not about workers with a capital 'W.' It's not Industrial Labor. It's not *Future!* It's Bayonne, New Jersey! Bergen Point Brass Foundry! This guy, right here."

WITH RAY AND JUDY

THERE were people all over the house—friends of Heidi's, people I'd never met or had met and forgotten. She was hosting a party, a reception for her boss, Ralph, who had been promoted, and she had called that afternoon to invite me. We were living apart—had been for two months, trying it out.

On the phone I said, "I want to come, O.K.? But these people—you know? They *believe* everything. They're so confident. They miss half of what you say, because they think they know everything you could say."

"I forgot about this," Heidi said. "Maybe you'd better go to a movie instead."

"I can't. I don't have my dark-blue Volvo, my two children both beautiful, and my lifetime subscription to *Mother Jones*."

"Well, that's a powerful argument." There was a quiet space on the phone, and then she said, "I just wanted to call, George. I'd like to see you. Come if you feel better."

I spent the afternoon worrying whether or not to go. We'd settled quickly into living apart—to the point of shedding some intimacy. When we saw each other now, it was sometimes like not quite best friends. Eventually I decided to go to the party, but when I got there I still wasn't in my best mood. I lost Heidi first thing. She met me at the door, gave me a good hug, and then was off showing Ralph around.

I walked through the house. Back to the bedroom, to the back bath, into the kitchen. I was thinking I didn't like Ralph and I didn't like his buds, not one of them. I wanted to sit down with Heidi. Rest. Besides, these people were always too correct—too clean, too well groomed, too earnest and caring and genuine. I figured after a certain amount of announced earnestness nausea sets in. Not so the co-workers; they never ceased to be earnest and caring.

I was trying to get with the program, but I wasn't doing a great job of it. I kept telling myself how bitter I was. After a half hour poking what I thought was relatively good-natured fun at some of the guests, things got awkward enough so that it was easier to excuse myself than to carry on. I left my bunch poised around a glass-topped coffee table, admiring each other's shoes.

It was almost ten o'clock, and I was thinking I might sneak out and use the garage apartment, maybe sit in front of the TV out there, take my shoes off. It's the small stuff, the small stuff—I always said that. So I was on the patio, on my way to the garage, when I noticed a couple by the neighbors' fence. They were arm in arm and more, in a kind of ambulatory embrace, leaning against one another, pressing together, veering this way and that as their affection swelled and settled. They were walking and kissing at the same time, which meant shuttling sideways, then moving backward, then swapping ends and going sideways again, crabwalking, circling without separating, without stopping. I wanted to get out of the yellow light dropped by the patio bulb, so I stepped off the concrete and into the flower bed and shadows next to the kitchen door.

I almost bumped into Heidi. She said, "Well, howdy-do, howdy-do."

"Hi," I said, bobbing as I tried to make her out in the shadows. She was a couple of yards away. "What are you doing?"

"Shrinking," she said. "What about you? Taking notes on these two out here?"

I don't know why I said this, but I said, "I'm George Spencer, and I used to live here. This is my house, my flower bed."

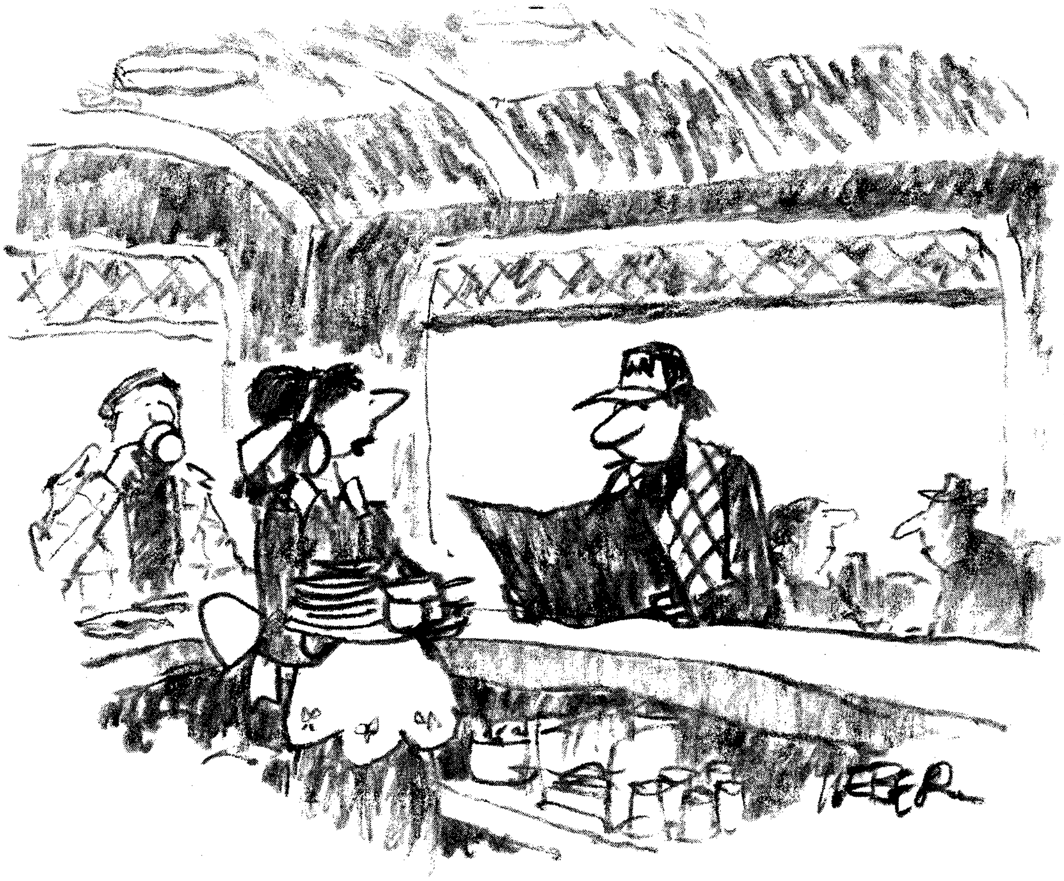
"Oops," she said, stepping out of the bed and into the light. "I forgot you were into owner-oriented marriage. I'm your wife, Heidi, but everybody calls me Spider."

"What?"

"Many legs," she said.

I could see her, finally, and she was very lovely. I liked her a lot. I was happy she was out in the flower bed, happy to have found her.

"They don't really call me that," she said. "Nobody ever called me that. I always wanted them to, but



"It's macaroni. We call it pasta as a marketing ploy."

they never did. Spider, or Frankie."

"I'll call you Spider."

"I don't want to be called Spider anymore. I'm over that."

"Whew," I said. "Time passes, doesn't it?"

We went to the garage apartment. Going up the stairs, she kept saying, "I don't know about this." And I kept saying, "It's fine, it's fine." There was a screened porch running the length of the garage, facing the yard, and we sat there in director's chairs and watched the couple in the yard below. I brought beer from the tiny red refrigerator she'd repainted.

Heidi looked lanky, fortyish, well kept. She had twenty years of bad skin, pale hair, and she slouched into the chair like a kid of fourteen. "I think I had lunch with them once," she said.

The couple stopped and stared in our direction, as if they'd heard us whispering. I waved, knowing they couldn't see.

I said, "I guess we're estranged, huh? Me and you? Half estranged, anyway."

"I wouldn't mind being estranged from Ralph," she said. "I think he has a head fracture, the way he talks. He's got congenital brain-fade."

"I haven't seen much of him."

"Tonight he's got his Mr. Curl hair style, the artistic glasses, the well-chosen shirt, the trendy shoes. The watch of the century." She leaned forward to look at the couple on the lawn. They'd sat down.

"I hate watches," I said. "And I don't like belts much, either."

"Wow!" she said, sitting back. "You sure are interesting."

From down below, a man's voice said, "Who's that up there? Is that you, Ralph?"

"Oh, dear God," Heidi said. "It's Ralph's friend. I thought that's who it was."

I said, leaning toward the screen, "George Spencer. I live here. Well, I don't really *live* here right now, but I used to. I own it—well, sort of own it."

"Make up your mind, hey?" the voice said. Then there was giggling. Then, "We haven't met. I know Heidi. My name's Ray Bivens."

Heidi whispered, "Bevo to his friends."

THE BOY WHO CRIED SHEEP
Don't worry, Ma— it's NOTHING

"Hi, Ray," I said, hushing Heidi, who was making faces right alongside me. "Glad to meet you. Don't let me interrupt you down there."

"We were just seeing what was what," Ray said. "This is Judy Carol." Then he laughed and said, "Well, I guess you can't see her, but that's who it is. Say hello, Judy."

The woman spoke up. "Hi." She had a tiny voice, doll-like—the voice that comes out after you pull the string.

"Hi, Judy," I said. "Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you, too."

Right then the patio door opened and somebody stuck her head out and said, "Who's out here doing all the yelling?"

"It's Ray and Judy," Ray said. "And George's upstairs here in the garage. Dreaming that dream."

"Anybody seen Heidi?" the woman asked.

"Not me," I said.

"I'd like to see Heidi," Ray said in a big stage whisper. Then he and Judy giggled.

Ray and Judy came upstairs. I tried to discourage them, but they wanted to. They were surprised that Heidi was there.

"Just kidding," Ray said. "About that other, you know?"

"Forget it," Heidi said.

Ray and Judy wanted to talk about love. They were new at it, new with each other, and it was still exciting. Ray was the kind of guy who tells you things you don't want to know, intimate things about himself and his life, on the idea that public disclosure is required of every earnest man. He told us he was a libertine. "Not an organized libertine," he said. "But that's what I am. That's what I stand for. You saw me and Judy going around the back yard here, so you know what I mean. That's where we both are in our heads. Right, Judy?"

AFTERGLOW

The dusk of evening comes on. Earlier a little rain
had fallen. You open a drawer and find inside
the man's photograph, knowing he has only two years
to live. He doesn't know this, of course,
that's why he can mug for the camera.
How could he know what's taking root in his head
at that moment? If one looks to the right
through boughs and tree trunks, there can be seen
crimson patches of the afterglow. No shadows, no
half shadows. It is still and damp. . . .
The man goes on mugging. I put the picture back
in its place along with the others and give
my attention instead to the afterglow along the far ridge,
light golden on the roses in the garden.
Then, I can't help myself, I glance once more
at the picture. The wink, the broad smile,
the jaunty slant of the cigarette.

—Raymond Carver

• •

"You can say that again," Judy said.

Ray opened his mouth as if to repeat himself, then laughed. "It *is* a great life, isn't it? It's much better than anything I imagined, or anything I did before." He was making hand gestures, slicing at the air as if cutting away underbrush. "With my first marriage and my second marriage—I didn't have a clue. You get married, have a baby, you have a car, have a job, and everything just gets away from you, lickety-split." Then he put an arm around Judy's shoulders, tugged her toward him. "Now everything's a lot better. You want something, you take it. That's how we go—bip, bip, bip."

Judy rolled her head back against his shoulder, looking up at him. "Bam, bam, bam," she said.

Both of them laughed.

Heidi said, "Well, what is a libertine, exactly? That's not an organized association or anything, is it? Is that a tax-exempt thing?"

Ray leaned forward, separating himself from Judy. He had his hands together, his elbows on his knees. He had a serious look on his face. "You know," he said. "I sometimes think I ought to be tax-exempt. I sometimes think I could get something going. But if you do that, then you got people saying you're wrong, blaming you. And you know, in a certain way, being a libertine is a relief from all that. I mean, I just don't think about it much anymore. I love Judy, here"—he patted her shoulder—"and we do what we want, when we want and where, and that's the whole ball of wax."

"Bam," I said.

"That's nice," Heidi said. "That's really nice. I wish that was the way it was for me. Most of the time nowadays, at night, I just sit there until something else happens—a new show or something, a telephone call."

Judy gave her a funny look. "Or a bath or something like that, right? I know what you mean."

"Yeah, a bath," Heidi said.

Judy waited for Ray to say something, and when he didn't she said, "Where's that guy you were with? That Ralph guy?"

"I wasn't with him," Heidi said. "He's my boss. I think he's inside."

"Do you like him?" Judy said. "He's kind of an automatic guy, isn't he?"

"She must not like him much," Ray said. "Or she'd be inside." He tapped Judy's forehead as if to suggest her brain was not working. "Maybe you think she's just out here to cool down, to shake out her shorts?"

"Jesus," Judy said, screwing up her face at Ray, then taking a poke at him. "I apologize," she said. "He's always saying stuff he thinks makes him sound interesting. He's a real individual. He's a libertine, right?"

"I'm sorry," Ray said.

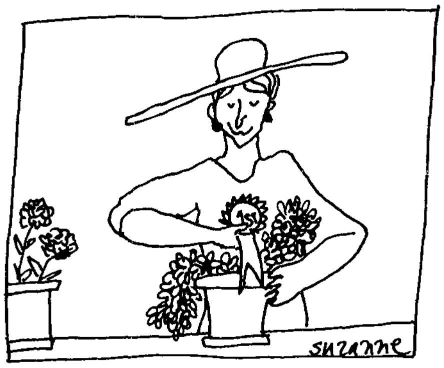
"It's hard in the suburbs," Heidi said, smiling at me. "Sometimes I want to be free and crazy, but that's almost impossible. You've got your dishwasher, your Maytag, your microwave—everything's working against you."

"I rent," Ray said. "When I want to be hot and crazy."

"Heaters," Judy said. "Hundreds of them."

Ray had a Ford Taurus we took to the yogurt shop for some cones. Heidi was worried about leaving the party, but Judy persuaded her.

There was a girl at the yogurt place in bicycling pants and a lime-colored halter top, and Ray couldn't take his eyes off her. I pretended to read a double-fold brochure about the nutritional value of yogurt, but I was looking, too. Judy slugged Ray a couple of times, three times, and they laughed together about it. Heidi finally went up to this girl and asked her what her name was.



"Marietta," the girl said. "Who are you guys? Are you at the university?"

We introduced ourselves all around, and then it turned out Marietta was walking, so Judy offered her a ride. The five of us got into the Taurus. Ray was telling Marietta how he and Judy were libertines. The three of them were in the front seat; Heidi and I were in back.

Heidi said, "We have decided that we think we ought to go bowling."

"Great!" Judy said.

I said, "Wait a minute. Why are you saying that, Heidi?"

"I just thought about it," she said. "Why? You think I should go back to the party?"

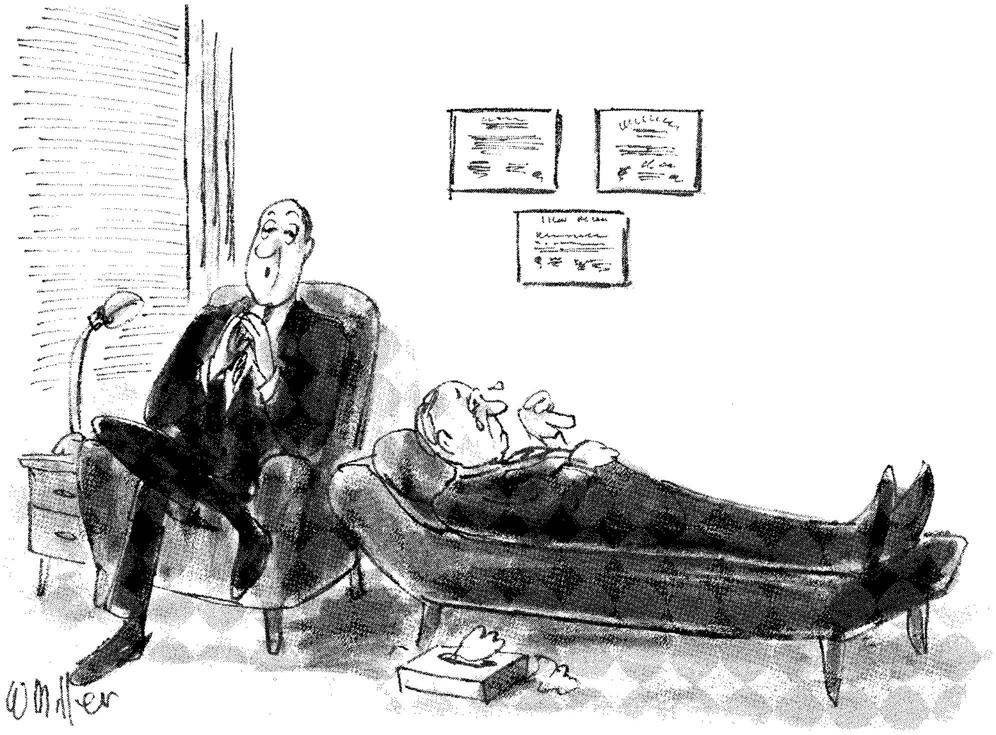
Marietta said, "Party? You guys have been at a party?" She had a banana split in a quart cup, and she was eating as if she hadn't eaten for weeks.

"Yeah, but it wasn't a good party," Heidi said.

"That's why we left," Ray said.

"I didn't think it was that bad," Judy said. She leaned over and whispered something in Marietta's ear, and the two of them started laughing.

Ray laughed, too, though it was



"What you're expressing, then, is that although no one else actually perceived them as such at the time, you suspect that all your takeovers have been, at heart, hostile?"

somehow clear to me that he didn't know what Judy had said—that he was just pretending to know. "Yeah, I guess it could have been wall-to-wall chainsaw guys," he said.

We went across a couple of freeway overpasses, one right after the other, each with glistening razor wire twirled on top of the Cyclone fence that was supposed to prevent the kids from diving off or painting "Louie Loves Louie" and "Scar Tissue" all over the newly resurfaced concrete.

Something was wrong with Marietta's head. It was shaped wrong, like a spade, a shovel, flat on top, and I was pointing this out to Heidi when Ray caught me in the rearview and gave me eye motions that meant "Cut it out."

"Do you really want to go bowling?" he said, still looking at me in the mirror.

"I don't," I said. I turned to Heidi. "We don't, do we?"

"We'll have to get some socks," Marietta said. "I'm not wearing anybody's leftover socks."

"Me neither," I said.

Ray said to her, "What are you, modern? Why don't you go live in New York, where it pays to be modern?"

"Doesn't pay as much as it used to," Marietta said. "I just moved back from there. I was in school."

"What school?" Heidi said.

"I forget. Art school, I think."

For a second I thought about life-with-Marietta as a replacement for life-with-Heidi, but I felt bad that I'd thought it. That happens. You think something and then feel rotten—it's beneath you, or disgusting; but there's nothing really wrong with thinking stuff you don't try to think but zips through your brain anyway. That stuff's like dreams—you're not responsible.

Heidi gave me a small punch. "I'm kind of the Mike Tyson of romance," she said. "Banging away at them until they drop." Then she hit Ray on the back. "And I don't want to go bowling, Ray. Everybody goes bowling when they want to slum, when they want to get back. I hate that. Tennessee Ernie Ford and Ernie K-Doe and the fabulous Chantels—forget it. It's out."

"Bowling's out," I said to Ray.

"What?" He turned sideways in the seat, and he drove that way, facing Marietta and Judy, watching the road over his left shoulder. "No bowling? What are we going to do? Go to the tar pits?"

"What's with you, chum?" Marietta said. It sounded mean and fundamental, and it stopped all of us for a minute.

WE went to the Big Boy and ordered chicken-fried steak, which they insisted, wrongly, on calling country-fried. Ray wanted to order "Tiny English" peas, which he insisted he'd had there before. But as it turned out, they had no peas. That's when Judy told us Ray had a temper. "He throws things and screams," she said.

"Who doesn't?" Marietta said, snapping her fingers almost in Ray's face. "It seems like everybody's always mad about something."

Ray fidgeted with his water glass and looked at Judy, who was across the table. "I'm meditating," he said. "I saw this movie about the sixties on television, so now I'm trying it out. Everybody meditated back then."

Judy lifted her glass and wagged it at him. "Hand me some new ice, will you?"

He gave her a look, then took the glass across to the silver ice machine by the window.

"Short legs," she said. "Another couple of inches in the thigh and bang—Mr. Hermano Perfecto."

"Why, thank you. That's very kind of you," Ray said. He dipped the glass into the open ice chest. "Now, about Marietta—she's cute, isn't she? Young and cute."

"Endangered," Heidi said.

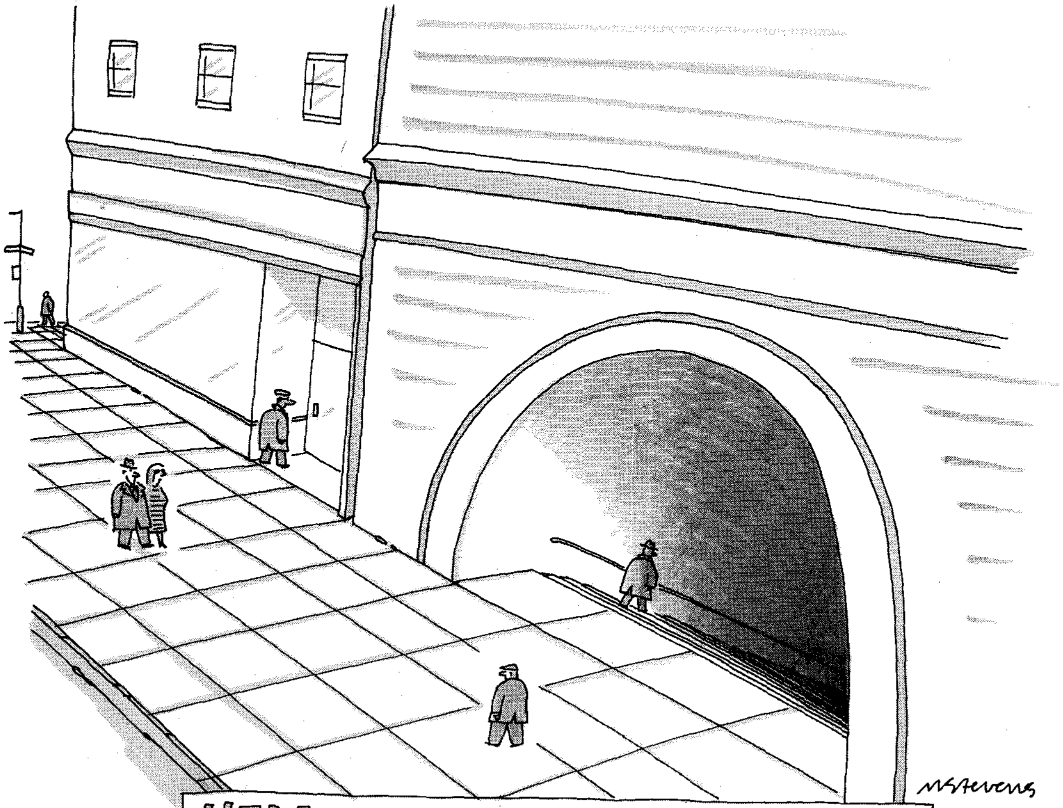
"Not at all," Judy said. "Ray? Come back over here and settle down. Come on."

Ray did a sweeping dance step, a waltz step, on the way back. "I'm harmless," he said to Marietta. "I'm a romantic."

"I thought you were a libertine," she said.

"Same thing," he said.

Judy was drawing water circles on the plastic tabletop. "Last night we go to dinner at this place, and this girl he



HELL: THE FIFTH AVENUE ENTRANCE

used to know, a girl named Helene or something, slips up behind him and starts smooching his neck. Right in front of me."

Ray slipped her glass in front of her and said, "Go on, Judy."

"We'd just started dinner, and Helene slides up, shakes his hand, and then goes for his neck. I wanted to flatten her. But I sit there and smile, and after a time I wag my hand around in front of my face like I'm after a fly or something, thinking the girl will get the signal. Thinking *Raymond* will get the signal. Nobody does."

"I was trying," Ray said.

"You weren't doing a thing." She turned to me as if I alone understood what she was saying. "I'm sensing everybody's eyes on me, you know? In the restaurant. They're waiting for me." Judy took a bite of ice and turned around for a look at our empty Big Boy. "She's got on the leather jacket, you know, like from a few years ago—I mean the girl's been watching a lot of Pontiac advertising. So she looks up from behind Ray's shoulder, looks right at me, and I can see this smile, these eyes, gleaming, like she's having a great time."

"This is spooky," Marietta said.

"She has these watery green eyes," Judy said. "Ray-gun eyes."

"So tell us what happened and get it over with," Heidi said.

"We had dinner with her," Ray said. "That's what happened. We sat there and watched her eat for an hour. That's it. Judy wouldn't eat a thing."

Judy sighed theatrically and put her head down on the table. "We had dinner with her," she said. "Way to go, Ray. Way to queer the deal."

"Well? We did."

"Yes. I know we did. We heard all about her life. We know where she works now. We know there's nothing sinister about her—there's no mystery. We saw pictures of her boyfriend and his two kids, I swear to God."

"That's true," Ray said. "Ugly."

"She's a med tech," Judy said. "She works at the path lab. Do you know what she does? She sits in a room the size of a closet and puts stuff on microscope slides. Human tissue and stuff. I didn't believe her until she showed me her badge. You know, she has to wear a badge around, to show that she belongs."

Ray hit his fist softly on the table. "I always wondered about that. I mean, what kind of job is that? Plastic dishes lined up, one new menace after another. I mean, what's a girl like that do for excitement?"

Judy shook her head. "I guess she just remembers you."

WE ate fast. It was as if nobody wanted to eat but we didn't know it until the food was on the table. It wasn't long before we were back in the car, headed for Heidi's.

I wondered if it was my fault we'd never made friends with the Ralphs of the world, the regulars, the ones who follow the rules and go home when they're supposed to, stick with the spouses and families, go to church, believe everything's going to be all right. I said to Heidi, "I wonder how the party turned out."

She shrugged.

Marietta came climbing over the seat so she could sit in back with us. "You're acting too old," she said to me. Then, trying to get Heidi to agree, she said, "Heidi is not going to be sexually intrigued if you keep acting old."

"Oh, you never know," Heidi said. "He's not too bad." She dropped her head onto my shoulder.

"Good answer," Ray said, turning around to give Heidi his personal approval. "That makes me feel great to hear you say that. It's like I'm not really dead after all."

"He thinks he's dead," Judy said.

"He is," Heidi said. "I was talking about George. I wasn't talking about him at all. Not in any way."

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

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The St. Joseph School District is in the process of developing a program that will teach students critical thinking, the method that led Socrates to question authority more than 2,300 years ago and eventually led to his death.—*Roger Kirschbaum in the St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press/Gazette.*

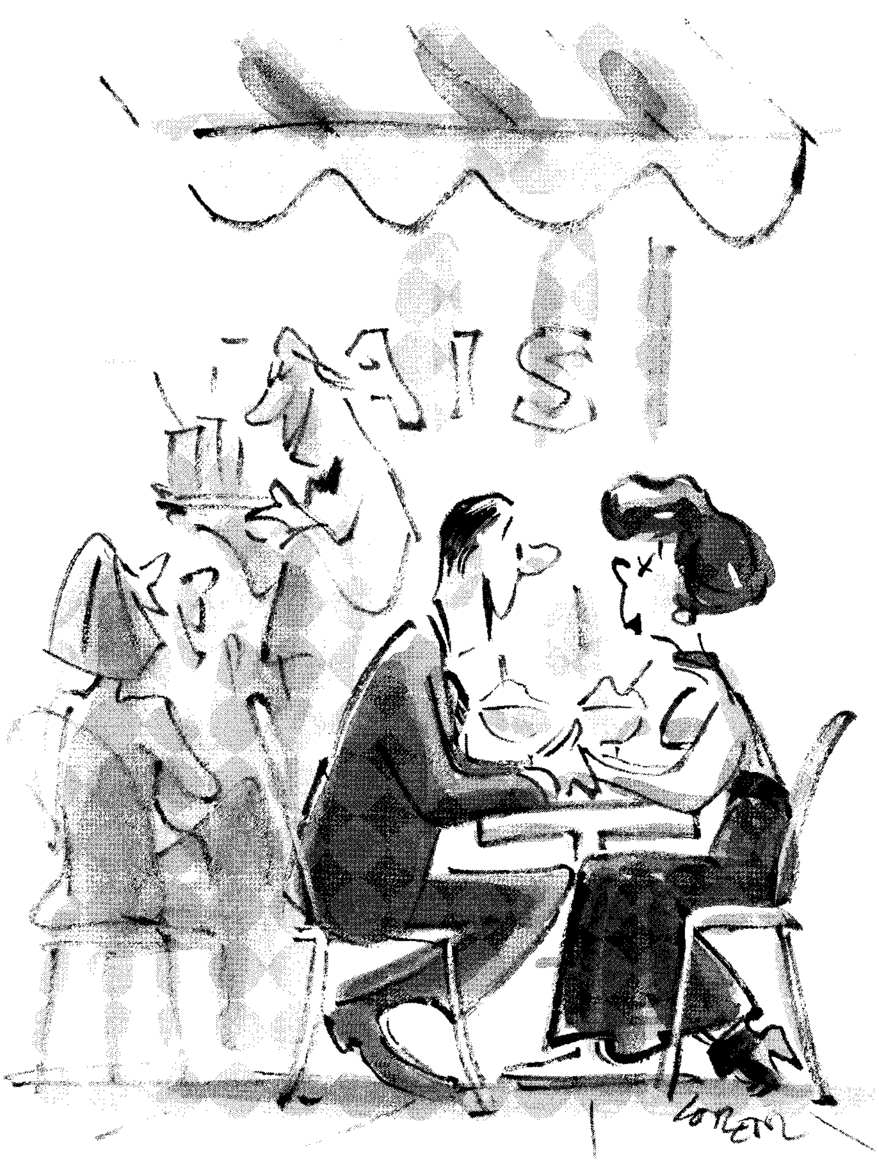
Just what does the St. Joseph School District have in mind?

A DAY OUT

IT was a big day. Yes, this was the day they were going to visit her brother in the monastery and then go on to a convent, sixty miles from there, where her sister was repining and was going to have to be brought home. No one knew exactly what was wrong with her sister. She had had pleurisy, which had developed into this, and now the nuns feared that she had tuberculosis. She languished, and would not get out of bed at all. Yet the day itself loomed with a flush of happiness: the monastery and the monks, and their legendary brown bread with tea in the big refectory, and maybe a sight of the silkworms—because, yes, they had silkworms, not that she understood the workings of these creatures—and no doubt a little shop with the most delicate mother-of-pearl rosary beads, as well as the dark, horn ones, and holy pictures of saints and martyrs in tints that made their expressions both fetching and tragic. They would of course pray in the drafty chapel, with the monks in brown all around them, heads bowed, meditating, never stirring to look at the strangers. She might even meet the abbot and kiss his ring; suddenly, the thought of kissing the ring of an abbot or a bishop made her shudder with terror that she would take a bite out of it by mistake.

They had hired a car, and this time it was not the local pup, who showed up whenever it suited him, but an older man who rarely drove a hackney. Although he would charge them more, he was, in a sense, doing them a favor, as her father said. The price was agreed. Her father had told her mother the amount and he had it ready in one pocket, with some change in the other pocket in case they stopped to have coffee or lemonade or had to give an offering for a Mass. The most wonderful thing about the day was that they would not be on their own. They were not just mother, father, and daughter Meg, with father likely to throw a tantrum at any minute and tell the driver to stop the car at a public house and go in, not for a coffee but for a few whiskeys, and commence on a batter that would last for weeks and would be perfidious. No, they were to have a visitor, a very important woman, the most suave and dashing woman in the whole town—the doctor's wife. She had a dark fur coat with lighter stripes in it, and matching gloves. She had a very thin, sallow face and gold bracelets that had slipped up above her elbow and could not be wedged down, so that she wore them even in bed under her nightie. She was called Kitty, and indeed had not always been friendly with them; in fact, she had snubbed them for years, but, as Meg's mother said, age mellows people. Her mother was thrilled. For all those years she had tried to effect a friendship, sending gifts of cakes and eggs, and once she compromised herself seriously. It was with Kitty's eldest daughter, who was also called Kitty, and who took to making jaunts to their house on her bicycle, befriending them for an entire summer.

Meg's mother had three pieces of silk, each one being the length of a summer dress; she had had them for years. She would hold them up against the children, not actually promising them anything, because she felt that these pieces of silk were too special. And then it so happened that young Kitty came along, was given powdered lemonade and cake while sitting on a card chair in front of the house—sitting in a niche between two walls of jutting stone, where the sun, if it ever shone, was likely to light on her. Kitty had such a way of attracting attention that everyone was mesmerized by her. One day when she was there, rattling on about some happy thing she had done, Meg's mother rose from her



"Of course it will work, Penny. You're post-feminist and I'm post-chauvinist."

stool all of a sudden, dashed through the vestibule, went up the stairs, obviously intent on something important. She was back in a short time, holding one of those pieces of material in her two hands the way she might hold a rosary. Kitty gasped with delight, said, "What a gorgeous color. Golden. Or is it apricot?"

"Have it!" Meg's mother said, and added, "It will make you think of us."

Kitty took and smelled it, and made such a show of gratitude that the mother was ecstatic. First Kitty held it up to herself, letting the bottom half trail on the gravel, which unnerved Meg's mother; then she gathered it all up and wrapped it around her, sari-like, and then she wore it as a shawl, covering her brown hair and letting it fall over her shoulders in bright golden cascades. It was yellow stuff with gooseberries and cowslips of paler yellow spattered throughout. Kitty's gratitude was so great that it was like a tableau not out of normal life but out of a play. She kissed the material, she embraced the mother, she complimented her on having the best taste of any woman in the parish, including her own mother, she discussed possible styles and wondered if there was enough for a coatee; then again she said she did not think she could take it, and contradicted herself by holding on to it with both hands, as if someone were snatching it from her.

For a moment, the mother forgot that she had given something very precious away. Most likely she thought that the friendship was now indestructible, and that in the future she might look out of the window at any moment and say, "Kitty's mother is coming!" But, far more than that, Meg's mother hoped that she would be asked to their house. She would walk up the street one Sunday evening in her best costume and the shoes that crippled her, and be the one to knock on their knocker, which the maid polished religiously Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. She had never been inside that house; no local person had, because Kitty's mother found the local people uncouth, she having come from the city. It was said they had beautiful furniture, a hall stand, Spanish chests where they kept their linen, and a clock that could be heard chiming on the days when the front door was open while the maid was polishing the knocker. They had had parties, but these parties were for people from the city and even abroad.

Kitty took the dress material home in a rush basket, and was not to be seen for the rest of the week. It was, of course, not long before the mother repented her impulse, because now that Kitty had got something out of her she did not call again. A few weeks later, she even came close to snubbing the family, simply by darting back into her own house as they passed by for the evening Rosary. It would have been the perfect opportunity for an informal visit, for Kitty to say, "Take us as we are," to call her mother from the kitchen or the bedroom or wherever she was and usher them into the front room to sit them on the high velvet sofa that swayed, it was said, like a hammock and was the color of bulrushes. Even Meg imagined them going in. She imagined that Kitty only closed the door for a second, having got such a shock, but that, after an interval, the door would open again and they would step into the hall, and either Kitty or her mother would say, "My, my, to think you'd never been here before! I thought you had!" And then they would go into that carpeted precinct, and, after another decent interval, the cupboard with the green lattice front would be opened, and bottles and tinted glasses would be taken out, and Kitty's mother would say, "What's your poison? Will you have the hard stuff or cordials?" It was not to be. Their hall door, painted a dark oxblood red, was pushed to as her mother and she passed by. It was done very pointedly, and Meg's mother quickened her pace, and said that the last thing she ever wanted was for them to think that she begged or wished for their hospitality.

"They even count the number of potatoes before they put them in the pot!" the mother said, a way of denouncing them. She was hurt. She was so hurt that she never prayed during the Rosary, and on the way home she kept saying cutting things about people in general—how people had no heart, how people would take from you and then close the door on you—but the little girl knew whom she meant. The friendship was made up much later, at a funeral. A mutual friend had died young, and death, as the mother said sorrowfully, binds all, each household hearkening to it. They sat together at the wake and whispered.

THE car was due at eleven, but it was now one o'clock and it had not come. The harmony of the morning was going somewhat askew, as

NOTHING STAYS PUT

The strange and wonderful are too much with us.
The protea of the antipodes—a great,
globed, blazing honeybee of a bloom—
for sale in the supermarket! We are in
our decadence, we are not entitled.
What have we done to deserve
all the produce of the tropics—
this fiery trove, the largesse of it
heaped up like cannonballs, these pineapples, bossed
and crested, standing like troops at attention,
these tiers, these balconies of green, festoons
grown sumptuous with stoop labor?

The exotic is everywhere, it comes to us
before there is a yen or a need for it. The green-
grocers, uptown and down, are from South Korea.
Orchids, opulence by the pailful, just slightly
fatigued by the plane trip from Hawaii, are
disposed on the sidewalks; alstroemerias, freesias
fattened a bit in translation from overseas; gladioli
likewise estranged from their piercing ancestral crimson;
as well as, less altered from the original blue cornflower
of the roadsides and railway embankments of Europe, these

• •

bachelor's buttons. But it isn't the railway embankments
their featherweight wheels of cobalt remind me of—it's

a row of them among prim colonnades of cosmos,
snapdragon, nasturtium, bloodsilk red poppies
in my grandmother's garden: a prairie childhood,
the grassland shorn, overlaid with a grid,
unsealed, furrowed, harrowed, and sown with immigrant grasses,
their massive corduroy, their wavering feltings embroidered
here and there by the scarlet shoulder patch of cannas
on a courthouse lawn, by a love knot, a cross-stitch
of living matter, sown and tended by women,
nurturers everywhere of the strange and wonderful,
beneath whose hands what had been alien begins,
as it alters, to grow as though it were indigenous.

But at this remove what I think of as
strange and wonderful—strolling the side streets of Manhattan
on an April afternoon, seeing hybrid pear trees in blossom,
a tossing, vertiginous colonnade of foam up above—
is the white petalfall, the warm snowdrift
of the indigenous wild plum of my childhood.
Nothing stays put. The world is a wheel.
All that we know, that we're
made of, is motion.

—AMY CLAMPITT

• •

Meg could hear from the arguing within. Her father was saying God blast it, that he couldn't rely on anyone, and where in the name of blazes was the bloke? And her mother was saying that instead of getting on his high horse it would be far more sensible to go over to the town and find the man.

"Tramp over there in my good clothes?" the father said.

"Change your clothes!" she said.

And in protest he took off his tie, and then they resumed looking through the window. Soon the little girl was called in to have a slice of bread, which she didn't want, and she saw tears in her mother's eyes, and her mother said that whenever she looked forward to anything it was always botched, and that she had lived for this day and that the doctor's wife would be on edge, too, probably in the hallway with her coat on, pacing and wondering. Meg's father threatened not to go at all, to which her mother said that if the driver didn't come soon there would be no point in any of them going. Because first they had to go north to one county, spend some time there, and then retrace their steps and go west to another county. She estimated the mileage while the father made himself a mug of tea that was dark as treacle. Their spirits lifted once when the dog barked, but it was a false alarm. Finally it was decided that they would go to the gate and wait there, to save a few minutes, or, as the child thought, to forestall her father from going up to bed in a sulk. At the gate they met a farmer, whom they asked to call on the hackney driver, to tell him to "buck up."

"Who would that be?" the farmer asked in a slow voice. He was told three times, but didn't seem to grasp it.

"Ape," her mother said, as the man geed up his horse. He had given Meg a penny, very new and shiny, with the lines of the harp so clear and sharp they looked like pieces of slanted thread. She squeezed it in her palm, hoping that it could get green from the copper—to be one with it.

"Jaysus, I couldn't help it. I was under her for an hour," the driver said as the black, bulky car came to a standstill along the curb. Meg's father rushed forward to open the door and give James, the driver, a pasting. The doctor's wife, Kitty, sat in the back, looking a little quiet and irked, and then the mother got in beside her and apologized. Meg sat at Kitty's other side, and the two men in front, where the prevailing mood was soon alleviated when they lit up cigarettes. The car got hot, the windows foggy in the cold, and she felt as if she were in some house or buggy going far, far away from their own place, and that in this big travelling room with the mahogany dashboard and tartan rugs they all cleaved together, chatting and cracking jokes. Her father was making jokes about the car now, and about James being "under her" for half the morning. Whenever there were people with them, they were much livelier and happier, so if they could be with James and the doctor's wife forever that would be the solution. The doctor's wife had thawed a bit also, and was smiling, and when the mother leaned over and touched Meg's wrist and said, "We were very put out!," the doctor's wife gave the child a little smile, and it was as if one of the saints, out of the rich assortment of holy pictures in her prayer book, had smiled at her or given her recognition.

"We even made a novena," her mother said and laughed; it was really to get the doctor's wife to laugh that she did it. Meg was annoyed that her mother should reveal a secret of hers, especially a secret about promises made to God. Yes, she had offered to make a sacrifice if the car came, which she now regretted. She would not eat apple tart, she would also decline lemonade if it was offered her, and that night, when they got home, she would get out of bed at least ten times to say several Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glorias.

They passed a few strange towns, where people looked at them with a certain curiosity. Meg's father knew some of the people in these towns, because he had drunk in them, and although this was a scourge to her mother and a source of tribulation, she now made jokes about her husband's popularity and said that he ought to stand for Parliament, he knew so many people.

"That's the thruth," the driver said, and Meg's father laughed. Good humor reigned. They would drive forever—forget her brother, forget her sister, go to no monastery, no convent, but rather to some undestined place. She loved her sister, yes. But there was a "but"; it was a terrible "but." She had seen her sister and a man over by the public house. They stood very close together, side by side, but her sister's gabardine was up at the back, and the man's hand groping under it, and they were breathing in a funny way, the two of them. That was a bad thing, a very bad thing. Something told her so, even though she did not know exactly what was going on, and her sister was sick now—dying, maybe. No wonder.

The doctor's wife was engaging them with talk about a film she had seen with her husband and another couple. They had driven to Limerick and had first had supper in a very nice restaurant, and the trouble was that none of them felt inclined to leave the table, forgo the wine and cigarettes and so forth, to see slush—as the doctor referred to it. She always called her husband "the doctor," even to his face. He was quite abrupt, but the locals liked him, said he was good at diagnosing, and very thorough. It was said that he kissed nurses, but no one accused him of it, knowing that they would want him in their hour of need. The film they went to had a mixed reception among them—the women liking it, the men not.

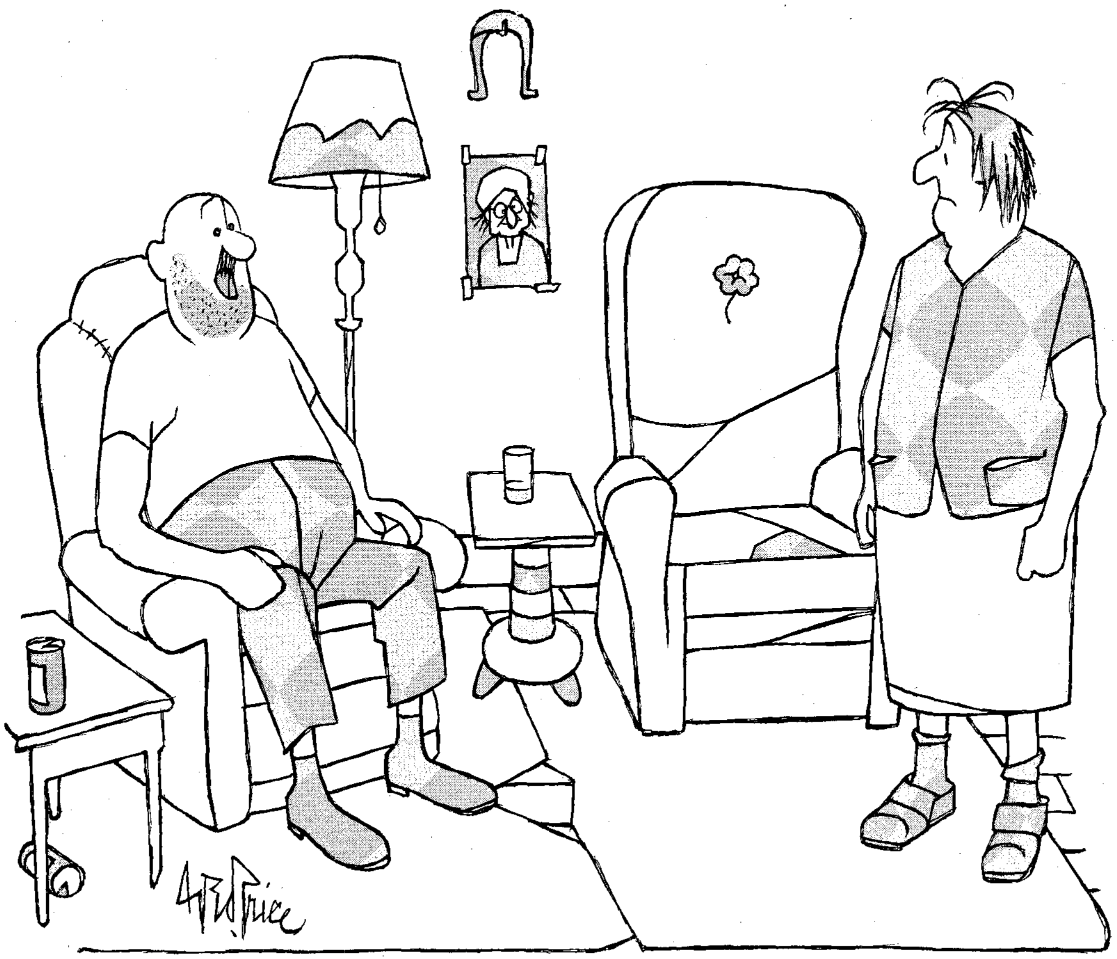
"Too romantic," Kitty said and made a face. She sucked her cheeks in, maybe to resemble the heroine of the film. The child thought that beneath the sleeves of Kitty's fur coat and the nice fuzzy pink dress she was wearing for the occasion were the bracelets, grazing her skin.

THEY arrived late at the monastery. The monk had to explain that lunch was officially over but he had kept soup and bread. It was a green soup made of nettles, and Meg was afraid that it would sting her. Her mother said wasn't it marvellous to use something as useless as nettles, then asked the monk in a quiet voice if perhaps she could have the recipe. The bread was nutty, and, while they were eating, two monks sat with them and talked agriculture with Meg's father. The doctor's wife wasn't eating at all, and at one point whispered to the mother, "I could do with a gin," and the mother said that on their way over to the convent they would stop at Portumna.

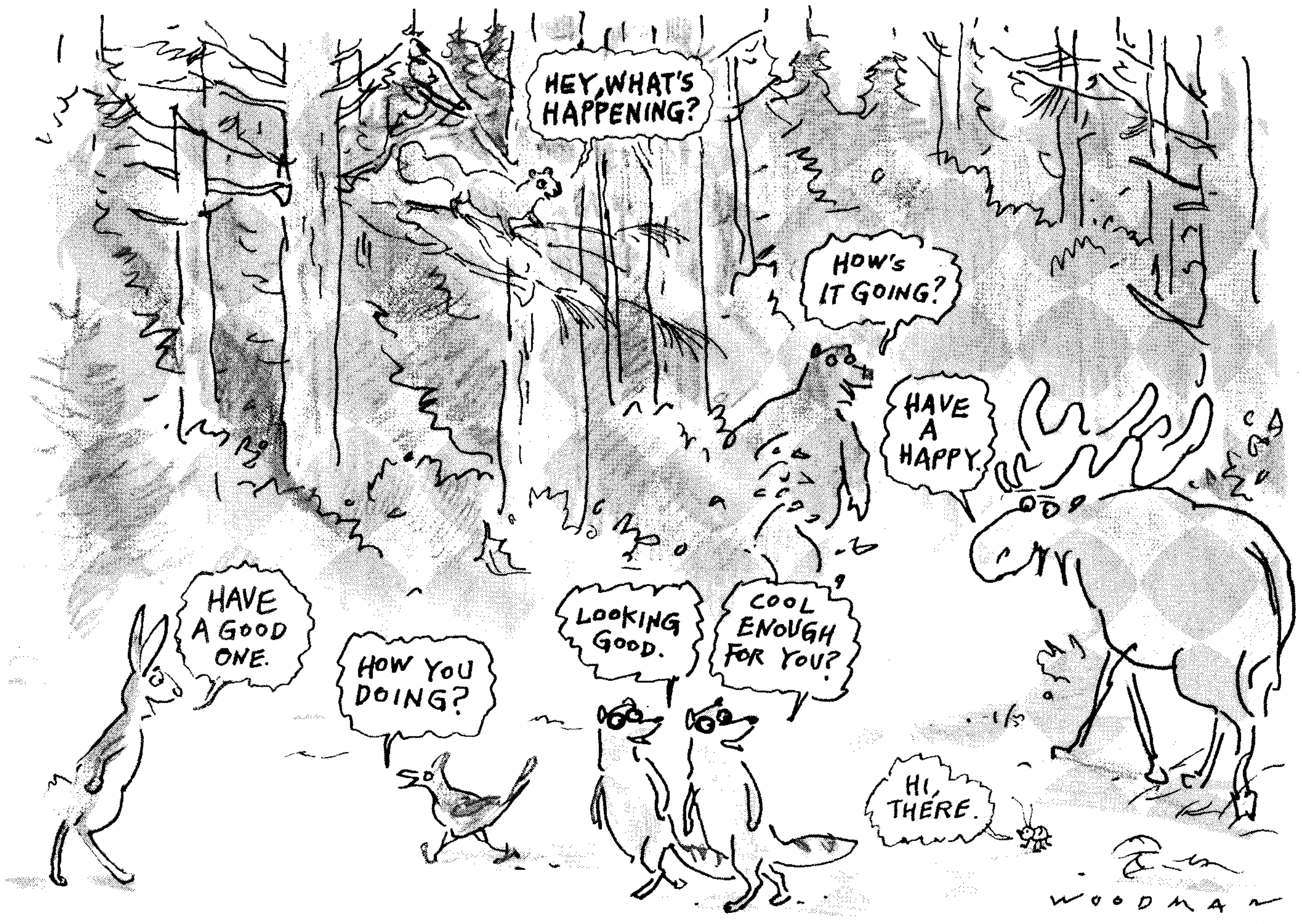
The son was called out from his class, and as they stood on the refectory steps with the wind whipping around them, making the gravel shiver, he told his parents that he had decided upon a profession—he wanted to be a doctor. Their eyes filled up with tears, although later, in the car, Meg's mother said, "How in the name of God are we going to afford it? University fees, digs in Dublin, train fare, then books for his study, *and so on and on, not to mention* his outfits!" Meg's father said to leave it to him, and her mother raised her eyes.

The visit had been very short because of having to go to the next place before the nuns went to bed; the nuns went to bed at nine. It was dark now, and what Meg saw along the road were fields that stretched to the sky, with here and there a star to light the immensity of the gloom. It seemed to her, because there were so few stars, that someone was lighting them deliberately to give voyagers, such as them, a ray of hope. She thought of the Magi.

They stopped at a hotel in Portumna, and Meg's mother went to great trouble to get the drink for the doctor's wife. It had, of course, to be in secret. She left Kitty in the "ladies" and found a young porter with a brass-buttoned uniform and asked him to "fetch it up." She stationed herself on the landing, the money in her hand, but, as it turned out, not enough money, because there had to be a tonic with the gin. The little girl had to cough up the extra sixpence, but she was proud to do it and only hoped that the doctor's wife would learn of it, so that she would get a smile of gratitude. Kitty drank it up quickly and with evident pleasure and said that it was such a boost. It was clear that she wanted another, so Meg's mother said, "Don't budge!" and, in secret, she borrowed



"I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm."


HEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HOW'S IT GOING?
HAVE A HAPPY.
HAVE A GOOD ONE.
HOW YOU DOING?
LOOKING GOOD.
COOL ENOUGH FOR YOU?
HI, THERE.
WOODMAN

NATURE, RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW

all the money the little girl had. She ran off, returning with a second drink under her scarf. Her happiness was immense, as well as her pride in being able to please this woman whom for years she had sought to know. She had been hurt, of course, but all was forgiven, and they planned on a day out to Limerick together, with no men to addle them. They were friends for life now—their conspiracy had bound them.

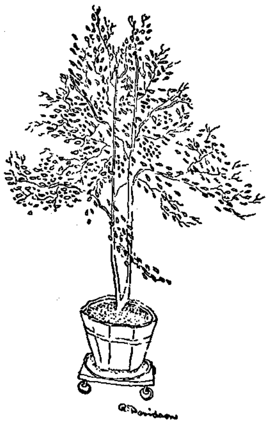
Afterward, they joined the men in the lounge downstairs, where they had tea and biscuits. Meg's mother marvelled at a mirror, a big overmantel in a gold frame with gold roses and garlands of ivy encircling it. A crack in the surface of the mirror had been camouflaged with flowers that zigzagged, like a river. The mother said that to her dying day she would never forget the ingenuity of that. The little girl broke her pledge and ate biscuits and knew even as she was doing it that bad luck would befall her before the day was out. They were coconut biscuits, and as much as she loved them and gorged on the white shreds she also hated them, because she had defected from her resolve. Her father dipped his biscuit in the tea and sucked it. The driver ate the sandwiches. They left in such a hurry that she forgot her coat—a navy nap coat with seamed leather buttons. Her mother was so furious with her in the car that she thumped her and said, "What demon got into you, to come away without your best coat?" Meg cried, and said "Sorry" a number of times, and her father said that they would get the coat. He knew the owner of the hotel; they'd telephone the next day, and it could be put on the bus.

"All that bother!" her mother said, and thumped the child again, and she cried so loud that the doctor's wife leaned across and lent her a hankie; it was a silk hankie with lace edging, and it had "Souvenir of Paris" embroidered on it. Her mother finally forgave her as they neared the convent.

THEY had gone astray, which caused them to lose an hour; the driver had taken the wrong road and was heading toward home when he said, "Jaysus!" and reversed to a crossroads where there was a batch of signs. He got out to read them and came back and told of his error.

"It could happen to a bishop," Meg's father said, but her mother was not pleased. The convent shut at nine, and there was no way they could drive again the next day to fetch their daughter. Not much sympathy was evinced for the daughter's illness, at least not yet. She was a willful girl, and had often filched her mother's dance dresses and fal-lals, and when she came home on holiday she slept late, then got up, had a big breakfast, and went off gallivanting. She was not a homebody.

The gatekeeper grumbled, said he had been looking out for them all night and that most of the nuns had gone up to bed, except for two. They were very cheerful nuns, who gripped the hands of their visitors and said they must be perished, and ushered them into a parlor where there was tea laid out on a trolley—tea and spongecake. The tea was in a flask and the spongecake was like a jewel—dusted over with fine sugar, the jam oozing out at the sides and trickling down over the yellow tier. They sat on big carved chairs and waited while one of the nuns went to fetch Meg's sister, Nancy. She came in with the nun, a blanket wrapped all around her, looking very listless. She kissed her parents, kissed the doctor's wife, and then sat and coughed. Her father asked her if she was all right, and one of the nuns said that she would be when she got home and had good dinners of bacon and cabbage, and plenty of fresh air, and she repeated the proverb that there was no place like home. She said that Nancy was the brightest girl in all of Ireland and could sweep the country in examinations, and that she must get well and strong in order to make her mark. The driver had not come in, because although they had been chummy with him in the hotel they thought it was bad form to have him in a convent parlor, seeing nuns at that hour of the night. The cake was so delicious that Meg had two pieces, and her mother touched her tummy and said that if she ate any more she would be like a little barrel. The funny thing was that when the blanket slipped off once and she caught a look at her sister, her tummy was like a little barrel. She thought it odd for a sick girl to have such a corporation.



The doctor's wife saw it, too, and said, "Have you put on weight, Nancy?" Nancy said it was fluids. She had fluids on her lungs and they had travelled down. Meg felt very queer all of a sudden, as if she were being turned inside out on a skewer, the way she always felt when she got a fright. She knew then that some terrible thing was going to befall them, and she even made the wish that they would crash on the way home—go into a wall, all of them, die together before this worse calamity happened.

THE driver had to go very slowly because of fog, and they had all run out of conversation, so it was a silent, anxious journey as the car crawled along, and from time to time the driver had to stop to look at the signs. When they finally reached their own gate, the mother apologized to the doctor's wife for not asking her in, grieving at the lateness of the hour. Inside, the house was cold, and the dog rushed in after them, yelping for food. The mother fetched the torch and told the father to go and shut the hens. He asked Meg to go with him, because he was afraid to go to the yard at night alone, but he pretended it was just for company's sake. In their coop, the hens clucked and made as if to leave their perches, thinking because of the glimmer of light that it was morning, and one got out in spite of them. There was a smell of soft, warm dung, and this, along with the low croak of the hens, made her envious of their existence, which she saw as trouble-free. He said they weren't to tell Mother that a hen got out, as she would be raging.

Inside, the invalid had gone to bed; her mother said, "She was all in," and expressed pity for her, for the first time. The father had tea and bread, and, as there was school next day, Meg put a bit of polish on her shoes—but only on the saluting part of her shoes. She was sleeping in the same room as her sister; she dreaded it and hoped that Nancy was in bed by now and fast asleep. She did not want to see her undressed. Her mother told her to carry up a cup of cocoa for her poor sister and say her prayers, and that she had been a good girl, apart from the incident with the coat. Her father put what was left of his change on the dresser and said that James, the driver, could break the bank of Monte Carlo with the amount of sandwiches he consumed.

In the bedroom, Nancy was crying and gripping the sheet. She was in dreadful pain. She said it was appendicitis, she knew it was. Other girls at school had had it, and unless the appendix was taken out she would die of peritonitis. Between each sentence she gripped the quilt—first with her hands and then, as the pain got worse, with her teeth. Then she paused and waited for another spasm to overtake her. Meg knew different; she knew it was not appendicitis—she knew without knowing, like the day she knew without knowing what it was when she saw her sister with her gabardine coat up at the back. However, she was not going to say it. She had just taken a vow of silence, and she did not answer her sister's pleas to help her, to go downstairs and tell them that she needed a doctor, as she had an appendix that was on the point of bursting. She would not do it, she could not do it. The doctor would come and all would be revealed.

"Please, please, little mite!" her elder sister begged, the tears rolling down her face and her mouth opening and shutting to alleviate the spasms.

"Let's say a prayer," Meg said, relenting.

In a few hours' time, their lives would be destroyed, she thought. There was no knowing what would happen. It was awful. Possibly one if not two people would get killed; this new arrival would be done away with first. She saw it as a monster with two heads. She heard it in her mind's ear—bawling, then quelled. The longer she delayed going to the landing to call, the longer she could postpone the catastrophe. But at that moment her sister let out a cry so piercing no one could avoid hearing it, and as Meg rushed out onto the landing she met her mother, and she knew with a terrible clarity that her mother knew, because she said, "The demon, the demon, what has she done?" As her mother rushed into the room, her angry voice was swamped by a series of roars that forestalled any further questioning . . . and it was clear now that the doctor would have to be summoned.

"I'll put water on to boil," Meg said, and then heard herself begin to hum.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[From the Guardian]

Producers are warned to take care in areas where public sensitivities are well known, particularly strong language. Four-letter words must not be used without reference to managing directors.

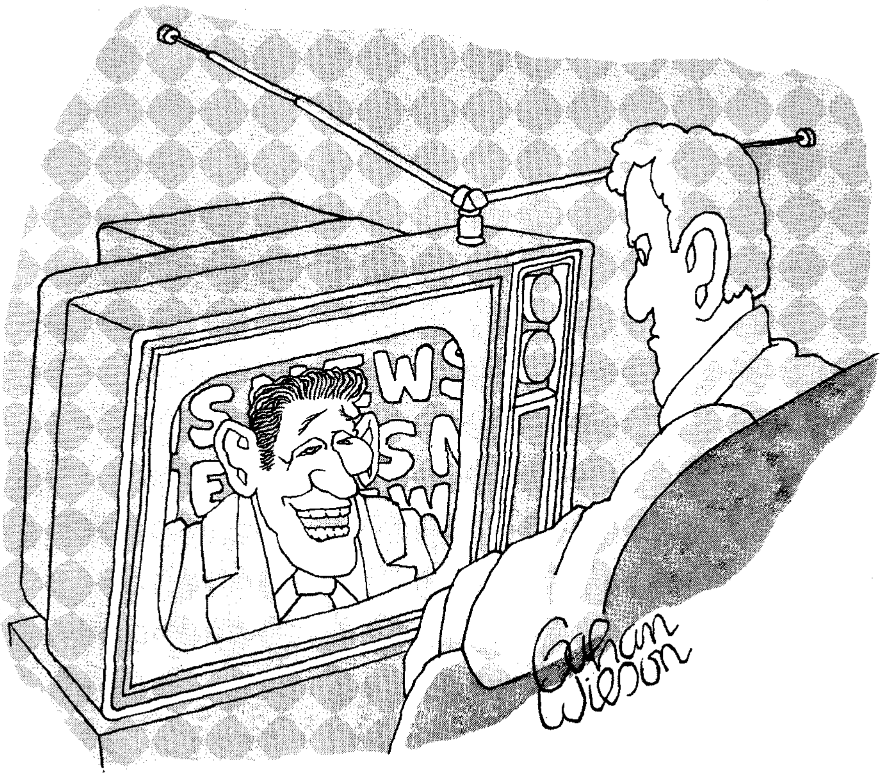
A REPORTER AT LARGE

INVISIBLE GOLD

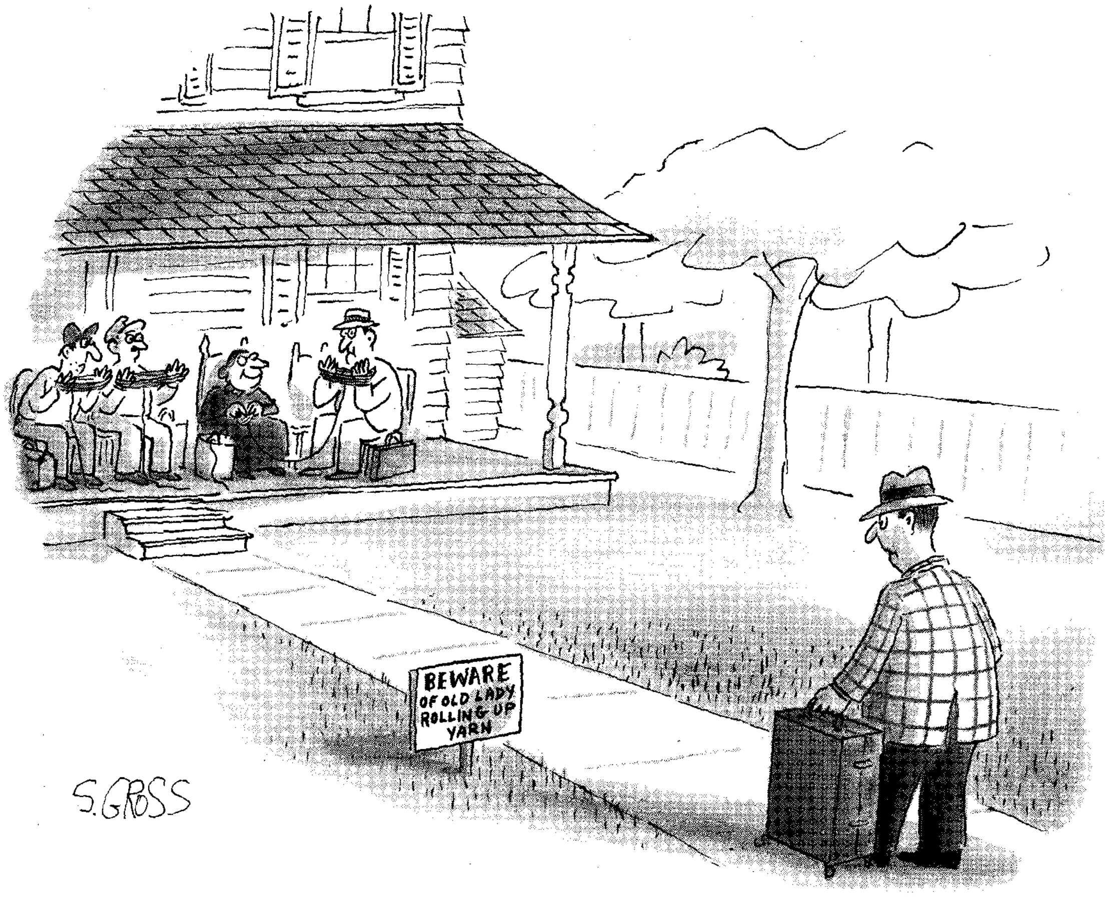
SET near the midpoint of Interstate 80's long trip through Nevada, the town of Battle Mountain is for most travellers merely a pit stop, a place to get gas or to eat a hamburger in one of the twenty-four-hour cafés. In another time, it served passengers on the Southern Pacific Railroad in a similar way; now the trains carry freight only and rarely stop. The railroad neatly bisects the town, and there is a right side of the tracks and a wrong side. The houses on the right side are mostly one-story frame structures, with tidy, treeless yards, white picket fences, and concrete sidewalks, which the seasons—bitter winters and blazing-hot summers—have buckled eccentrically. The houses on the wrong side are in rattier condition, many of them shingled with faded asbestos and surrounded by junked cars—little more than shacks, really, with the exception of the town's two brothels, the Calico Club and the Desert Club, both prosperous-looking establishments. A gritty, salt-flavored wind gusts indiscriminately over right side and wrong, shrouding the town in a thin curtain of dust, and this, combined with the heat rippling up from the desert, makes Battle Mountain, viewed from a distance, difficult to distinguish from other desert mirages, at least by day. By night it is a small oasis of neon, a low saucer of light on the horizon.

During the last eight years, over forty million ounces of gold has been found all around Battle Mountain. Forty million ounces is more gold than came out of any of the bonanzas that feature so prominently in our national mythology, including the California bonanza of 1849. There is gold in the Battle Mountain Formation, the range that runs southeast of town; gold in the alluvium to the west; gold in the Black Rock Desert to the northwest; gold in the Sheep Creek Range and in the Tuscarora Mountains to the northeast. The Tuscaroras are especially rich. Along the Carlin Trend, a forty-mile stretch of this range, are twelve deposits. Some people believe that a much richer swath of ore, a deposit to rival South Africa's Gold Reef, runs unbroken under the Carlin Trend, perhaps three thousand feet down—more than three times as deep as the deepest mines there now go. Other people think such talk is merely boomtown hysteria—but, because the last gold bonanza in this country, the rush for Goldfield and Bullfrog, in 1904, is fading from living memory, a sober historical perspective is much more the exception than the rule.

The physical as well as the social center of town is the Owl Club, a café-restaurant-bar-casino that stays open twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. At all hours, there passes through the Owl the array of people that a contemporary gold rush attracts: drillers, miners, construction workers, surveyors, geologists, metallurgists, engineers, federal marshals, stock promoters, corporate executives. Everyone shouts over the clangor of the slot machines—levers ratcheting, counters clicking and whirring, payoff bells sounding, coins clanking into aluminum trays. Miners come into the bar with the latest gold prices from the metals markets, just as their ancestors supposedly rushed into the saloon with bags of glittering dust. Two engineers discuss the economics of extracting gold from seawater, which the Japanese recently attempted. A metallurgist describes a microbe that digests sulfur, and can be used to eat gold free from certain refractory hosts. A "black-box geologist," a sort of modern dowser, tells how his contraption works: "I have a magnet in there, and it's attached to a quartz spring. The idea's pretty simple. I just walk around out there, and whenever I get over some big metallic object—an ore body, in other words—my magnet gives a tiny tug on my spring, and my spring sends a signal to my instrument." The drillers tell driller stories. Stretch, six feet eight and two hundred and fifty pounds, tells Tiny, six feet ten and about three hundred, about a buddy: "There was this old boy who was drilling down at Round Mountain when the pit floor gave way on him. He sees the rig sliding toward



"A recent survey showed that ninety-five per cent of the nation's high-school students had never heard of Costa Rica, but they all knew about yours truly!"


BEWARE OF OLD LADY ROLLING UP YARN
S.GROSS

him, and he goes, 'Oh, man, it's going to crush me to death.' Then the dirt starts falling in on him, and he figures he'll be buried alive. Then the water—they got a lot of groundwater down there—starts jetting up over him, and he thinks it's going to drown him. Then he realizes it's hot water, and he thinks it's going to boil him. All in the space of like two seconds. Said his life flashed before his eyes four times."

Though the gold has brought some three thousand people to town, almost doubling the population, jamming the trailer parks and tying up the motels, the transients are nearly all industry professionals. A gold rush in the romantic sense—a stampede of would-be millionaires, a long trail of U-Hauls snaking along Interstate 80—is not what one finds here. There is in town only one amateur argonaut, a former maintenance worker from Syracuse who read about the bonanza in *Treasure* and decided to come West and find a fortune. So far, fortune has eluded him. He was forced to take a job in the Owl—maintenance again—but was fired not long ago for playing the slot machines on duty.

Still, housing is a serious problem. Potential developers consider the shortage an opportunity; the local government, however, mindful of the ruinous consequences of a bust—a phenomenon nicely illustrated by the ghost towns in the surrounding desert—would like to deal prudently with the situation. Fortunately, the principal developer in town, a portly, red-faced, easygoing man named Bill Elquist, also happens to be the chairman of the County Commission, so some agreeable solutions to the housing problem are in the works. "More trailer parks," Elquist said, pointing out what will be the town's fifth, on a parcel of land he recently sold to Echo Bay Mines, which is one of the large companies operating in the area. Next to the park was a colony of modular homes, also an Elquist enterprise.

Elquist said he wouldn't mind seeing the town grow in an orderly way to twice its present size but didn't think it would happen. People in Battle Mountain tend to distrust mining booms, no matter how promising. They have lived through plenty of them: uranium in the nineteen-fifties, copper in the sixties, mercury and molybdenum in the seventies, barite in the late seventies and early eighties. All those booms brought with them the same infectious optimism that has now come with gold. "These mining boys, they all say this boom's going to last till the year 2000, and I hope it does," Elquist said. "But nobody's counting on it, see?" Nobody wants to repeat the recent barite debacle. The price of barite, a mineral used in drilling oil wells, rose dramatically in 1978. Barite deposits were discovered all around Battle Mountain. The county put in a sewage system designed for a community of eight thousand, built a new high school, paved the main street. Some local miners decided, in a moment of hubris, to erect a sign on Interstate 80 that said "BATTLE MOUNTAIN—THE BARITE CAPITOL OF THE WORLD." It was a bad sign, and not only because the word "capital" was misspelled. Shortly after it went up, the oil business collapsed, and the price of barite plummeted. By 1982, the boom was over, though the taxpayers were still paying for the civic improvements. One of the howling desert winds took care of the sign.

Now there is a new sign, erected by the Chamber of Commerce, which says "BATTLE MOUNTAIN—NO RIDDLES, NO JOKES."

"It's kind of catchy," Elquist said. "But what does it mean?"

"Well, right there's what catches people. Nobody really knows."

ABOUT six miles outside town, in the middle of a lonely basin lightly sprinkled with sage, sits a Cadillac plated with gold. Hubcaps, grille, headlights, fenders, and even the locks on the doors, are plated with gold—a burnished, coppery gold that shines fiercely enough to be seen from the Interstate, about a mile away. Emeralds, diamonds, and rubies glitter in the Cadillac hood ornament and in the two Cadillac insignia, on either side of the

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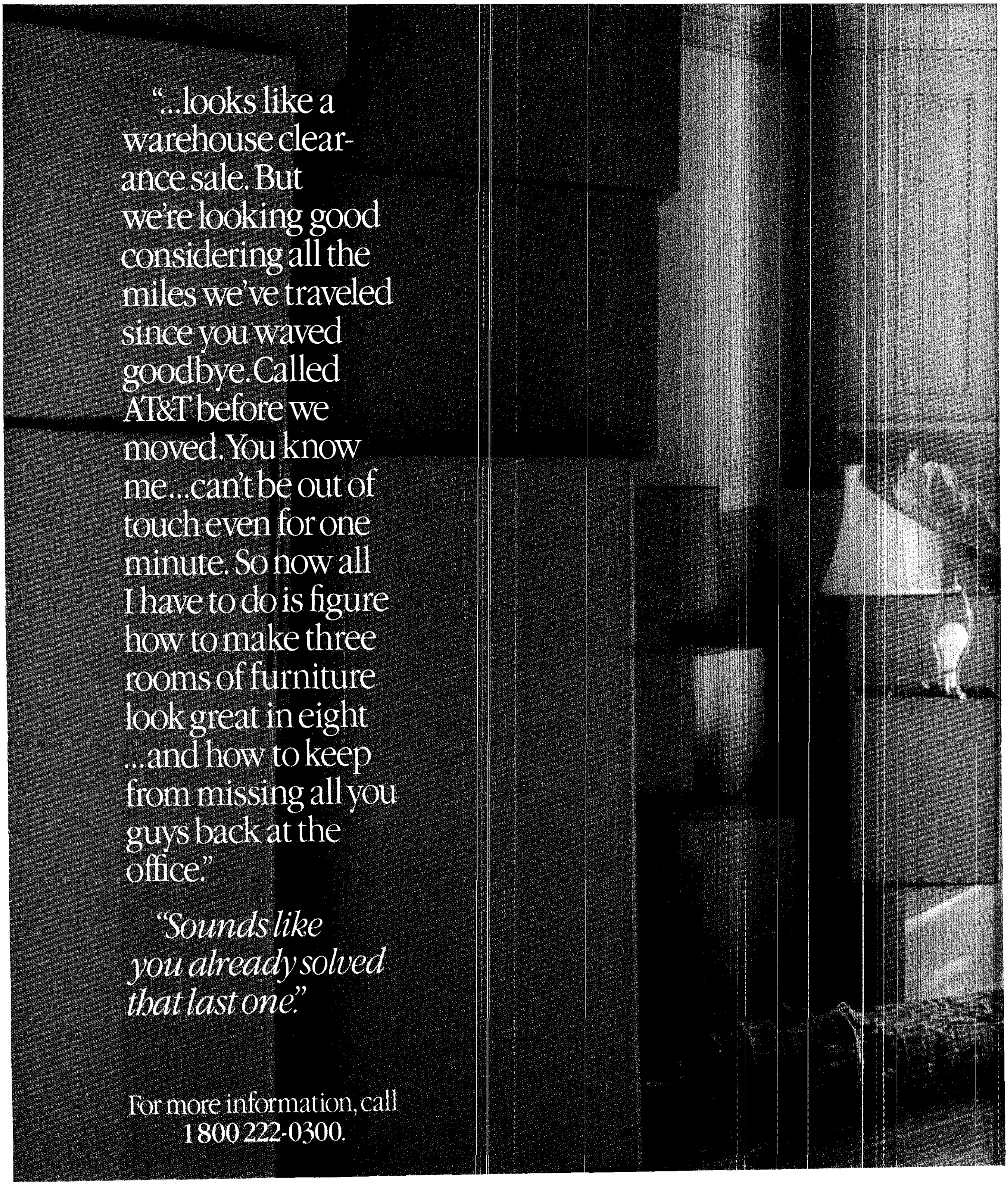

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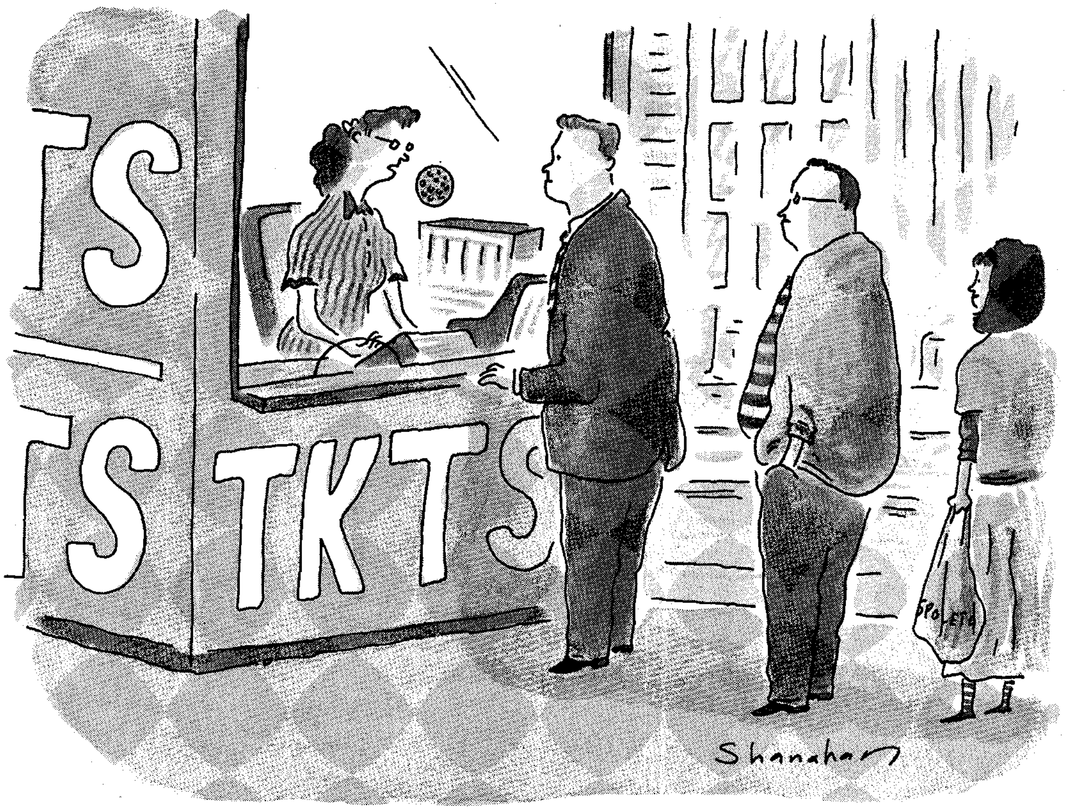

"NTHNG FR 'LS MSRBLS' OR 'PHNTM.' HOW BT 'A CHRS LN'?"

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canopy. The license plate says "P DAVIS," and in the rear window is some red neon lettering, rigged to the brake pedal, that says "Davis Gold Mining." A few steps away is a battered white trailer home with some "Keep Out" signs near the door.

Phillip A. Davis rarely comes into Battle Mountain, and some of the town's inhabitants consider him reclusive and eccentric. He hardly ever comes into the Owl, where gossiping about him is a popular pastime. The theory is that Phil changed when, seven years ago, he began receiving regular payments from his gold mine, which lately have averaged seventy-five thousand dollars a month. He became "a little weird" and "real suspicious," people say, some of them sympathetically. Then, elaborating, they tell the story of how he was robbed by a girlfriend and several cowboys who worked on a nearby ranch. The girlfriend, whose name was Pinkie, or maybe Red—nobody can remember exactly—knew that Phil had hidden his first payment, which he'd insisted on getting in cash, under the floor of his trailer home. After Phil went to sleep one night, the girlfriend unlocked the trailer door; the cowboys came in and clubbed him unconscious, breaking his jaw and damaging an eye, then ripped up the floor and made off with the money. That happened in 1982, and Davis has been much less sociable with his old friends since (and he now keeps his money in banks); some say he has turned mean, but more charitable people think his orneriness is merely a pose, and that in reality he is a nice guy—take, for example, the fact that he carries candy in his pockets to give to children.

There are lots of people in town who say that soon—next spring, maybe, or maybe next year—they, too, will get rich from their claims, but so far only Phil Davis has struck gold. His mine is the Dee, one of the twelve deposits in the Carlin Trend. Ten of the others belong to the Newmont Gold Company, and the eleventh, the Goldstrike, belongs to American Barrick Resources. Compared with the ore reserves and the production capacities that its corporate neighbors possess, the Dee is a pint-sized operation. Newmont has some sixteen million ounces of gold in the ground, worth about six and a third billion dollars at the current price, and in 1988 produced eight hundred and ninety-five thousand ounces, which made it the largest producer of gold in North America. American Barrick produced three hundred and forty-one thousand ounces in 1988. The Dee produced some fifty thousand ounces. Provided that nothing interferes with the production schedule, and no new ore is discovered, the Dee deposit will be exhausted in 1994. Phil Davis should earn about nine million dollars from it, all told.

Phil likes to refer to himself as "the little guy," as in "I'm the little guy, the last of a breed," and "Mr. Big Company don't care for the little guy, I'll tell you that." Don Smith, a local resident who introduced me to Phil, also advertises himself as a little guy; a lot of the locals do. He, too, drives a Cadillac—a non-gold-plated 1976 Eldorado with almost three hundred thousand miles on it—and we were riding down Front Street in it when he spotted Phil, going into the new Econ-O-Mart, right next to the Chevron station. We parked and followed him in.

"I hear they got this mug here," Phil was saying. "I got to have one of those mugs." He was straightening shelves as he went, picking up cans—a can of peas, a can of Chef Boy-ar-dee spaghetti—muttering over them awhile, then putting them back. He bustled over to the manager, shook his hand enthusiastically, complimented him repeatedly on the store, and asked about the mug. "That's the one, that's the baby," he said when it was shown to him. It was an ordinary mug, the kind that coffee shops use. Phil bought it, and lingered a little to compliment the manager some more, turning the mug over and over in his hands as he talked.

When we were outside, I said I was interested in the story of how he had come by his gold mine.

"That's what they all want to know, that's the one they all ask," Phil said. He was jaunty, flexing up and down in his boots, and although it was twilight, he was squinting fiercely. The big neon Chevron sign over us made a

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cherry-red glow in his eyeglasses. He went on, interrogating himself. "Yep. 'How did you do it, Phil? What's the secret, Phil?' "

"And what do you tell them?"

"Depends on who's asking. The little guy's got to watch out for himself. He don't get much help." He rattled off a list of some of the little guy's enemies: large mining companies, banks, politicians, the Bureau of Land Management, the Forest Service, Wall Street.

Don said that just last spring he himself had put off taking his wife to Reno in order to talk to two financial reporters from the East. "And you know something? They didn't put anything about the little guy in the story they wrote. It was about how great your big companies are, your Newmonts, your American Barricks."

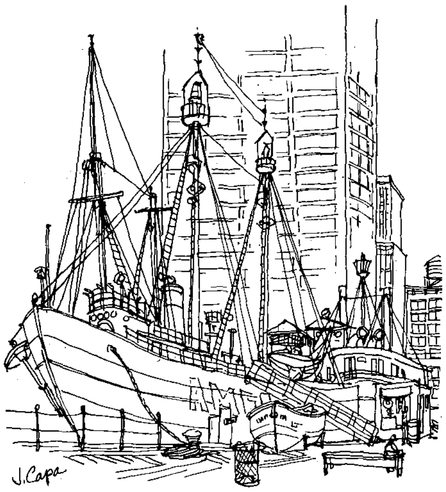
"That's bad," Phil said. "That's real bad."

"That's the way outsiders think, you see," Don said heatedly. "They think this gold is all about Wall Street. Who do they think owns the gold in the first place? Some investment analyst? Some smart-ass geologist? Nope. The little guy owns it. He has the claims, see?"

Phil shook his head and smiled, unmoved by Don's grievances. Lazily, he took a small leather case from his back pocket and opened it far enough to show a pistol inside. Then he winked theatrically and tucked the case back into his jeans. "There are those who have done what they shouldn't have done," he said. "I got to be careful." He lowered his voice confidentially. "I got people following me around whenever I'm out in those hills. Yes, sir. They sit up on top of that mountain over there and watch me with telescopes. There are a lot of people who want what I've got—know what I mean?" He laughed, and hollered, "Too many cans of pork and beans, know what I mean?" Still laughing, he climbed into a Toyota pickup, one of his everyday vehicles. Don and I watched him drive away.

"Guess he don't take the Cadillac out much," Don said soberly.

Don Smith is the president of Citizens for Mining, a local advocacy group that he helped organize in 1977 to protect, in his words, "the interests of the little guy." He is often to be found in one of the window booths at the Owl; he comes in almost every morning for his breakfast, a maple bar, and sometimes for his lunch, another maple bar. He watches the parade of transients, a somewhat cynical expression on his face. He is a leathery man, sixty-two years old, with sloping eyes and prominent cheekbones, who is invariably dressed in a short-sleeved machinist's outfit; his forearms are festooned with tattoos. He has an incongruous high-pitched giggle. Like many longtime residents of Battle Mountain, Don is a miner more by avocation than by trade. He prospects when he has time, and mines placer gold when he has the inclination. Placer mining has the advantage of being relatively simple and cheap. Erosion has already done the hardest work: it has washed the gold out of the mountains and into the valleys, where, in the form of specks, flakes, and nuggets, it lies mingled with the alluvium. One has only to wash the sand and gravel, a task that the primitive miner performs with a pan. A more modern miner does it with a dredge—a large floating contraption equipped with scoops, whirling buckets, and a sloping riffled table. But placer mining is much less lucrative than hard-rock mining, also known as lode mining—the kind of mining that is going on along the Carlin Trend. Nature has scattered placer gold widely. Don cherishes the hope of finding an exceptionally large nugget, but worries that one of his crew—he generally employs three helpers—might find it first, and pocket it. He tries to encourage honesty by handing out bonuses, but as a rule, he says, "hawk-eyed watchfulness is your best policy." He also has a cash-flow problem: he hates to sell the gold he finds. He has six raisin-size nuggets soldered around the face of his Timex watch. Only the direst conditions induce him to liquidate part of his hoard. When his wife had a heart ailment recently, Don sold his backhoe to pay the medical bills. He grows silent, a rare state for Don, when he looks at his gold. Then he tells the story that each nugget carries: where he was when he found it, who was with him, the weather, the angle of the sun.



But the big money is in lode, not placer. Don has three hundred and forty-five lode claims—down from an all-time high of seven hundred and eighty-two but nonetheless, at twenty acres a claim, an impressive amount of property. Each of these claims is supposed to represent a discovery: so stipulates the Mining Law of 1872, that quintessentially American law which entitles United States citizens to mine hard-rock minerals on public land. However, the Mining Law does not define the word "discovery," and the legal definition, which a Secretary of the Interior wrote, in 1894, is vague: "Minerals have been found and the evidence is of such a character that a person of ordinary prudence would be justified in the further expenditure of his labor and means, with a reasonable prospect of success, in developing a valuable mine." Don may or may not have displayed "ordinary prudence" in staking these claims, but it is highly unlikely that his prudence will be challenged in court. In practice, the courts rely on the doctrine of *pedis possessio,* which means roughly "first come, first served."

In Nevada, the cost of a lode claim is fifteen dollars. The Mining Law stipulates that the claimant must perform a hundred dollars' worth of work on his claim each year in order for it to remain valid. In 1872, a hundred and fifteen dollars was a steep enough price to discourage people from staking claims frivolously or from hoarding large blocks of claims, but the price has remained the same over the years, and a hundred and fifteen dollars is a bargain today. Still, thirty-four thousand five hundred dollars, Don's annual bill for the work on his three hundred and forty-five claims, is rather steep, or it would be if Don had to pay it. Actually, he pays not a penny; his lessees pay him. A mining concern—it may be a large company or it may be a fly-by-night exploration outfit assembled by stock promoters—pays to explore a package of Don's claims over a fixed period. The price varies according to the size of the package and to how attractively situated the properties are. The Carlin Trend is considered prime real estate, and Don has a small parcel of claims at the northern end of it. In general, the nearer a claim is to a known deposit, the higher its rental value is. Any encouraging piece of evidence enhances the value of adjoining claims, and Don listens to miners' gossip, fanning the rumors when it is in his interest to, and checks the land-status maps in the courthouse for unclaimed patches in up-and-coming areas. All his leases contain a discovery clause, which obliges the lessee to pay Don a royalty, usually between three and five per cent, on whatever is found. The clause has never been put into effect.

The Owl serves as an office of sorts for him.

"Where you been lately, Don?" says a man wearing unmuddied boots and a freshly laundered plaid shirt—evidently a city person trying to look rustic.

"Oh," Don says. "Out. Enjoying the scenery."

"Heard you've been up by Mountain City."

"Some real nice scenery up that way." Don slips a Pall Mall out of his breast pocket. "You might want to see it sometime."

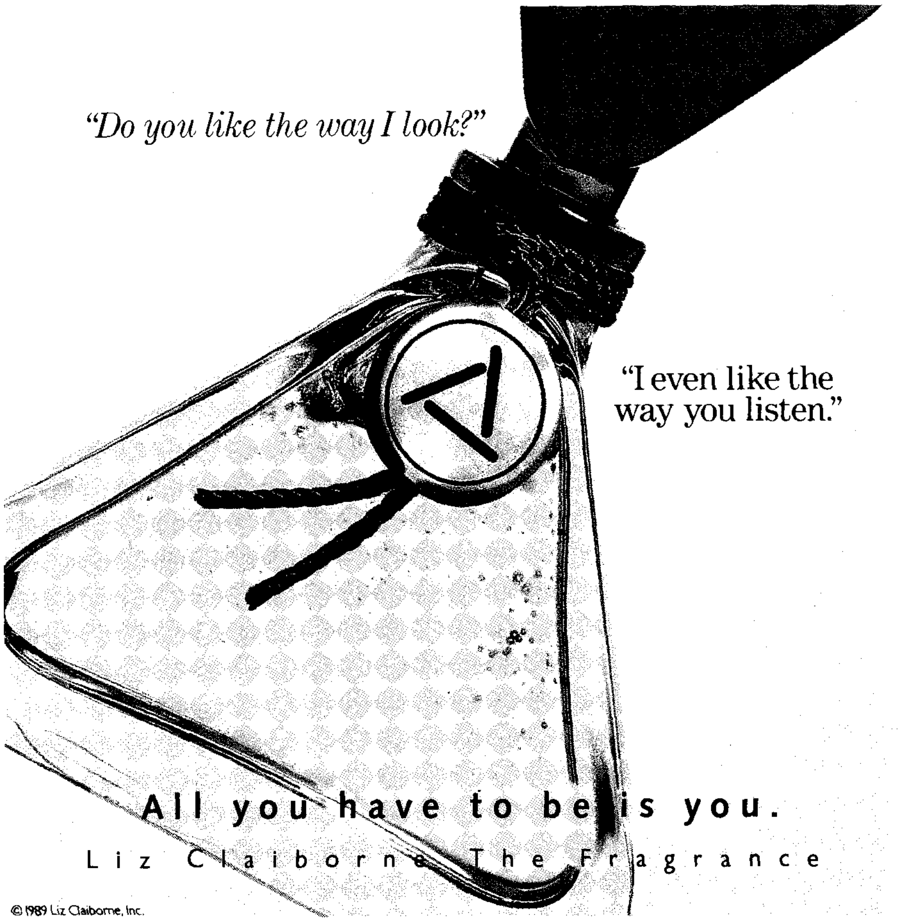
"I'd like that, Don."

"I think you'd like it."

"That's a real nice watch you've got, Don," the man says, bending toward it, and then, "Hell, I'm late. I got to go. I'll be talking to you, Don."

"You know where to find me."

"Promoter," Don says when the man has gone. "These boys come down here from Vancouver looking to lease some of my claims. Oh, they act like they don't really want 'em. It's always, 'Oh, by the way,' or 'So as long as we're at it, here's a few bucks, give us some of your claims.' They're not interested in finding gold, really. They're just looking to set up some kind of exploration company that they can list on the Vancouver Exchange. Then they spread the rumor that they got a gold mine, and the stock goes up some—maybe from a quarter to two dollars a share—and the promoter and his buddies sell quick and make a bundle. Course, they don't always make a bundle." A burst of giggling. "Sometimes they can't sell at the right time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and they lose a bundle. Anyway, those are the types of guys I do most of my business with, and it's fine by me,'cause it's real straightforward. If they actually found gold on my property—oh, hell, then I'd have headaches. Contracts, lawyers—all kinds of headaches."

"But you'd be rich."

"Oh, I'm doing O.K. as it is."

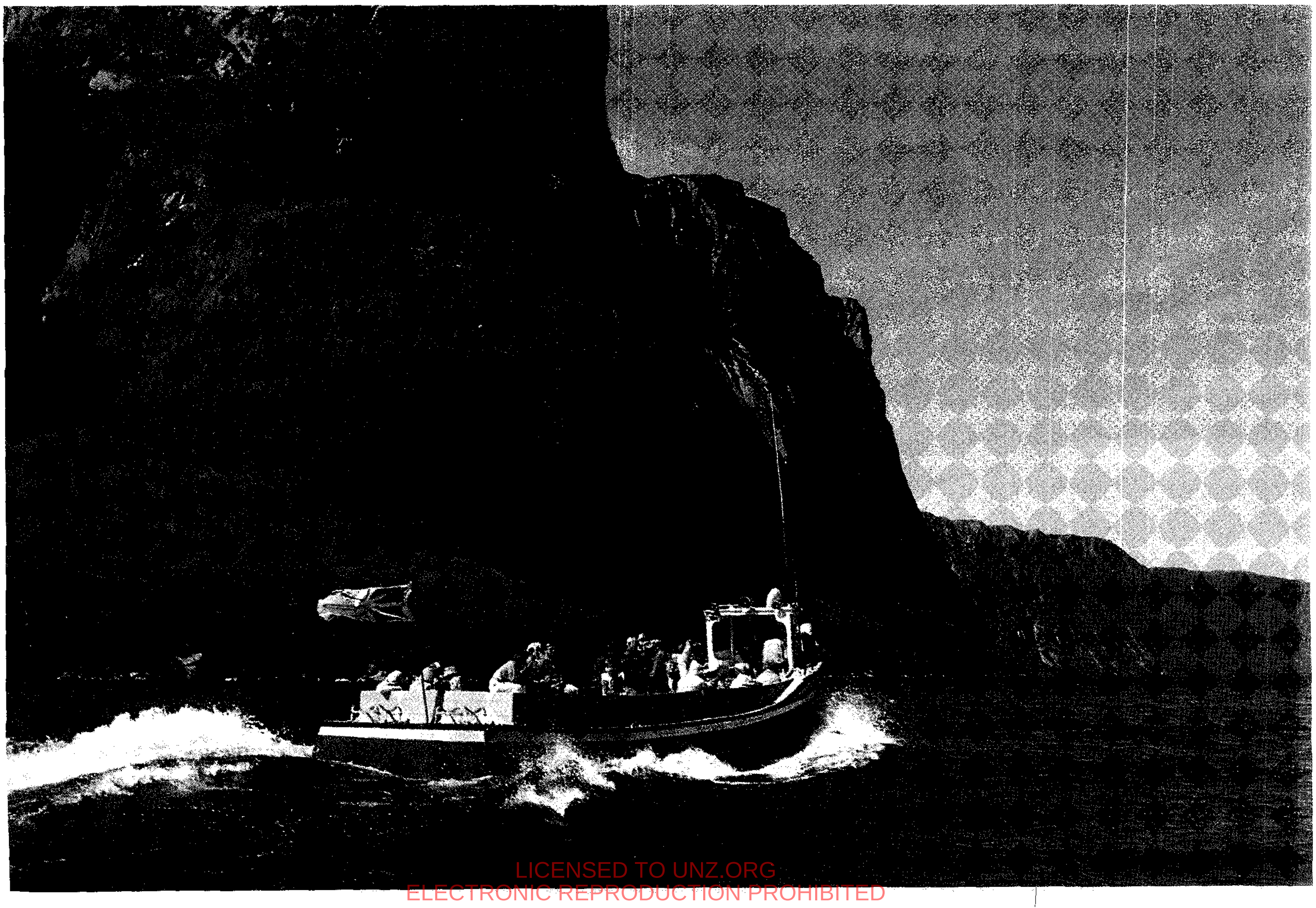
"How much do you make from renting your claims?"

More giggling. "Enough to keep me in T-bones."

Don holds the Mining Law to be "the best damn law ever written." It is "the only friend the little guy's got." He often hears people argue that the little guy is abusing the law—that in passing it Congress did not intend to make real-estate merchants of prospectors; rather, it hoped to encourage the prospector to develop the nation's mineral resources and, in doing so, to help colonize the West. In current practice, goes this argument, the Mining Law actually inhibits mining: it gives license to squatters, speculators, and extortionists, with the result that the miner who actually finds a mineral deposit can expect to face a nightmarish snarl of title suits and contractual negotiations, often involving three, five, maybe ten different claimants.

Don believes that Congress, in passing the Mining Law, meant to give the individual a means of competing with capital, and that the individual is within the spirit, if not the letter, of the law in doing what he can to safeguard that privilege. "In the old days, guys like me could go out and with some luck we could find a surface deposit. We'd get a couple of buddies together and mine it ourselves. Now the surface deposits are all gone. You got to drill to find an ore body, and these drill holes run you about twenty-five thousand bucks a pop. That's for one six-hundred-foot hole. You may have to drill ten, maybe twenty holes before you discover the ore body. Where's the little guy going to get that kind of money? Banks? Hell, no bank's going to loan him the money. They only loan to the big companies. People say, 'Well, if the little guy can't afford to make the discovery he should just butt out of the whole process.' But I say, 'Why should the gold go to the ones who have already got money?' If Congress had wanted it that way, it would never have passed the Mining Law in the first place."

In 1987, the House Subcommittee on Mining and Natural Resources held an oversight hearing on the Mining Law. Chief among the topics debated was whether or not the current policy of free access to hard-rock minerals on federal lands ought to be replaced by some kind of discretionary permitting system, such as exists for oil, natural gas, and geothermal deposits. Under this system, the prospector would have to apply to the federal government for the right to explore in the public domain. If the government approved his application, it would grant him a lease, the terms of which would resemble those of the leases that Don writes—a certain time for a certain price—and the government would get a share of whatever the prospector discovered. If more than one party was interested in the same piece of ground, the government would auction the lease. The advocates of this system, among the most outspoken of which is the Sierra Club, believe that it has several advan-

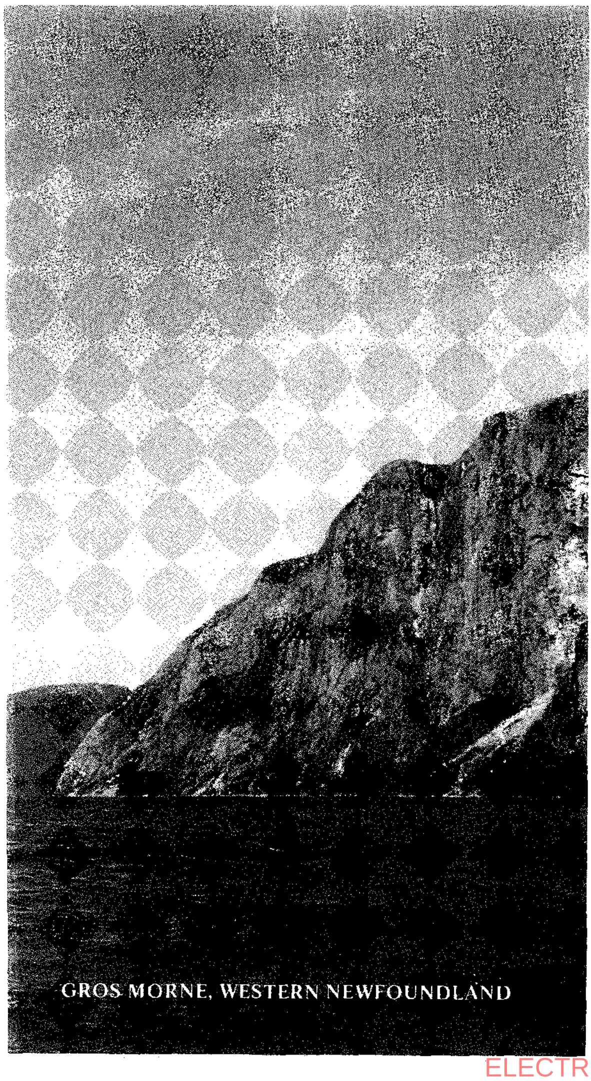


tages over the policy of free access: it is consistent with the manifesto contained in the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976; namely, "It is the policy of the United States that . . . the public lands be retained in Federal ownership." It would bring the federal government billions of dollars of extra revenue. And, by rationalizing the laws concerning mineral exploration, it would stimulate mining.

"It would be the death of the little guy"—that is Don's opinion of a leasing system, and he is probably right. People like Don could never hope to outbid a corporation for the right to explore public land. Perhaps, however, the little guy's time has come and gone; perhaps he, like the nineteenth-century law that keeps him in business, is an anachronism. To this argument Don has two responses. The first is a sentimental one—"When you talk about wiping out the prospector, you're talking about wiping out just about the most American type there is"—but it plays well with politicians. The second is that little guys are indispensable to the discovery process. They perform the tedious and, to many industry geologists, unacceptable task of primary exploration—tramping the deserts and the mountains, searching for surface anomalies. They can then broker that information to companies well enough endowed to act upon it. Don feels that the mining industry would suffer dramatically if the prospectors were squeezed out, and as an example he cites what happened to uranium. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 excluded uranium from the provisions of the Mining Law, and set up a leasing system, administered by the Atomic Energy Commission. A small army of geologists was dispatched to build up the government's reserves of this suddenly strategic mineral. Very little uranium was discovered. In 1954, the Atomic Energy Act was repealed, and within two years private prospectors had discovered so much uranium that there was a huge oversupply. "You can't put the job of finding minerals in the hands of geologists" is Don's conclusion. "I'd rather have a guy with a crooked stick walk my property than a geologist." He pronounces the word "ge-o-lo-gist," dismantling it piece by piece.

Don's opinions are often seconded by Andy Hampton, a fellow-prospector and a regular patron of the Owl. Andy is eighty-six years old, and pudgy and cute, like an elderly cherub; he is a great favorite of the waitresses in the Owl, who are forever cooing and fussing over him, and giggling over his proposals of marriage. Andy took up prospecting in earnest twenty-one years ago, when he retired from his job as a tool designer and moved to Battle Mountain, with his wife, Grace. Grace died in 1984, and Andy's best friend and prospecting partner died in 1987, at the age of ninety-one, but Andy says he doesn't feel lonely or old. "In a way, my whole life is up ahead of me. I could end up a millionaire. How many guys my age can say that?" A lot of his time is spent studying his "microfish," he says, meaning the land-status transparencies that he pores over in search of unclaimed pieces of land. He has a parcel of seventy-two claims about fifteen miles west of town, near an old mine called the Marigold.

"Let's say it's a smallish sort of a deposit I got on my property, around two hundred and twenty-five thousand



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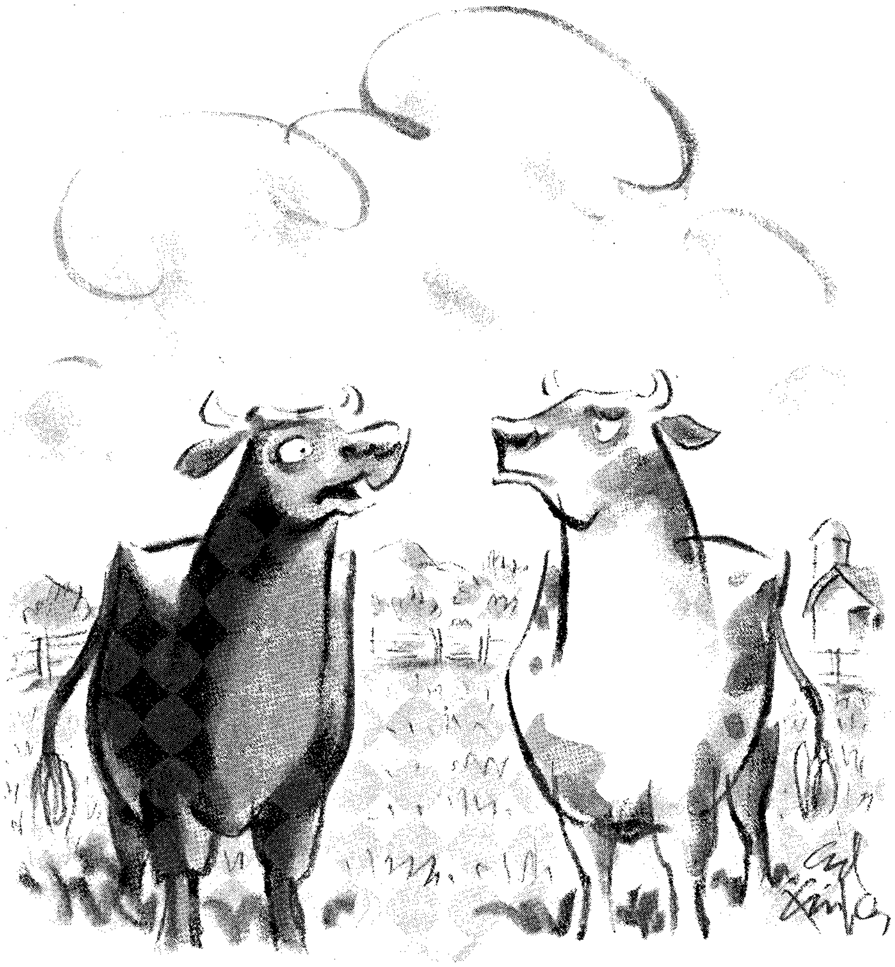

"Forgive me. It was the steroids talking."

• •

ounces," Andy said one morning in the Owl, pouring syrup over his pancakes. "So, with the price of gold what it is, four hundred and fifty-two dollars I believe it was this morning, that comes to— What's that come to, Don?"

"Around a hundred and two million dollars," Don said, with the air of a man for whom nine-figure discussions are routine.

"So if I lease my claims for a three-per-cent net smelter royalty . . ."

"Well, you figure one per cent would earn you a million, so three per cent gets you just over three."

"Say three and a half million." Andy has not yet mastered the sang-froid with which Don bandies great fortunes about: he made a game stab at it, though, squeezing his lips together, and bobbing his pink, nearly hairless head rapidly.

"You could probably get four per cent," Don said, taking out another Pall Mall. "Four's what Phil Davis gets. Or what he's supposed to get, anyway."

Andy pulled a face at the sound of Phil Davis's name. It bothers Andy, it offends his sense of justice, that Phil Davis, of all people in town, should be the one to strike it rich. "The truth is," Andy said, "me and Don were the ones who really found the Dee mine. Isn't that right, Don?"

"Well, no," Don said, with a worried glance at my pen and pad. "That isn't exactly right."

"But we were the ones responsible for Phil getting those claims, wouldn't you say?"

Don sighed, blew out a plume of smoke, and looked rather glumly out the window. Personally, it seemed, he was inclined to agree with Andy that Fortune, in making a darling of Phil Davis, had played a cruel little joke on the other prospectors in town. Ideologically, however, he felt a certain allegiance to Phil.

"Tell about how Davis came by those claims, Don," said Andy.

"Well," Don said, turning toward us again. "It was in 1975. Phil Davis had that trailer of his pulled up on my property. I let him have free use of the electric, and all, and he just lived there in my yard. He worked as a driller on and off, and before that he was a mechanic. Supposedly, he went to Pakistan once."

"Yeah, Pakistan," Andy put in. "Or Thailand, maybe."

"Anyhow, he met a guy named Russell Perry over in Elko in 1975. Perry was an oilman, and he was messin' around over in Elko, doing his six weeks for his divorce. I don't know how Phil met him. Can't have been in a bar, 'cause old Phil don't hold with drinking much. I remember once there was this guy standing outside drinking a beer, and old Phil just hauled off and hit him. Just hit him for drinking a beer."

"He's some kind of health nut," Andy said.

"Oh, yeah. First thing he does in the morning is fifty pushups. Right out of bed—I seen him. So. Anyway, he meets Perry, and Perry says as long as he's got to stay in Nevada six weeks he might as well stake some claims. Like I said, this is in 1975. In 1975, everybody around here was getting crazy for barite. Now it's gold. It's always something. Anyway, then it was barite, and Phil works out a deal where Perry will pay him to go out and stake some barite claims for him. So Phil comes back to me and says, 'Where am I going to stake some barite claims?' And I say, 'Why don't you put 'em next to my claims up by Rock Creek?' "

Andy harrumphed.

"That's where Andy come in," Don said, reaching for a cigarette.

Andy leaned forward and said, "Phil asked me if I'd help stake some claims, and I didn't have a whole heck of a lot to do right then, so I said sure, why not, O.K., and I did. Me and this other fellow went up there. And you know something? We just about did the whole darn job ourselves. Phil hauled some stakes up from town in the back of his pickup, but that was it." Andy and Don smirked for a while.

"Course, we never saw any money," Don said. "Old Perry, he went off to Europe and got married again, then went back to New York or someplace—he sort of disappeared. Phil kept the claims valid by doing the assessment work, and after a couple of years he advertised Perry out. You know what advertising out is?"

"It's when you put an ad in the local paper," Andy said. "You say, 'If So-and-So wants these properties, he better come forward.' "

"Perry never answered, so the properties went over to Phil," Don said. "Then John Livermore's people, the Cordex group, went up there and found the gold."

"Didn't we hear Perry was involved in some kind of oil scandal down in Louisiana?" Andy asked.

"Yeah, but then we heard that he wasn't. Anyway, that's how Phil got hold of the claims. And you know something? When Phil started getting his money? He just hauled that trailer right off of my yard without saying goodbye or thank you, or anything. I just woke up one morning and it was gone. I ever tell you that, Andy?"

"Believe so," Andy said.

Don nodded, and looked out the window again. "Well, it don't matter. I don't want that kind of money anyway." He put out his cigarette carefully. "You?" he asked Andy.

Andy chewed on his upper lip.

"Two million would be fine," Don said.

"Oh, I'm with you there, Don," said Andy. "You don't need more than two."

TO drive to the Carlin Trend from Battle Mountain, one goes eighteen miles east along the interstate to a little colony of mobile homes that is the hamlet of Dunphy, turns left at the cattle guard there, and heads north through the Boulder Valley. The road skirts Boulder Creek for a few miles, climbing, then forks at the top of the valley, where the Sheep Creek Range butts into the higher, craggier Tuscaroras. The right fork, known locally as the Yellow Brick Road, goes to the Bootstrap, Blue Star, Goldstrike, Post, Gold Quarry, and Carlin mines; the left fork leads to the Dee. Though the deposits vary widely in size and also differ in subtle geological ways, they all employ roughly similar production methods. All are open-pit mines. The miners do not tunnel underground for the gold, drifting as the vein drifts and blasting out stopes and adits, as different parts of the tunnel are called. They simply blast and haul out a huge, cone-shaped wedge of earth. To someone whose notion of a gold mine involves little ore carts pushed by men with lights on their hats, it is perhaps disenchanting to see these pits: the work is essentially an earth-moving operation, and the miners are really just truck drivers. But in their own way the pits are fantastic. Standing in them insults one's sense of scale. The axles of the hundred-ton haul trucks are ten feet from the ground, and the shovels on the Demag 285s are eleven yards wide. Everything is almost cartoonishly large. A typical pit descends in concentric circles, in a sequence of tiers: tier, twenty-foot drop, tier, to the bottom. Some pits are shaped like coliseums; others, cut into the sides of mountains, are more like ancient Greek theatres. Sometimes the job is simply to tear a mountain apart. Nearby there is always a new mountain, of waste rock, going up. The largest of the pits, the one that Newmont is digging to mine the Gold Quarry deposit, will be an oval more than a mile wide and twelve hundred feet deep when it is mined out, in 1994. From the air it will look like one of the craters of the moon. But from the Boulder Valley road the pits are hard to distinguish from the gouges and gashes of erosion. Only the occasional dull thud from a blast and, on a windless day, the hazy billows of dust rising tell you that something unnatural is happening in the mountains.

I made this drive early one morning with a geologist named Andy Wallace. Wallace works for the Cordex Syndicate, the partnership that developed the Dee mine, and one of whose partners operates it. As we drove along, I mentioned my encounter with Phil Davis. Wallace said he had never met the man, but it looked as if he "might be having that pleasure soon." In court, he added, and he went on, "You know about this lawsuit between us? Oh, yeah. Well, it wouldn't be an honest-to-goodness gold mine if it didn't have a lawsuit attached to it." He said that the kernel of the dispute was the royalty that Cordex was supposed to pay Phil. It was to be four per cent of the net value of the gold if the company mined more than a thousand tons of ore a day, and six per cent of the net if it mined less than that or if the value of the ore mined was greater than fifty dollars a ton. The ambiguity lay in the word "mined." To Phil's way of thinking, "mined" meant "milled," and since the mill was treating only about eight hundred and fifty tons a day Phil felt he should be getting six per cent on some of the ore. But to

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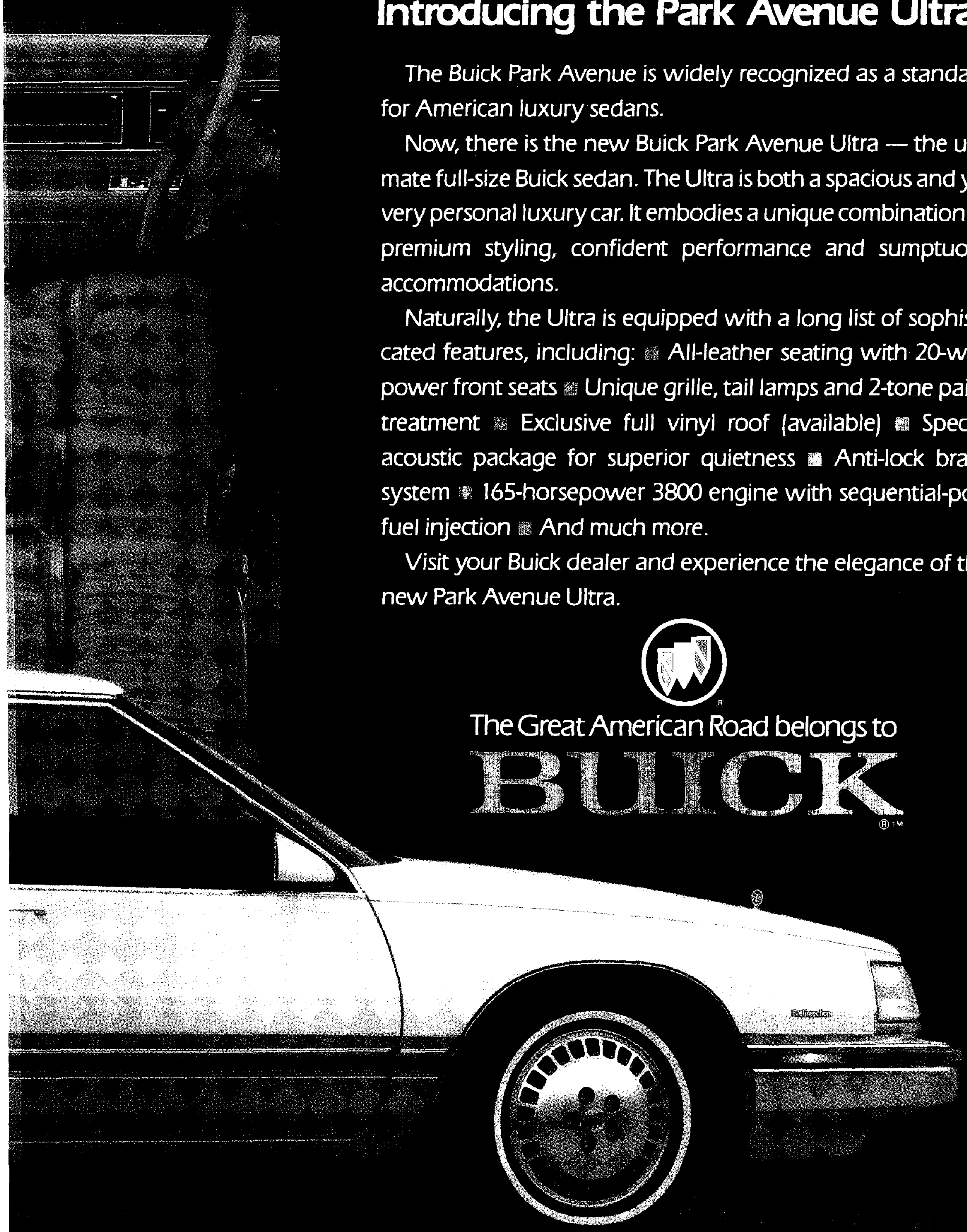

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Cordex "mined" meant "processed," and since the company was blasting and hauling about eighteen hundred tons of ore a day it was paying four per cent on all the ore. "That's the main issue, I guess, but there's a whole shopful of other things that have been bothering Phil over the years. He thinks we ought to be exploring for barite. He thinks we're not looking hard enough for more gold on his property. He never thought we knew how to look for gold in the first place. You get that all the time out here—guys who just know they got gold on their claims, and they know right where it is, and they aren't going to take any contradiction from anybody, and especially not from some pointy-headed geologist. They think it's their land, so they know about it. Well, it is their land, sort of. I think the Mining Law is a great law in principle, but when you've got guys tying up big chunks of land, not letting you explore on it unless you do it their way, that's not doing anybody any good—not the country, not them." He shook his head. "You got to talk to John Livermore about Phil Davis. He's the only one who deals with Phil."

We came to the turnoff for the mine. The Dee pit, dug into the far side of the mountain, was hidden from us as we ascended toward it. Thick flurries of grasshoppers were ringing like hail on the sides of the Bronco. Flinders of chert and shale and ragged patches of cheatgrass covered the slope, and the ground was steaming slightly in the early-morning heat. At the top of the ridge was a mechanical gate in a wire-mesh fence, operated from within by a security guard. Wallace spoke to her over the intercom, the gate slid aside, and we drove up to a quonset-style administration building.

In the reception area, where I waited while Wallace went to see about hard hats and protective glasses, was a computer-generated three-dimensional picture of the ore body, dry-mounted and framed. Mining people have a habit of stretching the metaphor when they talk about their ore bodies. They say how beautiful, how satisfying, how tantalizing their ore body is, they make hourglass shapes with their hands, knead with their fingers, smooth with their palms as they talk. The ore body before me looked something like a bowling pin laid on its side. The ore was depicted as undulating pink ribbons against an inky background. The higher-grade zones were pinker, the lower-grade more anemic-looking.

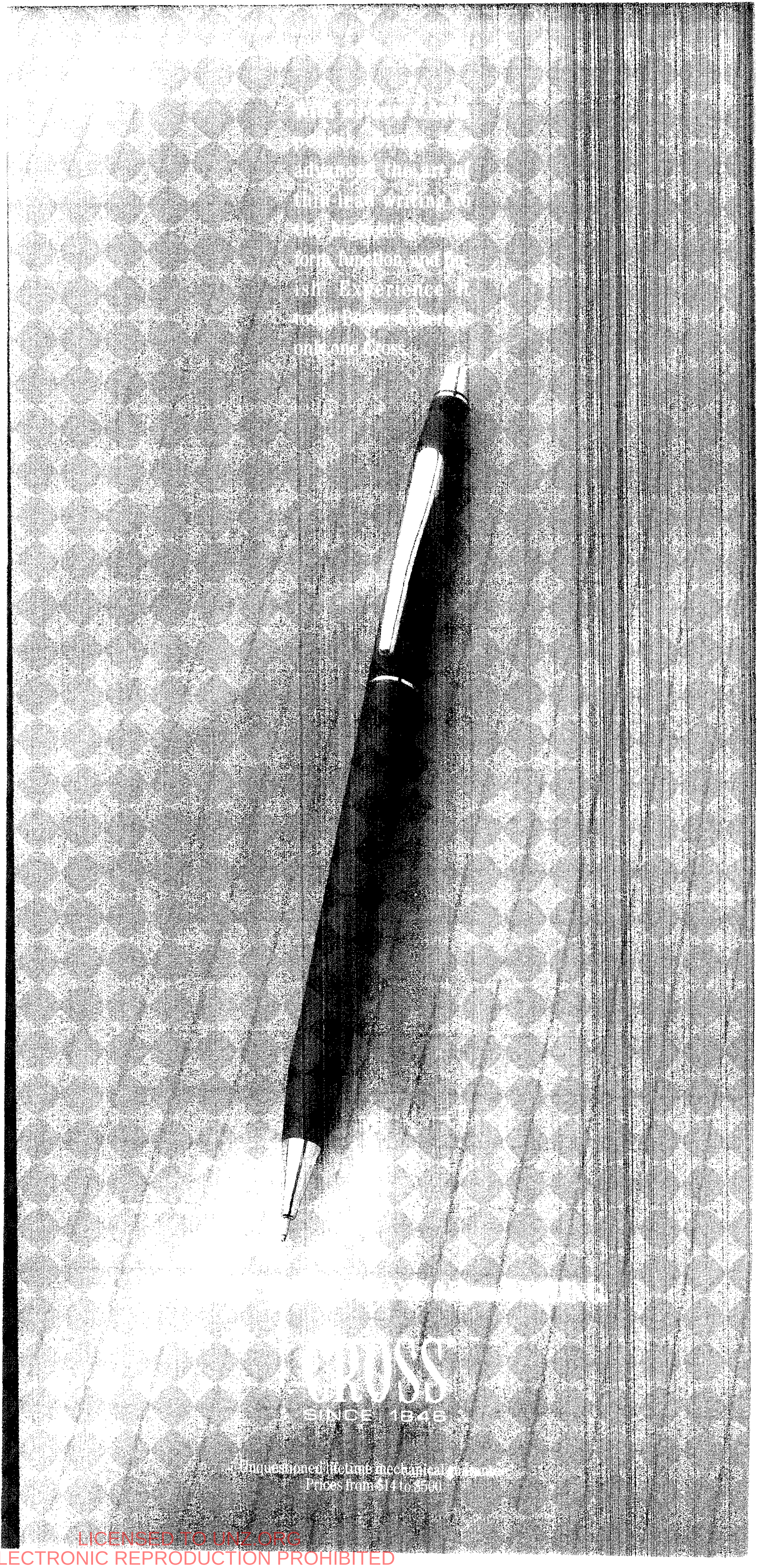
To someone untutored in the methods of modern mining it seems marvellous that miners can X-ray their ore as a doctor can X-ray the human body, and many mining companies, conscious of how reassuring these pictures are to nervous investors, reproduce them lavishly in their annual reports. Before any mining began at the Dee, Cordex had announced that the deposit contained two million six hundred and seventy thousand tons of .115 ore (.115 ounces of gold per ton) and three million tons of .025 ore, for a total of three hundred and eighty-two thousand and fifty ounces of gold. Actually, there is a good deal of poetry in these figures. They are based on statistical models, a kind of three-dimensional game of connect the dots played by a computer. Each dot represents an assay taken from a drill hole. At the Dee, two hundred and forty-seven holes were drilled on hundred-foot centers to an average depth of six hundred feet. An assay was taken every five feet, so there were nearly thirty thousand assays on which to base the reserve projections. The gold values within adjacent five-foot sections varied widely—.120 gold at the two-hundred-and-forty-five-foot level, .009 gold at two hundred and fifty—and the ratio of ore to waste within the minable part of the deposit was one to six. Nevertheless, by applying all the assay data to a logarithmic formula the computer was able to make a reasonably accurate estimate of the size, shape, and grade of the ore body. That was the picture I was looking at.

Wallace returned with the safety gear, and we climbed back into the jeep and drove to the lip of the pit. The chasm appeared before us suddenly: grassy tufts one moment, a sheer precipice the next. The pit was an oval about nine hundred feet long, four hundred feet wide, and three hundred feet deep—half as deep as it will be when the mining is finished. Swallows were living high up in the walls, and there were ravens floating on a hot breeze that blew up from the pit floor. The walls were scored as though by claws, from the teeth of the shovels, and streaked with purples, indigos, and orange-yellows, as if enormous globs of colored wax had melted and run down the sides. The colors were mineralized chert, shale, and siltstone, and their variegations indicated folds, faults, dikes, and sills.

The blast crew was working down in the pit, dribbling a gooey paste made of ammonium nitrate and diesel fuel into blast holes that had been drilled twelve feet apart and twenty feet deep. The rock from these holes had been sampled, and the high-grade, low-grade, and waste rock had been marked with red, yellow, and white flags, so that the miners would know whether to haul it to the mill, the heap, or the waste pile. In another part of the pit, miners were working on rock that had been blasted the day before. The shovels loaded rock into the haul trucks. The trucks with high-grade rock drove up to the primary crusher, a huge set of steel jaws that chewed the rock into fragments three-quarters of an inch in diameter, then spat it onto a conveyor that ran to a silo just outside the mill. The trucks hauling waste rock drove to the eastern edge of the mountain and dumped their loads. The low-grade rock went to one of four outdoor heaps, the largest of which was thirty feet high and hundreds of feet long. Bulldozers were flattening the tops of the heaps. Irrigation sprinklers were spraying the rubble with a weak cyanide solution. Gold is a noble metal, which is to say that it resists combination with all but a few substances, and cyanide is one of the few. Over the next three weeks, the cyanide solution would gradually percolate through the pile, leaching the gold out of the rocks. The gold-bearing cyanide solution, which miners call the pregnant solution, would eventually reach a sloping rubber pad at the bottom of the heap and run into sluices at the edges. These sluices, as we drove past them, were agurgle with precious, poisonous streams of "preg" that had dripped through the rocks. They flowed down-hill into a rubber-lined reservoir, the pregnant pond, and from there went into the mill.

Heap leaching, as this process is called, is an exceptionally inexpensive method of treating low-grade ore, and it is practiced at all the mines along the Trend. It costs Cordex five dollars to mine and leach a ton of ore; that means that rock with a grade as low as .0125 can be leached profitably when the price of gold is at least four hundred dollars an ounce. However, the process is effective only when it is applied to a particular kind of gold, called invisible gold: tiny particles of gold that are more or less evenly disseminated through the rock. If a nugget turned up in a heap, the cyanide would leach only a fraction of it, but a speck of gold one three-thousandth the size of a grain of sand is easily dissolved; the recovery rate in a heap-leach operation is usually between sixty and seventy-five per cent.

A metallurgist named Frank Hanagarne showed us around the mill. Entering the mill was just as dislocating to the senses as entering the pit had been, but the shock was more to the ears than to the eyes: the rhythmical gnashing of the grinders was amazingly loud. The place, a cavernous barn made of aluminum siding, was windowless and gloomily lit, and smelled vaguely of almonds from the cyanide. We walked to the spot where the high-grade ore, having been smashed by the primary crusher, was conveyed from its silo into the rod crusher, a spinning steel barrel filled with five-hundred-pound rods that smash whatever rock is caught between them. Cyanide and water were being pumped into the barrel, and lime was added to prevent cyanide gas from forming. The pulp from this crusher went up to a centrifuge, and from there the larger pieces went into another crusher, full of fifty-pound steel balls. When the rock was ground to four-hundred mesh (that is, it could pass through a mesh with four hundred openings per square inch, and was about the consistency of talcum powder), it flowed out of the mill into a large open vat. Once it had clarified sufficiently, the liquid on the surface of the vat flowed into a ladder of five columns. Each column contained ground and roasted coconut shells—activated carbon, which is even more attractive to gold than cyanide. The



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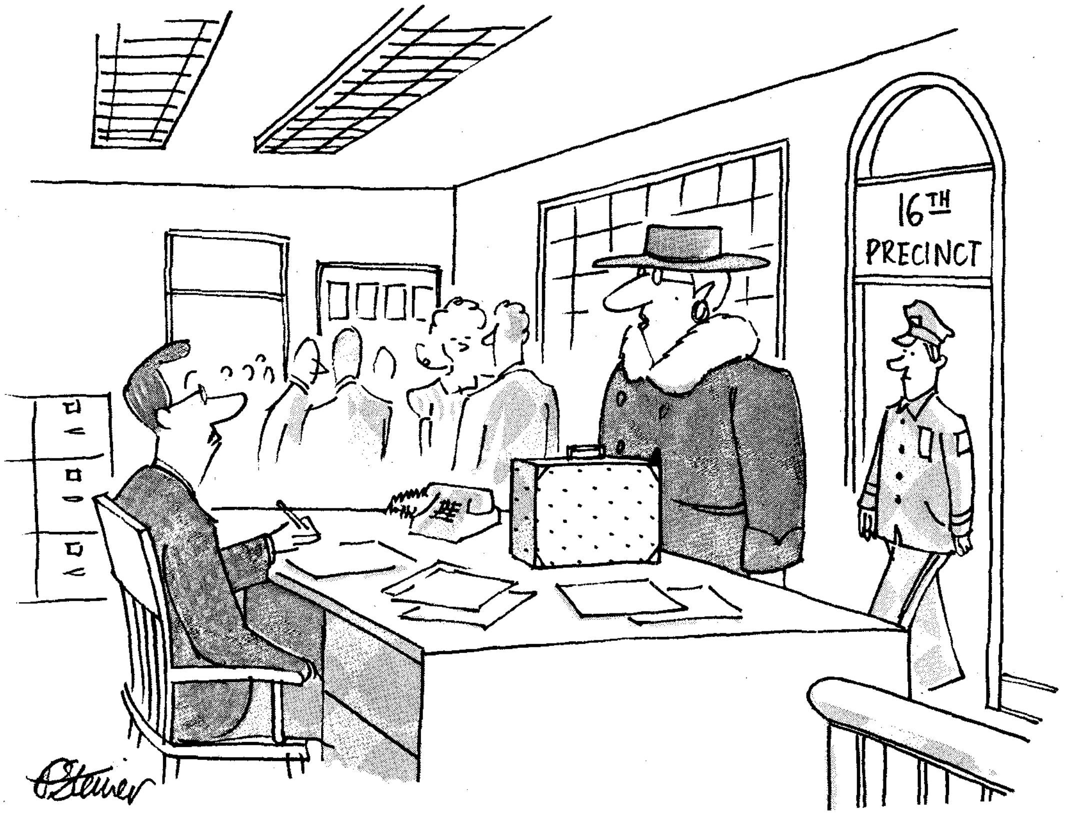


"I want to report some counterfeit luggage."

carbon stripped the gold from the cyanide; sterile again, the cyanide went back to the rod crusher at the beginning of the circuit.

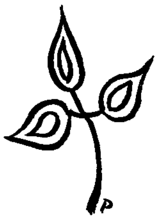
The gold-loaded carbon went into four tanks filled with hot caustic soda and antifreeze, which washed the gold from the carbon, and this new pregnant solution flowed into electrolytic cells—hoppers filled with negatively charged bales of steel wool. The gold, which has a positive charge, was plated onto the steel. These metallic golden fleeces were carried to a retort and heated to eleven hundred degrees to purify the gold and to partly oxidize the steel. Then several fluxes were added, chiefly soda ash and borax, and the mixture was heated again—this time to two thousand degrees, in a convection furnace, to liquefy it. The slag—mainly residue from the steel wool—was removed and the remainder was poured into a rectangular mold about the size of a shoebox. Impurities formed a crust of leaded glass on the surface of the mold, which the refinery workers shattered with hammers. What remained was a bar of doré—pale yellow in color, containing roughly equal portions of gold and silver. Wells Fargo carried it to the Johnson, Matthey refinery in Salt Lake City, where it was melted again and purified to .995 fine. The mill produces one thousand-ounce doré bar a week.

John Livermore, who was mainly responsible for exploring and developing the Dee, has found or helped to find four gold deposits. The Carlin deposit, from which the current bonanza evolved, was the first. His extraordinary success is venerated by both prospectors and geologists, and that is in itself an achievement, since prospectors and geologists rarely agree. Livermore has the credentials to call himself a geologist—a bachelor's degree from Stanford, two years in the United States Geological Survey—and he can speak the ten-dollar words if it pleases him to, but he prefers to think of himself as a prospector. I asked him to elaborate on the difference between the two. "A prospector is a guy who just goes out and tramps the hills. He just looks at the rocks, gets used to them. He doesn't have a definite exploration program in mind. He has ideas about where the gold is, sure, but he doesn't have that methodical, scientific approach that a geologist has—hypothesis, experiment, conclusion. The geological approach is useful when you've got the target sighted in—you're not on the bull's-eye yet, but you're close—whereas the prospector is better at grass-roots exploration."

Most of the prospectors I met viewed the lonesomeness and tedium of their lives as a regrettable but justifiable evil, a means to a magical, scarcely imaginable end: gold, millions, luxury. With Livermore it was just the reverse. Searching for gold was a way of escaping the comfortable life into which he, a member of a wealthy San Francisco family, was born. The Livermore name is a prominent one in San Francisco. Various monuments bear it: on Angel Island, there is a Mount Livermore, named in memory of Livermore's mother, Caroline, who helped preserve the island from further development; there are five stained-glass figures over the eastern portal of Grace Cathedral, and under each is a name of one of the Livermore brothers: John, George, Putnam, Robert, and Norman. John grew up in a big redwood house at the top of Russian Hill. The house still stands, and next to it is a smaller house, where his aunt Elizabeth used to live, and where his brother Putnam lives now. When John Livermore was growing up, in the twenties, Russian Hill was still considered a bohemian community, and the Livermores, though they were prosperous, were not out of their element there. Caroline Livermore was a conservationist before it was fashionable to be one. She was also a founder of the San Francisco branch of Planned Parenthood. Livermore's aunt was a close friend of Norman Thomas and Carl Sandburg. John's father, Norman, ran a machine-manufacturing business and, from his own father, who came to California in the eighteen-fifties, inherited Montesol, now a seven-thousand-acre ranch in the Coast Range, about twenty-five miles north of Napa, where John and his four brothers spent each summer. "Altogether, it was, I guess you'd say, a pretty perfect childhood," he told me. "But when I got older, you know, people were aware of what I was doing. If I took a girl out, people talked about it. I'd get invited to society things. I was a Livermore. My brothers stayed in the city, but I really didn't care for it. I wanted to do something that would get me out of all that."

The prospector's existence—days in desolate climates, nights in motel rooms, weeks of solitude, years of tantalizing clues and frustrating near-misses—was certainly a radical change. But a nomadic life suits Livermore. He is seventy-one years old and unmarried; though he numbers marriage high among his priorities, second only to finding another gold mine, there is little reason to suppose that these two pursuits, hitherto incompatible, will be reconciled soon. He owns a one-bedroom apartment in Reno and a vacation house on the Montesol ranch, but neither of these places is in any sense a home. He cannot remember the last time he stayed in one place for more than a week. His wardrobe, as far as I could tell, consists of hiking boots, a pair of khaki frontier pants, and several shirts. His car, which he drove with alarming abandon, is a battered AMC Eagle. The money he has earned from his discoveries is an acute embarrassment to him. Though he is extremely reluctant to admit it, he has donated millions of dollars to charities.

He has an office on Second Street in Reno, a street that, though its western half is cheerful enough, gliding past a spanking glass-and-steel flank of Harrah's Hotel Casino, deteriorates rapidly as it runs east and crosses the Truckee River. Desert weeds crack the sidewalk, ten-dollar-a-night rooms abound, the wind is prickly with grit. There are three bail-bonding operations within two blocks of Livermore's office—Art's, Mac's, and Big Jim's—and right next door is Reno Plasma, a plasma bank in front of which, every morning at seven-thirty, about a dozen luckless people usually gather, waiting to sell their blood for eight dollars a pint.



One day, shortly after Livermore returned from a prospecting trip to South America, I sat in his office with him and a prospector named Whit De La Mare. On the desk top was a small brass burro, about three inches tall. It was nearly buried under prospecting paraphernalia: geological reports, assay figures, maps, contracts, aerial photographs, electromagnetic surveys, gravitometer readings, lawsuits, letters from people who think they have gold on their property, letters from people who know people who have gold on their property. Cardboard boxes full of more of the same covered the floor. The office was low-ceilinged, adorned only with a yellowed and curling map of Colombia and some dusty glass shelves filled with rocks. It was raining—unusual weather for Reno—and water was dripping steadily through the roof.

Livermore began searching the drawers of his desk for a diary. He is a handsome man with a noble forehead, lined now in puzzlement. He couldn't find the diary. Despite his talent for finding ore deposits, he is forever forgetting and losing things—hats, gloves, car keys, wallets. He is, as an associate puts it, "one of the most absent-minded men I've ever met." Nevertheless, he has a phenomenal memory for rocks. "You're out exploring with John," says Larry McIntosh, one of the people who work with him, "and he comes to an outcrop he likes. So he gets all excited, hopping around going, 'Gee, golly, heck'—you never hear John swear—and, 'Boy, oh, boy, this reminds me of that jasperoid we sampled near Beatty in 1965. Our fifth sample ran .195 ounces of gold,' and on and on. It's amazing, really, the stuff that's inside his head. Then you leave that outcrop and cross over onto another ridge and John says, 'Whoops, I forgot my rock hammer,' and goes sprinting off to get it."

"Oh. Here, here it is," Livermore said now, holding up a small blue notebook with "1981" written on the cover. He opened it and quickly found what he was looking for: "'1/18/81: Contacted Phil Davis about Boulder Creek claims.'" He looked across the room at De La Mare, a frail man in his early seventies with porcelain-blue eyes. "So you must not have gotten up there till around Christmas, huh, Dee?"

"Was it as late as that?" De La Mare, universally known as Dee, said, in a high, reedy voice. "I guess it was an open winter that year."

"What-what? Oh. Hmm. Open winter, yes. Hmm."

Dee resumed a story he had been

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telling. In 1980, when he was working as a prospector for Cordex, he noticed peculiar lines in an aerial photograph of the northern end of Boulder Valley. Lineaments, he called them. It didn't matter that no one else who looked at the photograph could see the lineaments—dark stripes running north by northeast across the basin and range. To Dee they were plain, and, using a blend of scientific and rustic knowledge he had acquired over the years, he reasoned that the stripes were the result of discolored sagebrush, that the sage had been altered by an increase in groundwater, that the increase in groundwater could have been caused by a fault, and that the fault might be a "feeder"—a conduit for mineral solutions. He decided to sample the area. This, as Livermore had just figured out, was in December of 1980.

Dee drove up to the top of the Boulder Valley and climbed the low, shaley ridge that fuses the Sheep Creek Range with the craggier and more impressive Tuscarora Mountains. "I came over the top of it, and down before me was a valley. I started down the slope. I came to this big ol' outcrop, and it had that winy, purplish color you like to see, so I whacked off a hunk of it. But I was thinking to myself, It's too obvious. If that's the ore body sticking its snout up, somebody would have found it by now. So I hunted around some more. About, oh, fifty feet away, I came to another outcrop, same type of rock—that altered limestone—but much smaller and less impressive. Kind of tucked away. So I took a sample of that, too. I took maybe eight samples in all—not that many—and then I hopped back in the truck and left. Later, when I got the assay results back from the lab, it was like I figured—that big, handsome-looking outcrop was just about dead, but that little outcrop kicked like a mule."

Livermore stood up. While listening to Dee's recollections, he had been fidgeting, trying to find a way to accommodate his body, which is six feet five inches long, to his desk, which is hopelessly small for him. He tried leaning forward on his elbows, but no, that doubled him over like a jackknife; he tried leaning back, but his knees jammed under the center drawer; he stuck his large feet up on his papers, and, just for a moment, looked comfortable; then, as though remembering himself—he had guests, he ought to act civilized—snatched them away again. Now he strolled over to the shelves where the rocks were displayed and picked up one of the samples.

There were some attractive specimens among the samples: native silver, for example—soft, snaky stringers writhing about in the host rock—and porphyry copper, a delicate green wafer, like a lace cookie. The rock that Livermore picked up was not so fetching: a lustreless lump of gray with rust-colored blotches on it. "This is what Dee's sample looked like," he said. "Calcareous siltstone. Very fine grains of sand which were cemented together with limestone. The whole thing has been heavily silicified—cooked, you might say—in a mineralizing solution. The iron staining is obvious, and here you can see these pores left by pyritic crystals."

Dee smiled at the geological jargon, and went on with his story. "I had noticed some claim posts when I was up there, so John and I went down to the courthouse and had a look at the maps. The samples came from the Russ claims, owned by a Phillip A. Davis. So John went to see him about getting an option to explore, but—isn't this right, John?—Davis didn't want to negotiate."

Livermore consulted the diary again. " '1/22/81: First spoke to P. Davis about Boulder Creek claims. 1/31: Met Davis. Davis not interested,' " he read, and he went on, "Phil wanted to prospect the property himself. He had the idea there was barite up there. He didn't ask what we wanted to look for, and I didn't tell him about Dee's sample. That's standard procedure. Anyway, it was a hundred to one that the sample did not represent a minable ore body. But I just couldn't let it go. So I called him a couple of times more, and then I had the idea of sending him an invitation to the opening of our Pinson Mine." He hunted through the diary. " '4/10: Met Davis at opening of Pinson Mine. Davis impressed by operation. Entered negotiations.' "

Eve Olitsky

"Those were some ticklish negotiations, weren't they?" Dee said.

"Oh, boy. Well, in the first place, I never dealt with Phil himself. He had a pal named Frank Solaegui who would come and go over the contract with me and then report back to Phil. Then Phil would call me up and get mad, and then he'd call me back and say, 'We're still pals, aren't we, John?' "

"Turned out he couldn't read, isn't that right?" Dee asked.

"Well, that's right, yes. I didn't find that out until a couple of months ago. I guess that's one reason he'd get so mad—he was frustrated. I think this lawsuit he's started grows out of that. When you can't read the contract—well, all sorts of worries can come into your mind."

On June 26, 1981, Davis and Livermore signed a lease-option agreement. Livermore agreed to pay Davis fifteen thousand dollars for three months of exploration, a hundred thousand dollars at the end of the first ninety days, and an additional hundred thousand dollars for every six-month period after that. Well before the ninety-day option expired, they knew they had something. Like all the other explorers I spoke with who had been involved in discoveries, Livermore could not recall any especially joyous or triumphant moment: he never cried "Eureka!" or danced a Walter Hustonesque jig. The modern discovery process is too attenuated to furnish much suspense. Since the modern explorer cannot see the gold, and has to wait for the assay results to come back from the lab, the drama is somewhat muted: if the celebratory moment occurs at all, it is often in front of a computer terminal. And the discovery is only a potential discovery until the metallurgists have finished testing the ore. The ore might be unoxidized, meaning the sulfides would have to be roasted out of it; it might be carbonaceous, meaning that much greater amounts of cyanide would be needed; the gold particles might be locked up inside the matrix of silica molecules, meaning the rock would have to be very finely ground. And even if the metallurgical tests yield a favorable cost-per-ounce estimate, the mine engineers still have to design an economically viable pit. They might discover that there was too much waste rock on top of or inside the deposit, so that the expense of stripping it would be greater than the value of the ore. Finally, assuming the deposit is found to be viable, the backers have to come up with the financing to put the ore body into production. Therefore, although the Dee was officially discovered in July, 1981, it took the Cordex Syndicate until April, 1983, to figure out whether or not it had a gold mine. The exploration and feasibility testing cost about two million dollars—a risk that, though it turned out to be well taken, stood a nine in ten chance of being for naught. Eighteen months more went by, during which the mill was constructed and the mine developed. Finally, on October 15, 1984, almost four years after Dee noticed his lineaments, the first bar of gold was poured.

"By that time, things had started to go pretty sour with Phil Davis," Livermore said. "He didn't like it too much that we'd named the mine after Dee, here, not after him. The big blowup came when Phil brought some friend of his up to the mine. He wanted to show him some carbonaceous ore. Phil must have got confused or something—we don't have any carbonaceous ore at the Dee, and I told him that. Phil got so mad. He called me a liar and went storming off. The thing that upset him so much, I guess, was that he'd been embarrassed in front of his friend. He's so darn sensitive. Anyhow, after that it was only a matter of time before he found a lawyer. I'll tell you, these mining lawyers—now, there's a good business."

MINING people venerate Livermore not only for the deposits he has discovered. He is also known as the man who discovered invisible gold. His search for it began in 1949, when he took a job at the Standard Mine, a small, marginally profitable gold mine outside Lovelock, Nevada. Like nearly all the gold mines in the country, the Standard had closed during the Second World War, and Livermore and his colleagues were supposed to get it running again. To do so, they needed to find some additional ore. For a few months, they searched for the structure that controlled the Standard deposit—that is, for the vein. Their work was predicated on the universally accepted theory of how North American lode deposits formed. The theory held that hydrothermal, gold-bearing solutions rise through the earth's crust along faults. Once they encounter the cooler temperature near the earth's surface, the gold is precipitated out of solution and into the wall rocks of the fault. How far the gold is disseminated into the rock can vary: if the host rock is extensively fractured, or if, over time, the mineralizing solutions rise repeatedly, the gold can form a kind of halo of low-grade ore around the rich heart of the deposit. At the Standard, the low-grade zone was extensive—it covered about three hundred and sixty thousand cubic feet of rock—but the exploration staff could not locate any profitable ore. After a few months, the owners ran out of money, and Livermore was out of a job.

He spent the next two years prospecting by himself in Nevada. He tried to get mining companies to hire him on a retainer basis (an arrangement he has instituted at Cordex) but had no luck. During his wanderings, he had a lot of time to think about gold. He went over and over in his mind the geology of the Standard deposit, and he became more and more convinced that his fellow-geologists had been incorrect in assuming the ore body to be merely an inferior version of the typical lode deposit. For one thing, the gold was in sedimentary rocks—limestone, siltstone, chert, shale—though according to the prevailing theories about ore deposits it ought to have been in volcanic rocks, like granodiorite or basalt. For another thing, the particles of gold were extremely small—invisible to the eye and to all but the most powerful microscopes. The gold was broadly and more or less uniformly disseminated over a relatively large area, so the ore body was more typical of a deposit of porphyry copper than of a gold deposit. From these pieces of knowledge Livermore began to assemble his own theory of how the Standard deposit and others like it formed. He thought that it might be a genetically different type, a type not classified by the theorists of ore deposits. As was the case with vein-type occurrences, his theory went, the gold had come up from the earth's magma in a hydrothermal solution, channelled by faults. However, the gold did not precipitate in the walls of the fault, forming a

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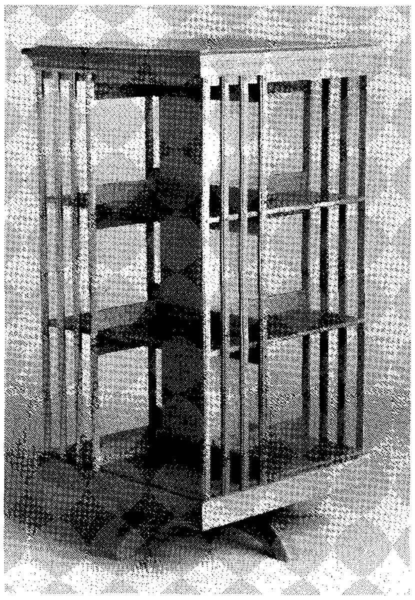

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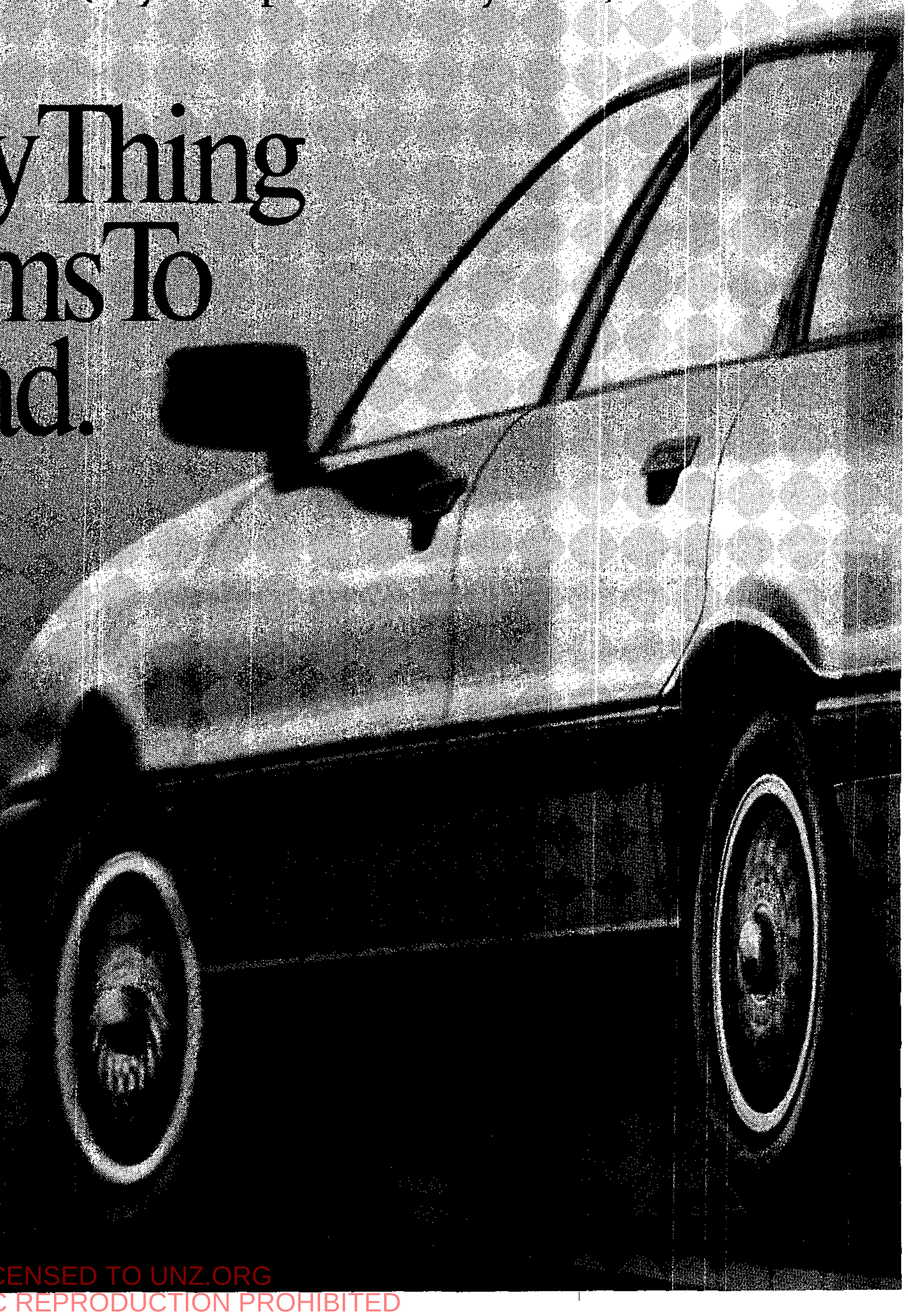

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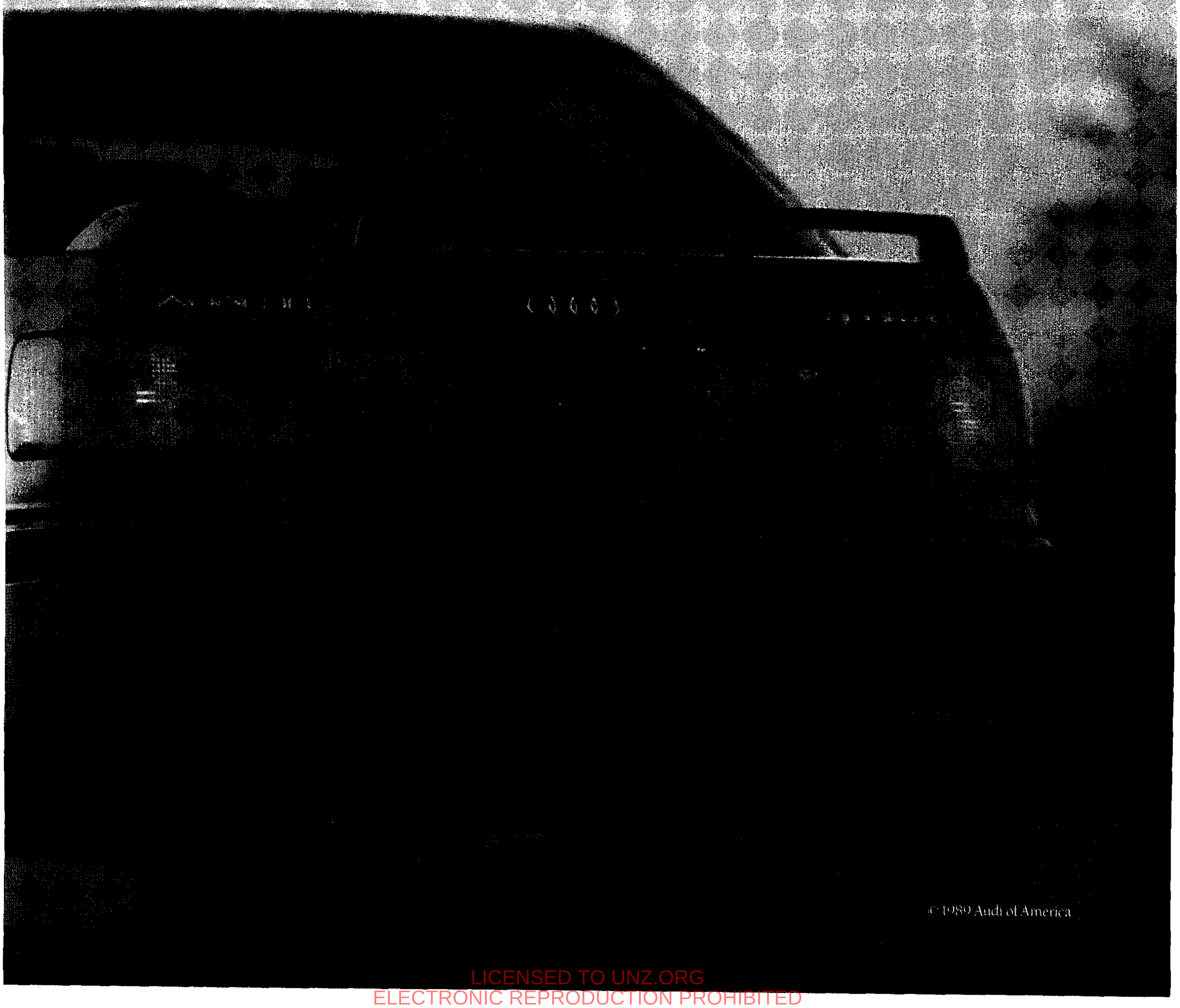

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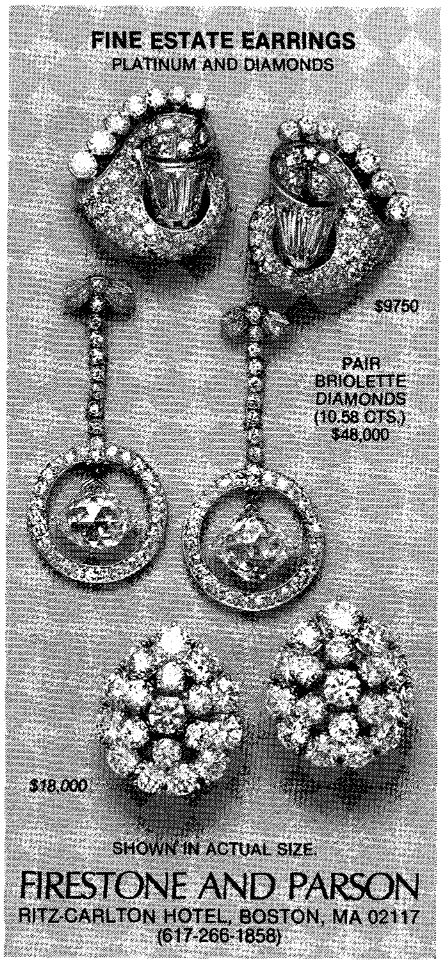

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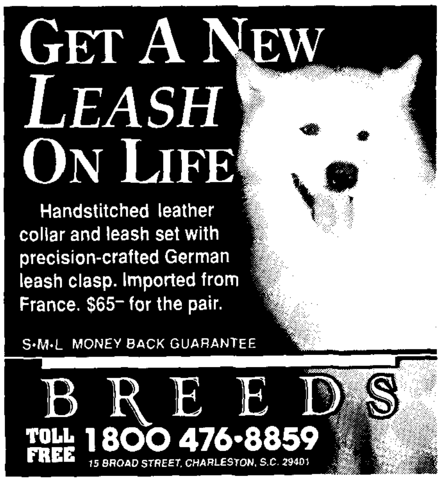

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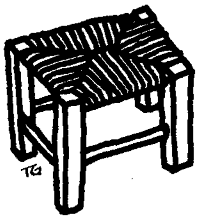
vein. The gold-bearing solution, being acidic, reacted with the limestone in the host rocks, dissolving the calcium-carbonate molecules and creating, as it were, pores, through which the tiny particles of gold could pass. Its progress would be aided if the host rock was already extensively fractured, as it was inclined to be in north-central Nevada, an area of intense tectonic activity.

During the early fifties, Livermore visited two other small, fitfully operating gold mines in the north-central part of the state, the Getchell and the Gold Acres, and at both he saw ore similar to the ore at the Standard. In each case, the ore was low grade, but, because the gold was broadly disseminated and close to the surface, it could be mined with an open pit, a much cheaper and simpler method than underground mining. If he could find a similar deposit with a slightly higher grade of ore, it could turn out to be very profitable.



"A lot of people said, 'Oh, come on, John, every creek and wash in north-central Nevada was gone over by the old-time prospectors,' " Livermore recalls. "Well, that was true. But the old-timers all used pans. What they'd do is they'd grind a sample up and pan it with water, and if they didn't see any colors in the bottom they'd move on. Of course, they'd never be able to see the gold I was talking about. They would have just rinsed it out without knowing it was there. But I could send all my samples back to the lab for assays. That was my advantage." His disadvantage was that he didn't know exactly, or even roughly, where he should look.

"A lot of days I'd go out and not take any samples at all," he says. "It's hard to explain exactly what I was doing—just getting to know the land. And I'd think about the research I'd done, and what I knew about gold anomalies, and after a while I'd see something that sort of fit in with what I was thinking about, and I'd pick that up and put it in my gunnysack. But for a long while I never got so much as a sniff. Still, I really and truly believed I would find gold. Of course, I could have been wrong—I have been wrong plenty of times when I had that feeling. But as a prospector you've got to have optimism. You have to believe you're going to find an ore body. A lot of geologists are so aware of how slender the chances are of ever finding gold that they sort of have a negative attitude. If you think you won't find gold, you can be darn sure you won't. Gold will always surprise you—more than any other mineral, I think. You can't predict it. You get some decent gold values in a sample and you sort of think to yourself, Aha, I'm on to you, I've got your secret this time. Then it turns out you don't—the gold was just playing with you.

"That's another thing you need as a prospector—an awful lot of patience. The gold will tease you and tease you, give you just enough hope to keep you going, but, one way or another, it almost always breaks your heart. Maybe the gold you find isn't an economical deposit, maybe somebody else got to it first, maybe it's a Bureau of Land Management or a Forest Service restriction, maybe the financing falls through. There's so much stacked against you. I know sometimes I've felt so awfully disappointed that I've thought about quitting and doing something else. But I keep at it. Really, I love it. I love going out and walking the land. Then again, sometimes I've wondered if the world was just passing me by. I'll see my friends, a head geologist here, a vice-president there, all rising up through the ranks. And what am I doing? Still the same old thing—walking around looking at rocks. I get lonely sometimes, too, living in those motel rooms, spending all day by myself. I ask myself why I'm prospecting. It's not to be rich. It's nice to have the money, but, honestly, that's not why I do this. I don't know. It's something about—about the finding. If I could just find that gold, then everything would be O.K. It's this endless puzzle, and sometimes—I don't know—it seems more important than it really is. But it has become really important for me, finding it. Not for the money, not for . . . I don't know what for. I just want to find it."

In 1952, he joined Newmont Mining's exploration staff. The company sent him to South America, where he prospected for copper; to Morocco, where he assisted a French company in a zinc-mining venture; and to Turkey, where he contracted hepatitis. In 1958, when he had recovered sufficiently, he was given an administrative job at the company's headquarters, in New York. Fred Searls, who was then the chairman of Newmont, thought that Livermore would make an excellent executive, but Livermore wasn't happy behind a desk. He was convinced that if he could prospect in Nevada he stood a reasonable chance of finding a gold mine. He explained his ideas to the head of Newmont's exploration program, a man named Robert Fulton. In 1960, Fulton, who had assigned Livermore to a base-metals mine in Eureka, Nevada, reluctantly agreed to give him a year or two more there to look for gold.

Copper was the metal of the moment; gold was not an attractive prospect in 1960. The price, thirty-five dollars an ounce, had remained unchanged since Roosevelt pegged it there in 1934, while the cost of mining had risen sharply over that period. By 1959, the only sizable gold-mining operation in the United States was the Homestake Mine, in Lead, South Dakota. No large deposits of gold had been discovered since the first years of the twentieth century; it was the general opinion of the mining industry that all the spectacular deposits in the continental United States had been found. North-central Nevada—Lander, Eureka, Humboldt, and Elko Counties—was a particularly improbable place to look: in more than a century of relatively intense prospecting there, only a small amount of gold, about a hundred and twenty thousand ounces all told, had been found.

In the evenings, it was, and remains, Livermore's habit to read mining journals and geological bulletins. In their pages he occasionally discovers a useful clue: perhaps an unusual assay value, or a tantalizing rock formation—something that focusses his research. One evening early in 1961, having settled in with an issue of the United States Geological Survey's Professional Papers series, he came across a two-and-a-half-page paper entitled "Alinement of Mining Districts in North-Central Nevada." Its author was a field geologist with the U.S.G.S. named Ralph J. Roberts.

"I remember I got terribly excited when I finished reading that little paper. Here was a guy, this fellow Roberts, who, totally independent of me, had worked out a theory to explain where the gold I was looking for was. I

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"Well, my biological clock is ticking, too, and it's saying that if I don't make partner by forty I'm history."

• •

found out he would be lecturing soon to the Eastern Nevada Geological Society, which was meeting in the Nevada Hotel in Ely. It was about a four-hour drive from Eureka. Altogether, about thirty other exploration geologists showed up, most of them just for the free dinner and a little conviviality—Nevada was considered Siberia in those days. Finally, when the coffee was being served, someone introduced Dr. Roberts. This very scholarly-looking gentleman stood up and began droning on in an academic way about why he thought north-central Nevada was a good place to look for mineral deposits. It was all very dry, and had I not encountered his ideas in that paper beforehand I might not have paid much attention. No one else in the room did. Anyway, the speech ended, people began drifting off to the bar; I walked up to Roberts and introduced myself. We shook hands. I guess that was the most important handshake of my life. Then we strolled into the bar together and started talking."

ABOUT twenty-seven years after that fateful meeting, I was eating at the counter in the Owl one evening when a tall man with professorially thick glasses and graying, tangled hair came through the door. Head bowed in thought, he moved at a stiff-legged gait, more like skating than walking, past the blackjack tables and into the Miner's Room, as the restaurant is called. The following evening, he came in again, and then on a third evening. Each time, he was trailed by three or four other men, who, to judge from their conversation—"I'd say we're in Pumpernickel Formation," "Nope. It's Vinini," "But we're seeing graptolites," "*You're* seeing graptolites"—were geologists. Once they were all seated, the leader of this little party would contribute occasionally to the conversation, and he had a trick to his voice—a habit of giving a quizzical, ethereal lift to the end of his sentences—that made even the most commonplace remark sound thoughtful. But more often he was silent, rocking his head, a slight smile on his lips—the master indulging his disciples.

Other men in the dining room, and especially newcomers to town—corporate executives who had flown out from Denver or Houston on reconnaissance tours, or property men discussing deals with one of the local prospectors—glanced furtively toward the geologists' table, whispered together, stared again, more boldly. "So that's *him*," these looks seemed to say.

On the third evening, I asked the waitress who he was.

"Oh, that's Doc Roberts," she said. "He's a real big shot around here."

Eventually, I introduced myself, and Roberts invited me over to his apartment for a chat. He occupied three rooms in a barracks-style cinder-block bungalow, which were littered with rock samples and maps. He pushed my way a bag that contained oatmeal cookies and wadded-up tissues, saying gravely, "It's my belief that food of this type stays fresher when moistened tissues are added to it. These cookies were drying out rather badly at first, but now we seem to have arrested the problem." I noticed his right thumb, an awful-looking thing, shrivelled and nailless and splinted, with a pin poking out of the top of it and no bandage. He examined it curiously and dispassionately for several seconds, turning it this way and that, almost admiring it. He had fallen, he said finally, on an outcrop outside town. An outcrop of calcareous siltstone, he added. Havallah Formation. Deposited in Pennsylvanian and Permian time.

There was, I eventually perceived, a good deal of humor in Roberts' show of pedantry. It was an exceptionally dry humor, and whether you responded to it or not was, it seemed, all the same to him. He amuses himself. He does not suffer mildly colleagues who challenge his contributions to geology, the greatest of which are his papers on the Paleozoic history of north-central Nevada. At the same time, he relishes controversy. Though he is by no means ill at ease in the spotlight, to be universally lionized is not altogether satisfying to the contrarian in him. Nowadays, mining people refer to Ralph

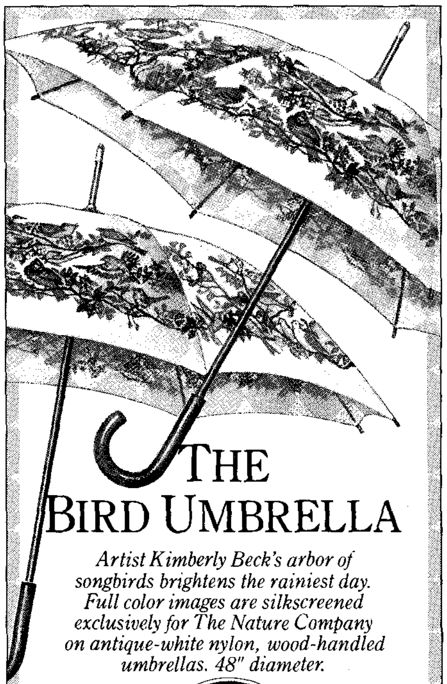
Roberts as "the father of the Carlin Trend." Thirty years ago, when he was unsuccessfully trying to convince people that the Carlin Trend existed, he was thought to be a sort of quack. He admits to a certain nostalgia for those days.

Ore deposits were only an occasional interest of Roberts' during his career with the U.S.G.S., which lasted forty-five years and ended in 1980, when he retired at the age of seventy. The paper that had so excited John Livermore was rather incidental to the work that Roberts had been engaged in for the better part of the previous decade: studying and mapping the structure and stratigraphy of the region, trying to unravel the mystery of its origin. "To me," he said, "ore deposits have always been just a part of the general geological picture, a small piece in the great puzzle, no more interesting than the other pieces." However, he did not believe, as some of the other geologists in the U.S.G.S. did, that "one had to remain entirely free of any commercial considerations in order to be a good scientist." Floating around the Survey was the idea that geologists who labored in the name of science were superior to geologists who labored in the name of Anaconda, Kennecott, Texaco, or Mobil. "Some U.S.G.S. members welcome the opportunity to work with the mining industry, and some don't," he told me. "I would say the majority don't, but I'm not with the majority there. I just don't see anything wrong with it. I think you can do commercial things as well as scientific things—it's useful to do both. You need both to make advances in the sciences and to communicate that knowledge."

In the late fifties, Roberts said, he began attending geological meetings around Nevada, lecturing, talking privately, telling whoever would listen that in his opinion a mineral belt, a vast swath of ore, ran through the north-central part of the state. It was only a theory, but Roberts, being a conceptual geologist, felt the charm of theory more warmly than most of his listeners. North-central Nevada had been of acute interest to geologists since 1878, when Clarence King, the leader of the Fortieth Parallel Survey, pointed out that the Paleozoic rocks of eastern Nevada are lithologically distinct from the Paleozoic rocks of the western half. The eastern rocks are carbonates, mostly limestone and dolomite, and the western rocks are siliceous—chert, shale, sandstone, and quartzite. Carbonate rocks form in shallow water, where carbon (from decaying marine life) and oxygen are abundant; silicas form in deeper water. Geologists therefore deduced that the North American continent must once have ended in the middle of Nevada, that the carbonates came from the continental shelf, the silicas from the ocean floor. That explained the origin of the rocks but not their structural juxtaposition. Some tectonic event must have uplifted the deep-water rocks and pushed them eastward onto the shallow-water rocks. And if that is what happened, then a fracture zone between the rocks ought to exist. In 1939, the year Roberts began working in Nevada, two older geologists, C. W. Merriam and C. A. Anderson, discovered and mapped a low-angle thrust fault, which they named (coincidentally) the Roberts Mountains thrust. They traced it north by northwest for nineteen miles, and speculated in their paper, published in 1942, that it might run much farther. They also discovered windows in the upper plate of the thrust—eroded patches in which the lower-plate rocks, the carbonates, were exposed. The two plates overlapped by a margin of at least thirteen miles, they believed.

In his doctoral thesis, published in 1949, Ralph Roberts identified the tectonic event responsible for the Roberts Mountains thrust. He named it the Antler Orogeny, after Antler Peak, one of several peaks in the highlands southwest of Battle Mountain. He traced the thrust fault through the Tuscarora Mountains and the Independence Mountains and into southern Idaho, nearly as far as Sun Valley. He also showed that the western rocks had travelled farther than Merriam and Anderson had suggested—approximately a hundred miles over the eastern assemblage. Finally, he identified additional windows in the upper plate—the Lynn Window, the Pinyon Window, the Bootstrap Window, and the Carlin Window.

In studying the windows along the Roberts Mountains thrust, Roberts noticed a peculiar circumstance: most of the ore taken out of north-central Ne-



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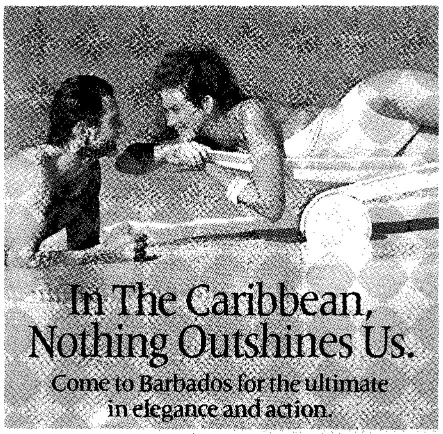

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vada had come from mines in or near the windows. Upon visiting the mines, most of which had closed down by the fifties, Roberts found stalks of much younger, intrusive rock near the ore bodies. He made several deductions. One was that the ore-bearing solutions rose along with the intrusives, about thirty-eight million years ago. A second was that the thrust zone, because of its structural weakness, provided less resistance to the intrusives than the more competent rock to the east and west did, and so they rose closer to the surface of the earth. And a third was that the windows were caused by doming; erosion had then scoured away the siliceous crust of these domes, leaving the underlying carbonate rocks exposed.

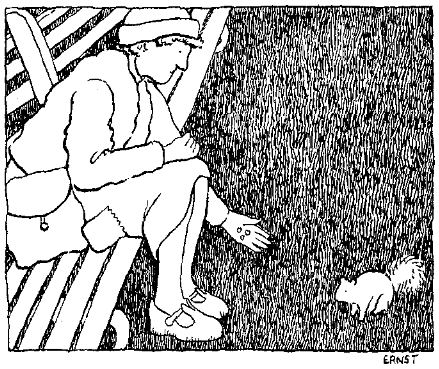
Two of the mines that Roberts visited were gold mines—the Bootstrap and the Gold Acres. In each case, the ore was in carbonate rocks. Like Livermore, Roberts knew that this was unusual and, like Livermore, he figured that the porosity and the high alkalinity of the limestones were responsible. Furthermore, Roberts believed that the overlying layer of siliceous rocks had acted as a sort of seal, concentrating the mineral solutions and protecting the mineralized carbonates from erosion and dispersal. Where the seal had worn thin—in the windows—miners had discovered ore. But these discoveries had been serendipitous. Roberts suspected that a good deal more ore could be found by systematically prospecting the windows. He also believed that other windows might be discovered along the thrust. And he thought it possible that between the windows, under the extant siliceous layer, lay a long, precious stripe of ore.

His audience, composed for the most part of economic geologists and mining engineers, did not respond as enthusiastically to his theories as Roberts would have liked. "They just didn't take me very seriously," he told me. "Nobody said to my face, 'Oh, this is just a lot of malarkey.' They simply yawned. I persuaded a few people to come on field trips with me. I brought the people from Kennecott up on the thrust—we stood right out there on Popovich Hill, right over the Carlin deposit. I brought a fellow from Homestake, too. Homestake could have had the whole of the Carlin Trend if it had wanted to. But these company geologists weren't going to listen to an academic type like me. They were all quivering with fear about losing their jobs."

I asked Roberts whether he had ever considered leaving the Survey and trying to capitalize on his ideas.

"Yes, at one time I was tempted very strongly to leave, when the Copper Canyon mine went on the market," he said. "It was being sold for a hundred and forty thousand dollars, and I had a friend with millions of dollars who would have supplied the money. That was a terribly good price, I knew, even at the price of gold then. Battle Mountain Gold now has six hundred million dollars' worth of gold there. In other words, it would have been a good bet, and I knew it. Quite possibly, I could have had the whole Carlin belt. I knew what was there before anyone else, and that gold is now worth about fifty billion dollars." He stopped to do a few calculations. "About sixty billion dollars, actually. But I was in the middle of my career, and I was working on publications that were important to me —important, I thought, to geology as a whole. So I just went on speaking my little piece, hoping that sooner or later I would encounter someone with enough inquisitiveness to test my ideas." He paused and examined his broken thumb for a while. "One always wonders what would have happened if John hadn't driven over from Eureka that day. What if he'd been held up? How long would the Carlin have sat there?"

At any rate, Livermore did drive over, and as a result of his chat with Roberts he and another Newmont geologist, Alan Coope, began prospecting just outside Eureka, near the Gold Acres mine, slowly working their way north along the Roberts Mountains thrust. Eventually, they came to the Lynn Window, up near the old Blue Star Mine. In October, 1961, three months after the Ely meeting, Roberts spent several days in the field with Livermore.



Roberts: "They were having some trouble differentiating the mineralized carbonates in the eastern assemblage from the silicified shales in the western assemblage. I helped set them straight."

Livermore: "Ralph was terribly concerned that we get the regional geology straight. Of course, it was very interesting, what he told us, but by then we were mainly concerned with the gold values we were getting in our surface samples."

Roberts: "There was a good deal of unnecessary busywork going on up there, in my opinion. Exploration geologists like that kind of thing—sampling this and sampling that. Once I've figured out the regional geology, I know where the ore body is. It's like shooting fish in a barrel, really."

Livermore: "Ralph wanted us to get a drill rig out there and take some core samples—deep ones, the deeper the better. Of course, he was desperately curious to know what the geology was like down there—one thousand, two thousand feet down."

Roberts: "After several days in the field, I said to myself, 'Well, at least I've put them on the right track. I'll let them do it their way.' And I left."

Livermore: "At a certain point, Ralph's advice became counterproductive to the discovery process. We didn't want him to go away mad, we just . . . Well, anyway, he left."

By this time, Livermore and Coope had collected a number of surface samples with low-grade gold values, around .03 ounces per ton. The most promising samples came from the area called Popovich Hill—named for Henry Popovich, an old prospector who lived up there in a shack. They chartered a bulldozer and cut three trenches. In one of the trenches they encountered eighty feet of rock averaging .20 ounces of gold per ton. "After that, we knew we had something very interesting," Livermore said. "We didn't know how big or how rich yet, but we knew that it was there. The drilling began the following summer. The third hole hit eighty-five feet of ore grading about one ounce to the ton. It was fantastic—even better than any of us had hoped for. Over the next two years, Newmont proved twelve million tons with an average grade of .32. It was that same submicroscopic gold I had first seen at the Standard, uniformly disseminated, no major metallurgical problems—it was just a beautiful ore body. My God, it was a beautiful ore body."

The Carlin, as the ore body came to be called, turned out to be a three-million-ounce deposit, at that time the second largest deposit ever discovered in the United States. The mine went into production in 1965.

Livermore's discovery brought many more explorers to north-central Nevada. Gold briefly came back into fashion. The fickleness of the mining industry was amusing to men like Don Smith. "I had been trying to peddle my claims as copper properties," he told me. "Copper had been the big thing around here since 1960. Round about '64, everyone starts going, 'Have you got any gold for me? Invisible gold, that's what we're looking for.' Suddenly, everybody's crazy for invisible gold. So I said, 'Sure, I got gold properties. Sure it's invisible. That's all I got, invisible-gold properties.' You see, it don't make no difference so far as the Mining Law's concerned whether you're staking for copper or gold."

By the end of the decade, however, the enthusiasm for gold had waned. Only one other ore body, the Cortez, was discovered during the sixties. Livermore, who had been transferred to Canada immediately after the Carlin discovery, returned to Nevada in 1970 and, along with a geologist named Peter Galli, established Cordex. In 1971, they and their small staff found the Preble and the Pinson—two Carlin-type deposits, much smaller and less profitable ore bodies than the Carlin itself. In 1976, a prospector found the Alligator Ridge deposit, near Eureka. But none of the really extraordinary deposits that lie along the Carlin Trend—the Gold Quarry, the Post, the Goldstrike—were discovered until the first five years of this decade.

In a sense, these ore bodies did not exist until 1979 or 1980—not in their present size, at least. Nature cannot create gold so quickly, but the marketplace can turn a mass of waste rock into an ore body virtually overnight. The definition of gold ore—of any kind of ore, for that matter—is rock that can be mined profitably. The average rock contains infinitesimal amounts of lead, zinc, copper, silver, gold, and many other minerals. The granite in the Empire State Building contains five parts of gold per billion. If the price of gold rose high enough, the Empire State Building would turn into a skyscraper of gold ore. But if it then turned out that all the incidental costs of mining the building—buying it, paying lawyers to negotiate with the Landmarks Preservation Commission, complying with the city's environmental standards—exceeded the market value of the gold, the Empire State Building would revert to being a skyscraper of waste rock. What the alchemist once conjured for with a caldron and a mandala, the accountant, it seems, can figure on a calculator and a computer. All kinds of transmutations are possible. A hundred tons of rock sitting in the back of a haul truck can be a hundred tons of ore when it leaves the mine and a hundred tons of waste when it reaches the mill, because of the cost of the diesel fuel.

Calculations of this kind matter enormously in the Carlin Trend ore bodies, for most of them are low-grade deposits. For example, the average ton of rock at the Dee deposit contains .07 ounces of gold—less than a big cavity's worth. If the price of gold is four hundred dollars an ounce, the gross value of that ton is twenty-eight dollars. Cordex can mine, treat, and transport that ton for about nineteen dollars. So the rock is gold ore, highly profitable ore: in 1988, the Dee netted over ten and a half million dollars. If the price of gold fell to a hundred and fifty dollars an ounce, though, the gross value of that ton would be ten dollars and fifty cents, less than the total cost of producing it, and so the rock would be considered waste. Then if the production costs fell to ten dollars the rock would change back into ore. The reduction in costs could come from any part of the budget: maybe a new technology would make milling cheaper, maybe the state legislature would vote a tax decrease for gold mines, maybe a financial officer would figure out a way of borrowing money at a lower rate of interest. But the greatest variable in the economics of these deposits is the price of gold. Each time the price rises, a certain portion of the country rock around Battle Mountain turns into ore; each time the price falls, some portion of it changes back into waste. It is a peculiar sensation to wander in a desolate scrap of rangeland outside town—

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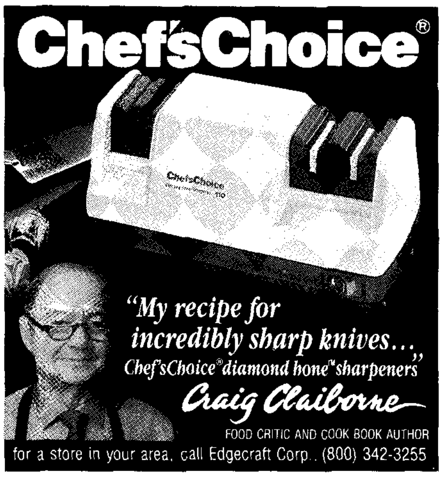

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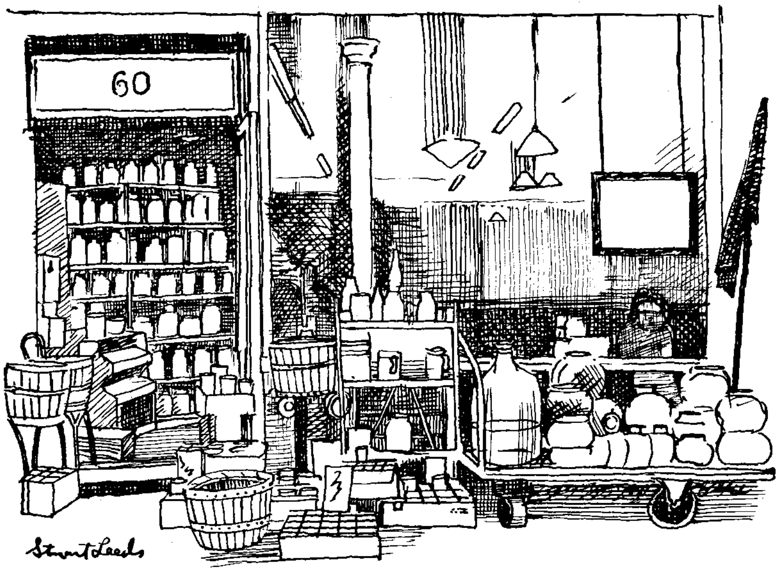
a cow's skull here, a rusty wagon wheel there, a dust devil moving among the scuttling tumbleweeds—and to think that maybe tomorrow, because of a buying spree in, say, the Hong Kong market, the ground under your feet will be a viable gold mine.

The daily permutations in the price of gold are a phenomenon unique to this bonanza—a phenomenon that was unknown in the gold rushes of old. Until the mid-nineteen-seventies, the price that an American miner could get for his gold was decided by the government, not the market. From 1792, when Alexander Hamilton defined the value of a United States dollar as twenty-four and three-quarters grains of pure gold, to 1971, when Richard Nixon formally abandoned the last vestige of the gold standard, gold was a monetary institution. Gold (and, from time to time, silver) guaranteed the value of paper money, and in order to keep that value constant the price of gold had to be controlled. Although the gold standard as most people understand it—a guarantee that the government will redeem anyone's dollars for their value in gold—was suspended in the Emergency Banking Relief Act of 1933, a related system, the foreign-exchange gold standard, was adopted eleven years later at the Bretton Woods Conference, and was used thereafter to regulate international trade. The currencies of the participating countries were valued in terms of the dollar, and the dollar was valued in terms of gold. In theory, the United States would redeem the dollars in foreign treasuries for gold bullion; in practice, since the dollar was generally considered to be as good as gold, such transactions were rare. During the sixties, however, as the United States sank into its now familiar slough of annual trading deficits, this system began to disintegrate. Foreign creditors, no longer so sure of the integrity of the dollar, began demanding payment in bullion. In 1971, hoping to correct the chronic trade imbalance, the Nixon Administration raised the official price of gold from thirty-five dollars an ounce to thirty-eight dollars, in effect lowering the value of the dollar. Fourteen months later, the price was raised again, to $42.22 an ounce. But the run on the dollar continued, and so the Nixon Administration abandoned its efforts to control the price of gold. Thereafter, the dollar would be valued in terms of other major currencies, not in terms of gold. Gold, relieved of its monetary authority, became a commodity. Like wheat, sugar, copper, and cattle, gold could now be traded on the open market, and the market, not government policy, would determine its value. Franklin Roosevelt's sanctions against private bullion transactions were repealed by President Ford in 1974. In 1975, a gold market opened on the New York commodities exchange.



It was widely supposed that with the freeing of restrictions on gold ownership the demand for and thus the price of gold would rise, and this is indeed what happened. By the end of 1975, the Comex price was a hundred and forty dollars an ounce. Then, as the novelty of owning bullion wore off, the price began to sink, and by mid-1976 it was below a hundred and ten dollars. Over the next two years, it rose—at first very gradually, then more quickly: it broke two hundred dollars an ounce in August, 1978. For the next six months, it rose and dipped fitfully, falling below two hundred again in November of that year, rising above two hundred and fifty the following February.

A lot of the exploration that went on in Nevada in the nineteen-seventies was "head frame" geology—prospecting around the glory holes and tunnels sunk by the old-timers—and some small-scale mining was done on the waste dumps, now become ore dumps, outside the old mines. But the mining industry did not plunge into the gold business. Miners, who are, whether by nature or by experience, generally cautious, skeptical people, distrusted the instability in the price of the metal. None of them wanted to commit millions of dollars to a project and discover five or ten years later, when the development work was complete, that a bear market had turned their gold ore back into waste.

Every mining endeavor must contend with variations in the price of the mineral it is producing, but the behavior of products used in industry—such as copper, barite, and molybdenum—is on the whole easier to predict than the behavior of gold. The demand for industrial minerals is relatively stable from year to year. The price of molybdenum, an alloy used in hardening steel, rises or falls with the fortunes of the automotive industry. The price of copper depends mainly on the performance of the housing industry. And the number of new cars and new houses built each year depends, in turn, on the state of the economy in general. Though no one can exactly predict the future of the national economy, one can at least make educated guesses.

The price of gold, however, doesn't conform so neatly to the fundamental laws of supply and demand. The supply is drastically limited. If you took all the gold mined in the last six thousand years, melted it, and poured it into a cube, the cube would measure fifty-four feet a side. It would weigh a hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred tons. (The American steel industry produces the same amount of steel in four hours.) Yet the industrial demand for gold—dentistry, wiring, and jewelry are the main industrial markets—consumes only sixty-seven per cent of the annual production in non-Communist countries, which in 1986 was over sixty-three million ounces. (The Soviet Union, thought to be the second-largest gold producer in the world, doesn't release its production or sales figures, so the industry must rely on Central Intelligence Agency estimates.) The rest is bought by governments, banks, bullion dealers, and individuals, for reasons that a historian, or a psychologist, is perhaps best equipped to explain. Roy Jastram, an economist, demonstrated in a book called "The Golden Constant" that gold, over a period of centuries, has maintained its purchasing power in terms of basic goods and services—bread, tea, cloth, land. He proved that people who buy gold as a hedge against economic fluctuations—a motive that impels many investors—will, in the long run, benefit from their investment. But toward the end of his analysis he felt compelled to add, "It is not easy to be dispassionate where gold is concerned," and he went on, "However scientific one may try to be, there is a nagging feeling that something deeper than conscious thought, not an instinct but perhaps a race-memory, distorts perspective. For gold is inexorably entwined with two of man's primordial needs: the imperative to survive and the desire to possess and enjoy beauty."

One must also take into account what Jastram calls the Attila Effect. Many people use gold as an insurance against economic, political, or natural catastrophes—as an asset that will fit under the mattress or, if necessary, in one's pockets as one flees. This attitude is not prevalent in America; the American investor who feels uncertain about the future is more likely to put money into blue-chip stocks, treasury bills, or an account in a reliable bank (or into a handgun) than into gold. But in North Africa, the Middle East, the Persian Gulf states, and Southeast Asia, in countries whose financial institutions are less reliable, gold is the basic form of savings. Therefore, the demand for gold usually rises as the level of international tension rises. Earthquake, war, revolution, financial panics—almost any kind of truly miserable news is likely to be good news for the price of gold. People who are "in" gold, whether as investors or as producers, tend to acquire a kind of apocalyptic attitude toward world events. Almost everyone I met in Battle Mountain, from the lordliest chief executive to the lowliest prospector, was able to quote the latest price of gold, and if the New York price differed substantially from the London price I was likely to get both. In the evenings, subjects like the

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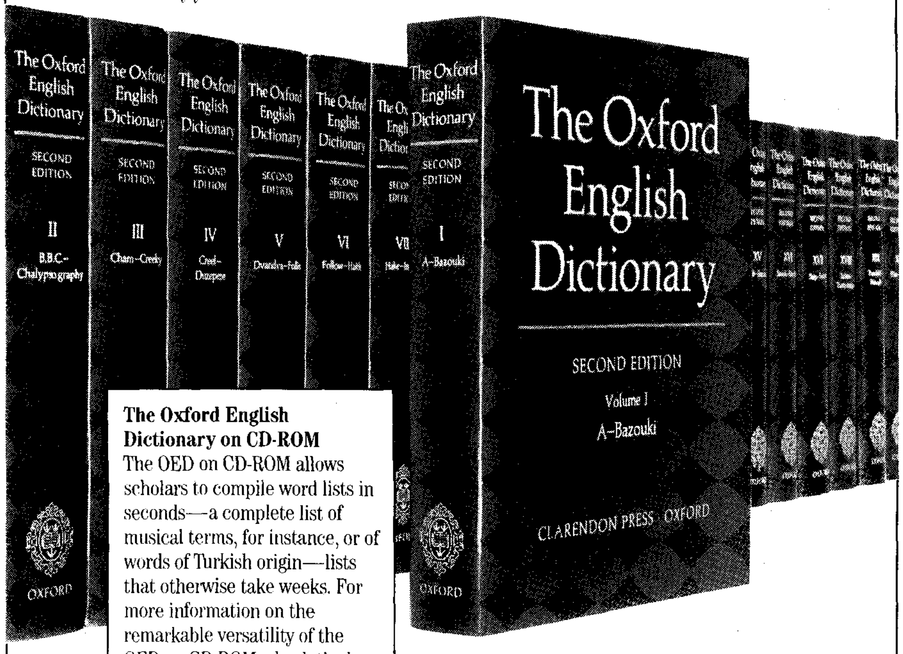

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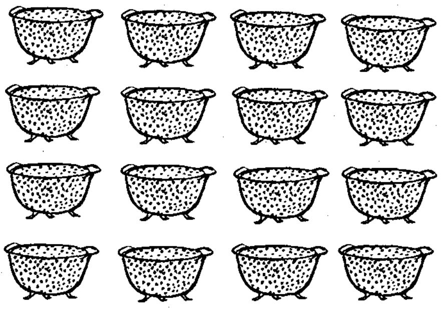

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Persian Gulf war, the West Bank rebellion, and the downing of the Iranian airliner were discussed at the bar in the Owl as enthusiastically as, say, the forthcoming stock-car race or the new girls in the Calico Club, across the tracks. A deterioration in the monthly United States trade figures, a jump in the Consumer Price Index—these were joyful tidings. The budget deficit was the subject of more than a few boozy fantasies. In a favorite scenario, foreign creditors finally realize that the United States can never repay its debts; the ensuing panic destroys the value of the dollar; to restore confidence in its currency, the federal government goes back to the gold standard; the price of an ounce of gold is pegged at a thousand dollars, maybe two thousand dollars (to bring the value of the government's bullion reserves in line with the money supply); and everyone sitting here in the bar this evening gets rich.

THERE comes a moment in the life of every bonanza when the explorers and the small miners are eclipsed by the speculators and the entrepreneurs, when the rush of humanity is replaced by a rush of capital. In Nevada, that moment came around January 21, 1980. The rapid sequence of crises in the late seventies—the revolution in Iran, the taking of the Embassy hostages, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, a recession in the United States—caused a vertiginous ascent in the price of gold. Between January 2, 1979, and January 21, 1980, the Comex price of gold rose from two hundred and twenty-two dollars an ounce to eight hundred and twenty-five dollars an ounce. Gold—not just gold coins and raw metal but all gold-based financial instruments (futures, options, securities)—became a seductive investment. Gold stocks were especially attractive, since the shareholder was, in theory, making two investments at once: both in the company's earnings and in the gold it had in the ground. To meet the demand for gold-mining equities, scores of new companies were formed. The combined value of North American gold-mining stocks rose from about two hundred million dollars in 1980 to twenty-seven billion dollars in 1987. During the same period, and partly for some of the same reasons (mainly recession in the United States), the price of most base metals dropped. Silver collapsed. Oversupply ended the oil boom. Mining companies like AMAX, which was mostly in molybdenum, and Duval, which had been in copper, and Echo Bay, which had been in silver, began mining gold. By 1985, ten of the twelve deposits along the Carlin Trend had been "discovered." By February of 1985, the price of gold had fallen below two hundred dollars an ounce, temporarily taking the edge off the financial world's enthusiasm, but it swiftly regained three hundred, and during the next two years it established itself in the three-hundred-to-four-hundred-dollar range. Since the average cost of mining a Carlin-type deposit was two hundred and fifty dollars an ounce, any price over three hundred dollars was comfortable, and as the market, after its youthful fickleness, settled in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars the metals analysts began to say that gold had found its "true" value.

Among the financiers who recognized the potential of the North American gold-mining industry none has been more successful than Peter Munk, the founder and chairman of American Barrick. Munk's company has grown with spectacular speed: it was the fifth-best performer on the New York Stock Exchange in 1987 (the price of the stock rose almost a hundred and seventy-eight per cent). Barrick is now the third-largest producer of gold in North America. Its richest property is the Goldstrike deposit, just a few miles south along the Trend from the Dee.

Munk is a Hungarian-born, Swiss-educated Canadian citizen; he speaks with the kind of Slavic accent favored by villains in James Bond movies, and he articulates his words with a military precision. He made his first fortune selling hi-fis in Canada in the nineteen-sixties. He went into the hotel business in the seventies, and by the end of the decade he and a partner, David Gilmour, had built up the largest chain of hotels in the South Pacific. In 1980, he sold that business for a hundred and thirty million dollars and began looking for a new venture. In the spring of 1980, Munk told me, he watched on television the events leading up to Zimbabwe's independence: "I thought of Ian Smith, who had fought for ages to keep Rhodesia from becoming Zimbabwe, and yet he was just overwhelmed by events. And I said to myself, 'Aha!' I said. 'Peter, if Rhodesia can go, why not South Africa? And if

South Africa goes, what will happen to gold?' ”

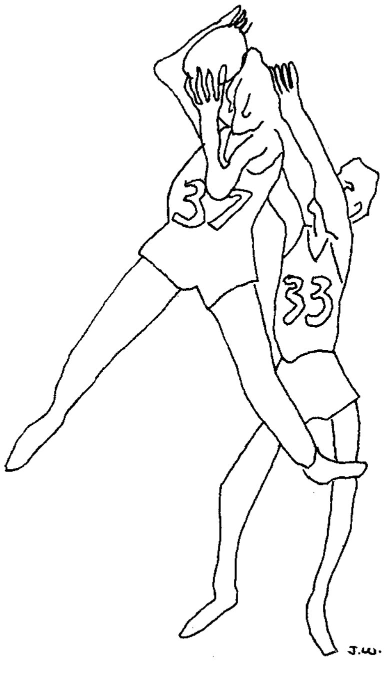
Munk's office in Toronto, where our conversation took place, is a spacious room with silk-covered walls. A table with crystal glasses on it sat in one corner of the room, and Munk strolled over to it and poured himself a glass of water. “Those South African mining companies showed a profit by sending people twelve thousand feet below the ground, where they worked in inhuman conditions, on their hands and knees, in hundred-and-ten-degree heat. In conditions beyond my comprehension and yours, my dear friend. And they did this for just over forty pounds a week—not a day, a week. I said to myself, ‘How long will this last, Peter? How long?' ” He took a drink of water, then answered himself: “ ‘Not long.' ” He snatched from the pocket of his suit an artfully arranged handkerchief, dabbed at the corners of his mouth, repocketed it with a poke, set the glass noiselessly down, and began pacing the carpet.

“Now, the large European institutional-fund managers traditionally invested around ten per cent of their portfolios in South African gold stocks. Excellent growth, excellent discipline, huge market caps—above all, secure. This was their insurance, you see. If some monstrous calamity destroyed the value of the rest of their portfolio—well, that same calamity would presumably cause the price of gold to soar. That was the theory, at any rate. But I was thinking, What if the calamity occurs in South Africa? Do you see? Hmm? I didn't think it would be long before the investment-fund managers started realizing you don't build your insurance house on top of a volcano. I knew it wouldn't be long before they started looking for insurance houses in more stable countries. So I asked myself, ‘Peter, what is the most secure country in the world for investment?' Of course, the answer was obvious. The United States of America.”

An assistant buzzed to announce a phone call that Munk had been waiting for. I was escorted next door, to a dining room. When I returned, some ten minutes later, I found Munk pacing again; he immediately resumed his speech.

“I looked at the New York Stock Exchange. I saw not a single major diversified gold company listed on it. There were hundreds of manufacturing companies, maybe a hundred and fifty utilities— Here you had the largest stock index in the world, and yet only four or five companies listed there mined gold. And none of them was at that time a gold-mining operation exclusively, which is what the Europeans require. Of course, there were hundreds of gold-mining companies listed on the Vancouver and Toronto exchanges, but they were much too small to attract the institutional investors.

“You see, the gold-mining business in 1980 was still in a remarkably primitive state. It was like the last dinosaur, financially speaking. Almost every other North American industry you look at, you find people have gone into them and modernized them, but the gold-mining business remained fossilized for over one hundred years. A lot of small companies loaded with debt going about things very conservatively, without the benefit of modern technology or modern finance.” He shook his head sadly. “The typical company had an explorationist, and he would root around, find the perfect site, which was his baby, and he wouldn't tolerate anyone's looking anywhere else. He would sit on it for twenty-five years, as though to make it hatch from inertia. You had a situation where people couldn't see the forest for the trees. A miner becomes worried about such things as milling capacity and refractory ore, and he loses sight of the big picture—which is why a fellow like me, who knew nothing about mining, could come in and shake things up.”



Munk walked over and sat down in one of the armchairs. He lowered his voice to a cozier pitch. “You see, the great locomotive of change is money, always money. Nothing changes without money. I have foreseen a period of dramatic consolidation and rationalization in the gold-mining business, all caused by this money—exactly what happened in the oil business, the automotive business, the computer business. Well, my God!” He stood up. “Look at what has happened just in the past five years! A whole new sector—gold producers—has been created on the major North American exchanges, and that sector was the best performing in most of 1986 and 1987. An industry has flowered. People talk about a gold rush. The Nevada gold rush. What we have here is a gold rush of capital. Money!” Out came the handkerchief again; this time, Munk pressed it to his forehead. “It's the money, you see. It always brings about mergers, acquisitions, takeovers, and that's the way an industry matures. The small companies come more and more into the shelter of the benevolent big companies, until there are only four or five enormous producers, much as is the case in South Africa now. That's the future of the mining industry in North America. Right now there are thirteen large North American producers.” He ticked them off on his fingers. “Newmont, Homestake, Barrick, Echo Bay, Battle Mountain Gold, Amax, Placer Dome, Pegasus, Freeport McMoRan, FMC, Hemlo, Lac, Corona. That is too many—thirteen. Half, at least, will have to be swallowed. And I realized this right from the beginning.

“So it was my objective to form a diversified company for European investors, to give them a viable alternative to South Africa. We announced that at the beginning. I was totally committed to that idea, for I believed that there would be a major shift of funds away from the South African market, be it for economic or political reasons. And I also felt that such an enterprise would generate enormous wealth for the people involved.”

He began pacing rapidly. “Now, in contrast to the tradition of mining, I didn't go hunting for gold, I didn't hire anyone to look for it. I didn't want to wait for some prospector to find it, then have the geologists and the engineers come in and run feasibility studies—a process that could take ten

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years. We had to forget about exploration. I wanted to act immediately, to grow by acquisition, not exploration. So I thought I would go to the oil companies that had bought up the mining properties during the oil boom of the late nineteen-seventies. By this point, of course, the boom was over. So I went to them"—he pantomimed opening a door and walking into an office—"and I said, 'What are you doing in mining? Do you think your investors buy your stocks because you are in mining? No. They would buy your stock if they saw an improvement in your balance sheet. I'll give you cash. You don't want to be in mining anyway. Hell, you're not a miner.' And so you know something? They said, 'Peter, we agree with you.'

"So I bought the Renabie Mine in '83. Then I bought Valdez Creek. You see, I would only buy mines with proven reserves—I didn't care to take on any more risk than I had to. And then I needed people to mine my properties. So I went to analysts, put my feet up, and said, 'What is the best mining company around in terms of personnel?' And they all said, 'Why, Peter, it's Camflo.' So I bought it. In 1985, I bought the Mercur mine. And in 1987 I bought the Goldstrike property, on the Carlin Trend. I paid sixty-eight million dollars for it. Everyone said, 'Oh, Peter, that's too much, sixty-eight million.' Now we have found six billion dollars in reserves at the Goldstrike, and everyone says 'You paid only sixty-eight million? What a deal!'

"Of course, now it's a different story as far as buying mines and mining companies goes. It's not so easy. I know. I sat in Hugh Liedtke's office—the chairman of Pennzoil—and tried to get him to sell me one of his companies. And as I came out the door the investment bankers were waiting to go in, and they went in and said, 'Don't sell this company to Munk. Let us take it public for you.'

"Still, this is a great business. This is the greatest business there ever was. The feeling I have, being in this business, it's like the feeling of Christmas. You have no selling cost, no advertising cost, no inventory cost, and you can borrow off your product and sell it forward at a premium. To me, this is Christmas. You can get gold out of the ground for two hundred and fifty dollars an ounce and sell it for four hundred and fifty. There's never been a business like this. It's a great business when the price of gold is three hundred and fifty dollars an ounce. I've got bullion dealers lined up outside my door, from J. Aron, from Citibank, just waiting to buy my gold." He gestured toward the door, as though they were waiting to get in. Then he shot his hands forward, so that his cuffs slid back. "Look at my hands. You see no gold rings on them. I'm not a gold bug. I would go into these companies I was thinking of buying, and they would have charts going up to the ceiling, figuring their profits with the price of gold at one, two, three thousand dollars an ounce. They all lived with this dream, you see. Well, I'm not interested in dreams. I get gold loans, I sell forward and option a certain percentage of my production, I have so much upside that I can trade off a portion of it to protect my downside. And I can still hand over to my shareholders a hundred-per-cent profit.

The intercom buzzed again: Munk's next visitor was waiting for him. Touching my elbow lightly, he escorted me to the door.

"A lot of people in this business, they walked around with gloomy faces after October 19th. They thought the price of gold would skyrocket when the crash came. They were betting on it, and it didn't happen, so they got depressed. But I was happy. An October 19th makes it harder for the investment bankers to take mining companies public, you see. And it makes the mining companies cheaper, because their shares go down. That's how it works. In bad times, you buy other companies. In good times, you sell shares. That's how I.T.T., Phillips, and G.M. grew, and we're seeing that right now with gold. If the price of gold goes down again, I'm going to be in a very favorable position. I'm not saying the price of gold will go down. In some ways, the price of gold is tragically low right now. I'm saying I can run this company if the price drops. Anyone can make money when the price of gold goes up—it's running a company in a downturn that makes you worth your salary. After all, what are brains for?"

TOWARD the end of my stay in Battle Mountain, I ran into Phil Davis again. I spotted him coming out of a tanning parlor in the center of town. On his shoulder he was carrying a long, flat cardboard box; he carried it to his Toyota and carefully rested it in the bed. "Tanning machine," he said. "Got myself a tanning machine. Might as well have it all, that's what I say. Might as well have it all."

He was in a state of high excitement, positioning the box just so in the truck, stooping to rub a tarnished spot on the hubcap, patting his pockets for the receipt. "What you doin'? Say, I talked to my lawyers, and they told me, No way, man. No way can I talk to you. See, this thing is just too big. There are people, see, people who are going to get hurt. Some people have got just a little big for themselves, know what I mean? Kind of puffed themselves up too big. And now they're going to be brought down. People think that they can insult you. Well, let 'em. I don't hate anybody. But you talked to Don Smith, and I know you're talking to John Livermore"—he winked—"ain't ya? So I guess you know pretty much what goes on here."

From a truck going by on Front Street someone yelled out "Hey, Phil!" and Phil looked up, startled. Then, recognizing the man, he began signalling for him to come back, but the truck kept going.

Phil climbed into his Toyota. "You see, I'm not fooling around with no couple of claims. I got me fifty-eight square miles of property. Think about that. That's more than any of these big companies got. I got forty square miles of claims right in one place. Mines all around me. And when I find my mine I'm going to do it myself. I got the Rothschilds trying to loan me money. They want to give me a hundred million bucks. I told the Rothschilds, No way, man. See, I don't need to be fooling with any Rothschilds or anybody else. No-o-o way." He banged his hand angrily on the side of the truck.

I said I was disappointed because I hadn't been able to see the gold-plated Cadillac up close.

"Yep. It's the one they all dream about." He laughed for a couple of seconds. "Well, look, you follow me in that vehicle of yours and I'll show it to you."

We drove east into the desert, then turned down a little road that led to Phil's place. It was just a big seventeen-acre square out in the sagebrush, with some white gravel sprinkled around for a driveway. The white trailer was on one side of the gravelled

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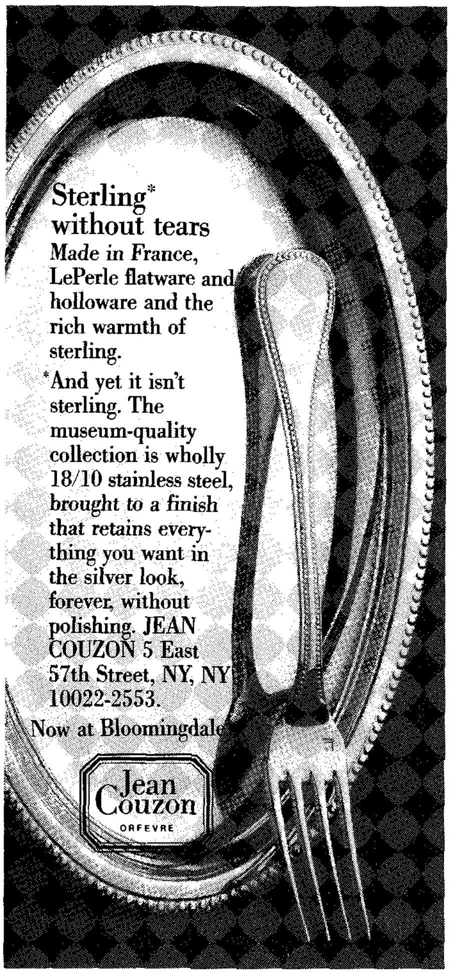
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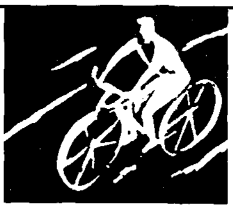
patch, and on the other side was a brand-new blue prefab. The place looked like a machine yard. There were machines everywhere—a Volkswagen with a Cadillac front end stuck onto it, a Ford pickup in which a Cadillac engine had been installed, a backhoe, a Caterpillar shovel, a tractor trailer, and—a surprising sight in so arid a climate—a boat, a thirty-foot cruiser. The boat looked new. "Never used it," Phil said. "It's there if I need it, though. Yep, it's there if I need it."

And, of course, there was the gold-plated Cadillac, a Biarritz model. Phil leaned over and stared at the hood ornament, lips pursed discerningly. "Got three diamonds, here, here, and here, and the rest is genuine emeralds and rubies. Get down next to it so you see the sun hit it. See that there? When you're driving and the sun hits that son of a bitch, it just lights up like a fireball. Now, if you'll just step over here"—his diction was rising with the solemnity of the occasion—"here you see I got my emeralds, diamonds, and rubies on this side, and over here emeralds, diamonds, and rubies, too." He said it like a chant: "Emeralds, diamonds, and rubies." I remarked on the color of the body—tan—and Phil said sure, that it was the right color for this country. "This is some kind of country," he went on. "There's more opportunity out here than a man can say grace over. You're free, you know. You should move out here. See those mountains over there, and over there, all around? I can see all of them from out of my windows." He pointed to the prefab. "See, I got my new house over here. I could have had a house built, but that takes time, and all, and I'm kind of in a hurry, so I just got one of these things hauled in. We'll go over and take a look inside of her just to see what we got."

At the door, he fumbled for a while with a fat ring of keys before finding the right one. Then we went in. "See, I got me my living room here, and this is where I'll do most of my living, when I get around to it, so I got her fixed up pretty nice. This whole console here"—he waved toward the TV, stereo, VCR, and CD player—"this thing run me around six thousand. You should hear it when I get it cranked up. It's about like to blow your ears off." There were no records, cassettes, CDs, or videos to do any testing with, so Phil switched on the TV. "Sit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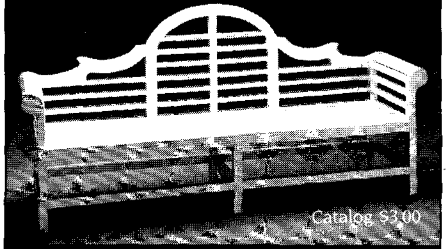

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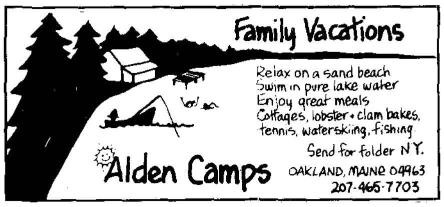

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down in that sofa there. Sits nice, don't it? I had these curtains made custom, and I think they did a nice job. Lot of custom stuff here, see, I wanted it just a certain way."

The tour continued. A display case built into the hallway wall and covered with glass contained souvenirs and keepsakes: a Shriner's fez with the words "El Farah" written on it in rhinestones; a picture of Barry Goldwater; a certificate declaring Phil Davis to be the legal uncle of a local bulldog (the meanest fighter in the whole county, according to Phil) which the dog had authorized with its paw ("It's her right paw, you see, she's right-handed"); and a picture of Lucky, an Alsatian, which had been Phil's dog for sixteen years. "And I got me the kind of plants you don't have to water." He pointed at a rubber plant. "I got my guest bedroom and my exercise room—that's where the tanning machine is going to go—and here's my master bedroom." Phil swung the door open ceremoniously, then shepherded me toward the closet. It was stuffed with suits and shirts, all new-looking and meticulously hung. There was a yachting outfit with yellow epaulets. On a shelf over the clothes rack were stacks of hats—about forty hats altogether. We looked at the big pink bath in the bathroom, and then went back toward the kitchen. "The main thing is I got enough food in here so I don't ever have to go into town if I don't want to." He opened a cupboard that contained neat rows of canned peas, canned beans, canned spaghetti, and yellow Gatorade—around fifteen items in each row—and nothing else.

Outside, the clean, fierce desert sunlight was particularly blinding, reflecting up from the white gravel. Phil walked me back to my car. I asked if he needed help with the tanning machine, and he said no, he would get to that later. "Right now I think I'll go over there and take a nap," he added. He waved toward his old white trailer, and I asked whether he was still living there. He said he was. "Yeah, I guess that old crate kind of grew on me in the days back before I got my gold mine. Became a living habit, you know. Now I can't seem to get out of it."

—John Seabrook

• •

IN ANOTHER TIME

Actually it was because you stopped,
but there was no need to,
the forest wasn't too dark, and yet
you stopped and then went on a little way,
as though to embarrass the idea of stopping.
By then the everything
was involved in night:
cars were discharging patrons in front of theatres
where light swelled, then contracted
into tiny slivers. Then listened.

A kind of powdered suburban poetry fits
the description, and isn't
precisely it. There was no briskness,
yet things got quickly done.
The cartoon era of my early life
became the printed sheaves, and look:
What's printed on this thing?
Who knows what it's going to be?
Meanwhile it gasps like a fish on a line.

It is no doubt a slicker portrait
than you could have wished, yet all
the major aspects are present:
there you bent down under the waterfall
as though to read little signs
in the moss and it all came to life
but quietly. There is no way to transcribe it.

—John Ashbery

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THE THEATRE

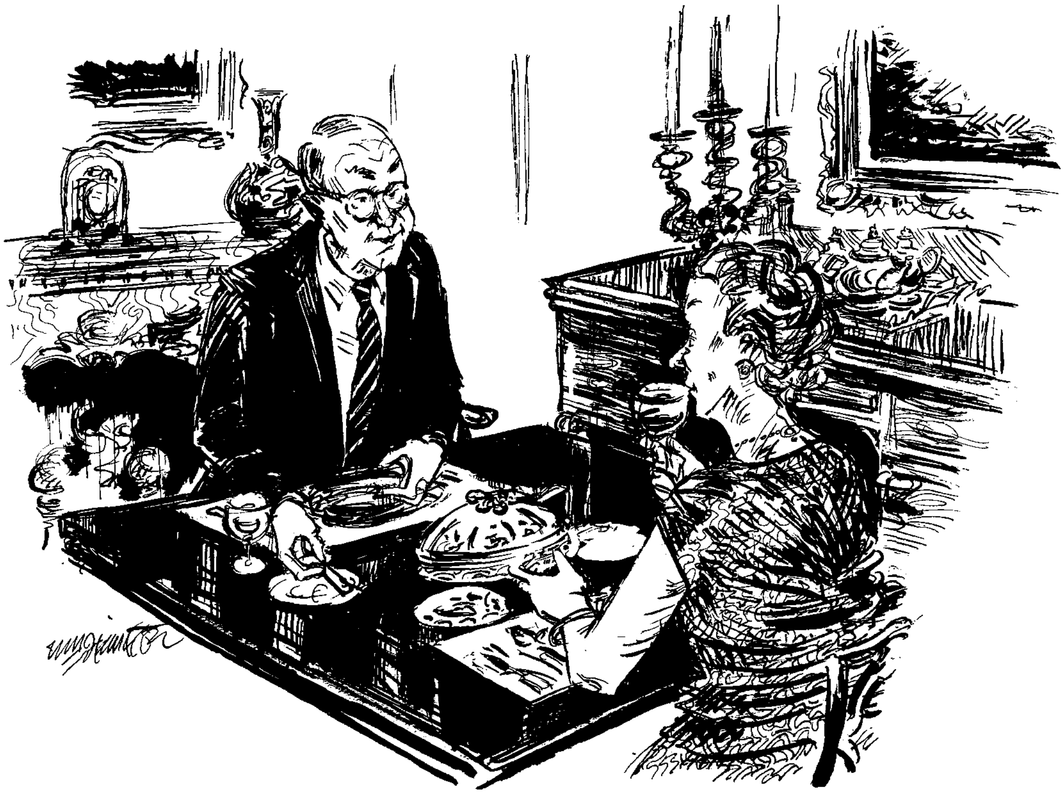
Roadside Apocalypse

ANY production of the WPA is bound to be an event. Bruce Graham's "Early One Evening at the Rainbow Bar and Grille," which opened last week at its charming little theatre, way over on West Twenty-third Street, may not amount to a great deal as drama, but it provides a fine collection of roles, admirably performed, under Pamela Berlin's direction, in one of Edward T. Gianfrancesco's trompe-l'oeil settings on the tiny stage. The bar is situated in western Pennsylvania, and the play seems at first to be just another entry in the great American tradition of barroom dramaturgy. Which it is, of course, but this time—taking place, as it does, during the ending of the world—it becomes an apocalyptic barroom play. At the opening, only Shep, the bartender, is onstage; he is a rather short, balding, unassuming kind of fellow, in his middle thirties, a writer on the side (oh, God!). The townspeople come in, one by one, with tales of shooting and looting and burnings, and a couple of them are themselves carrying guns. There are rumors of death in the West; the telephone is out of order. A barmaid named Shirley, dazzling in swiped clothes and dripping with swiped jewels, comes in and tries to seduce her old colleague Shep—no go, to his dismay. A pretty young woman named Virginia, en route to relatives in Colorado, tries to use the phone to report that her car has broken down; perforce, she has to stay around for a while, until the phone is fixed. She and Shep are attracted to each other, and things are proceeding nicely, but when they are preparing to flee, a portly fellow in a business suit comes into the bar and walks over to the phone, which immediately starts to function, and then orders them calmly to stay where they are. Bad news to both of them, but especially to Shep, who thought that he was impotent and has found out, in one brief scene, that he is not. The new man tells them to call him Joe, but Virginia guesses instantly that, despite his earthbound manner, he is God, and he doesn't deny it. (" 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' " murmured the smart lady at my side.) His presence, in the person of William Wise, considerably enlivens the second act. That Mr. Wise could be the twin brother of the Reverend Al Carmines gives his performance a special conviction: if he says he's God, he's God.

All the acting seemed right to me, as it usually does at the WPA. Dan Butler was especially fine as Shep, and I also enjoyed Sharon Ernster and Julie White as the sharply contrasting women. Mr. Gianfrancesco's splendid setting was lighted by Craig Evans, and Mimi Maxmen designed the costumes. —EDITH OLIVER

Clubbed

"WELCOME TO THE CLUB," which opened—and closed—last week at the Music Box Theatre, might not win a prize for worst musical in a season that produced "Carrie" and "Legs Diamond," but it would certainly be in the running. Written by Cy Coleman and A. E. Hotchner, and directed by Peter Mark Schifter, "Welcome to the Club" was set in an alimony jail. It had a book (by Mr. Hotchner) so regressive and vulgar as to beggar description, inane musical numbers (staged by Patricia Birch), and an overamplified score (by Mr. Coleman) so derivative that members of the audience at the preview performance I attended were actually humming along with the overture. The lyrics, on which the authors collaborated, rhymed "unveil" with "travail," and "menace" with "tennis." The show wouldn't have been worth reviewing were it not for the presence of an extraordinarily talented and versatile young actor named Scott Wentworth,



"I tried a slice of pizza yesterday, and frankly I don't get it."

who played one of four male inmates implausibly forced to share their cell with a country singer (Sally Mayes). The three other inmates were played by Avery Schreiber, Samuel E. Wright, and Scott Waara, and the men's wives were played by Marilyn Sokol, Marcia Mitzman, Terri White, and Jodi Benson, all but the first of whom were required to prance around in costumes (designed by William Ivey Long) that grew increasingly degrading as the evening progressed. The script and the songs were remarkable only for the way they seemed to promote racial and ethnic stereotypes that one had thought were lost in the mists of time: the idea that Jewish women are loud, fat, crass, and calculating, and don't put out; the idea that black men can't think about anything but what the Messrs. Coleman and Hotchner would probably rhyme with "wussy"; the idea that people with no particular ethnicity or racial stamp are unutterably boring (this one was perpetrated by Mr. Waara and Miss Benson as a sugary young couple).

It would be inaccurate to say that Mr. Wentworth lent the enterprise its only note of professionalism. Though Mr. Schreiber wasn't called on to do much of anything except be a well-known personality, Miss Sokol clearly meant to be surpassingly vulgar, and was. And some of the other performers acquitted themselves with a certain competence: Bill Buell was briefly funny as a prison guard; Miss Mayes maintained her dignity despite having to utter some of the worst lines in the show; Miss Mitzman kept a straight face while singing a song that consisted entirely of clichés; Mr. Wright and Miss White managed to mask any hostility they may have felt toward roles likely to raise eyebrows over at the N.A.A.C.P.; and Mr. Waara and Miss Benson succeeded in getting through the evening without throwing up. But Mr. Wentworth made the evening bearable, and a palpable sadness descended on the audience every time he went offstage. I saw Mr. Wentworth perform the role of Tranio in a production of "The Taming of the Shrew" at Stratford, Ontario, last season, and I remember thinking him just the sort of actor we need to see on the New York stage. "Welcome to the Club" wasn't quite what I had in mind.

—Mimi Kramer

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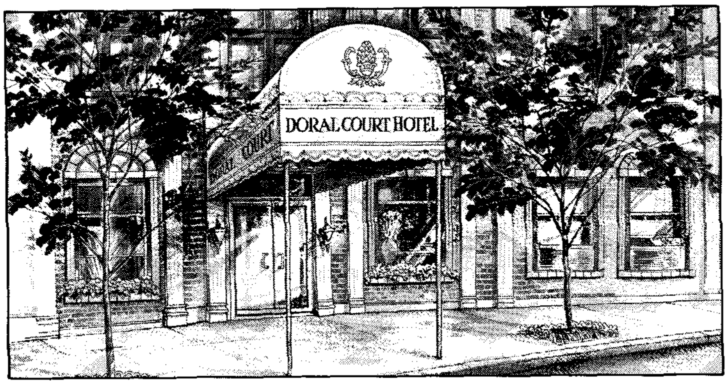

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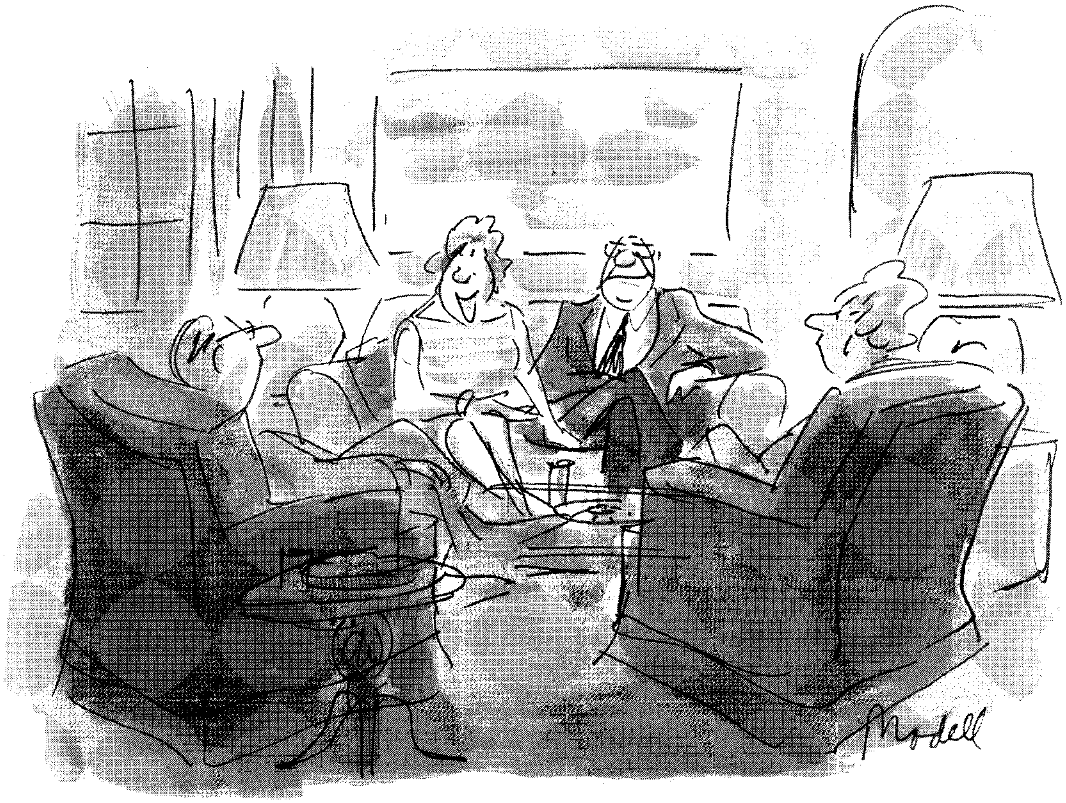
POPULAR MUSIC

Wise Guys

BECAUSE Elvis Costello's career has often seemed a series of willful changes—each one negating the last, as if designed to confound all but the most obsessive fans—it's easy to hear his most recent album, "Spike" (Warner Brothers), as merely the latest in the series. "King of America," released in 1986, offered pristine, folk-inspired settings to back up Costello's most desolate compositions; "Blood and Chocolate," released later the same year, was in part a raving homage to the garage rock of his early career. The music on the new album makes a point of being all over the place—touching on New Orleans parade marches and Irish ballads, and even cutting back and forth between incompatible styles in the same song, as in "Miss Macbeth." But instead of giving the impression of a desperate eclecticism the album takes on a rich, hallucinatory glow, as if all of pop history were being refracted in a fun-house mirror. On one level, this is Costello's version of a super-session record, with combinations like Roger McGuinn and Paul McCartney playing on one track (". . . This Town . . ."), which must gratify the fannish imagination of the singer. Yet it's an encouraging sign that this most loquacious of tunesmiths is interested in music for its own sake, and not just as a backdrop for words. (There's even a lopsided jazz instrumental, called, of all things, "Stalin Malone.") In its breadth and sense of exploration, this album may be the most far-ranging of his career.

As rock's premier prisoner of language, Costello has often deliberately tripped himself up with a dizzying web of puns and turns of phrase. It seemed that his mission was to illustrate how discourse, and especially the guarded talk between unhappy lovers, is fraught with duplicity. Sentences never meant what their speaker intended; speech itself was an elaborate setup you could never extricate yourself from. By 1984's "Goodbye Cruel World," however, the approach had worn itself out, with the songwriter's facility edging toward self-parody. Recently—most notably on "King of America" and "Spike"—the lyrics have taken on a more narrative form, if with some jarring dislocations: one of Costello's favorite devices is to slowly dissolve the differing points of view in a song until all that is left is a single, quivering "I." Songs that begin as reasonable conversations turn out to be lonely, out-of-whack monologues.

On "Spike," the scenarios have opened up as much as the language has. Costello now allows himself the luxury of fantasy, as two of the album's finest songs indicate. In "Satellite," peep-show exchanges between isolated men and women who watch each other on television are broadcast as an entertainment network. The song has the gauzy, half-remembered shimmer of some lost piece of early-sixties schmalz, which only compounds its essential perversity. (Given Costello's delight in twisting old tunes, it's a wonder he didn't name the song "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.") With the song cast as an aching duet with Chrissie Hynde (are there two voices in rock better suited to each other?), its pornographic leer, which barely hides a throbbing sadness, seems a comment on the voyeurism of being a pop listener, on the solitary melancholy of immersing oneself in secondhand emotions, which always remain an arm's length away. "God's Comic" follows a dead "comical priest" up to Heaven, where he shows us what the Creator does when He's just hanging out: "So there he was on a water bed/ Drinking a cola of a mystery brand/ Reading an airport novelette, listening to Andrew Lloyd Webber's 'Requiem.'" The delicate, soft-shoe melody veers close to sentimentality, but that is washed away by the final verse, when God Himself, for no apparent reason, decides to disappear. Perhaps He's just a little tired; perhaps He never existed at all.



"My Alfred here is chairman of our house budget committee."

For Costello, a songwriter to whom craft comes so easily (and sometimes so thoughtlessly), the saving grace has often been his own irrationality. Understanding that pop protest follows the rules of rhetoric rather than the laws of logic, he knows how to heighten the suppressed rage in the voices of the dispossessed until they exceed the polite bounds of what is being said. What makes "Let Him Dangle," about capital punishment, so fearsome is the little explosions tucked away in the arrangement: the muffled yelps of "String him up," the uncharted acridness of the guitar playing. The song becomes a debate on the argument that everyone is expendable. That idea carries over into what could be the album's most dramatic song, "Tramp the Dirt Down." Like "Pills and Soap" before it, the song opens up with a media-sanctioned scene of public degradation, this time a news photo of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher "kissing a child who was obviously in pain." Costello pulls off a few witty lines—the sharpest being "When England was the whore of the world, Margaret was her madam"—but the comfort of such wit has nothing to do with what gives the song its power. Rather, what makes the song hurt is the remorseless defiance with which the singer vows to dance on Thatcher's grave even as he knows, according to the song's final verse, that it will probably end up the other way around.

"Tramp the Dirt Down" is the kind of paradox that Costello has sustained at his finest—especially in the way that the vocal's bitterness scratches against the surface of the tune's Gaelic stateliness. By now, he is a master of forms he can't help transgressing. On "Spike," the blithe-sounding single "Veronica" turns out to concern an old woman slipping slowly and uneasily into forgetfulness. "Deep Dark Truthful Mirror" sets a woman's mad imaginings to the jolly soulfulness of Allen Toussaint's piano and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. "Pads, Paws and Claws" is rockabilly that disassembles itself before your ears. The careful subversion of Costello's writing and performing insures that both the scholar and the blasphemer lurking in him are given full voice. He now stands as the most trenchant heir to the mid-sixties tradition of literate, melodically adventurous songwriting, which taken to its logical conclusion has often seemed a closed-off end in itself. A writer of would-be standards that hardly anyone bothers to remake, the possessor of an affecting voice that reveals strain at every turn, Costello has left a long trail of work that makes no sense at all by approved rock standards. But if approved rock standards meant anything to him he wouldn't have made an album that exceeds an hour and could lose three tracks painlessly ("Chewing Gum," "Stalin Malone," and "Miss Macbeth"), wouldn't acknowledge his new record label by sticking his Harlequin head through the Warner Brothers logo on the cover of his new album, wouldn't pray to outlive his beloved Prime Minister. On "Spike," Costello has learned that he doesn't need to reconcile his contradictions; rather, they're the source of his strength.

LOU REED'S "New York" (Sire) has been treated as a tour de force, most suspiciously by the singer himself, who on the back of the album instructs us to listen to it "in one 58-minute (14 songs!) sitting as though it were a book or a movie." It's surprising that Reed still feels he has to make a case for his literary reputation, after more than two decades of stunning, though erratic, work. Straining for a masterpiece, as he has done periodically during his solo career (1973's "Berlin," 1978's "Street Hassle"), he misses (fortunately), and comes up with something more vital: a talky bull session as full of insight and preposterousness as anything he has done. For all the vaunted topical seriousness of the album, the secret premise here is refreshingly loose: Reed scanning the morning paper, mouthing off about everything from crack dealers to the environment. Instead of responding to the correctness of any of the views that the songs put forth, you respond to the tone of the proclamations, which is alternately haughty, deadpan, and hilarious.

On his previous album, 1986's hodgepodge "Mistrial," Reed made shaky moves toward blunt social commentary in songs such as "Video Violence" and "The Original Wrapper." Aside from the fact that they weren't particularly good songs, what was disheartening about them was how they

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abandoned Reed's trademark dispassion in favor of the blandly responsible carping of your average, dutiful citizens, most of whom don't make records to air their mild discontent. Even in the ostensibly confessional "The Blue Mask" and "Legendary Hearts" (which might be the genuine masterworks of his solo career), the madly shifting points of view would have been unthinkable without Reed's ability to observe everything in a full circle around the subject, even when he was that subject. When he proclaimed, in "The Blue Mask," that he was just "an average guy," the irony was so broad it was almost beside the point, and his distance from his own claim was what made the song cut.

The worst songs on "New York" seem like afterthoughts, attempts to give the project a completeness that it doesn't need. "Xmas in February" is a soggy Vietnam-slice-of-life story so flat you could swear that it was cribbed from any of the rush of war movies from three or four years ago. Neither "There Is No Time" nor "Strawman" can make much out of the pounding, anthemlike forward motion of its setting. Framing an attack on Jesse Jackson with images of Kurt Waldheim meeting with the Pope has gratuitousness written all over it, but the worse trouble with "Good Evening Mr. Waldheim" is that when Reed expresses doubts about Jackson's "Common Ground" speech with the query "Is 'common ground' a word or just a sound?" he falls into the old trap of claiming that black oratory has more to do with feeling than with sense.

For the most part, though, the songs rise or fall not on Reed's beliefs but on the slangy, sneaky way he draws you into his one-sided conversations. "Last Great American Whale" ought to be an unbearable idea for a song; instead, as it widens to include the perils of media faith (and, possibly, the stubbornness of Reed's career), it takes on an offhand majesty. "Halloween Parade" casts Reed as a bemused bystander at Greenwich Village's annual bacchanalia, quietly noticing the absence of familiar characters lost to AIDS. The jarring tribute to Andy Warhol (whose neutral stare influenced much of Reed's songwriting), "Dime Store Mystery," interlaces images of the human (the title

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phrase) and the divine (Christ's last temptation) to comment on the artist's icy elusiveness. And no one but Reed would begin a song about prospective fatherhood ("Beginning of a Great Adventure") with the line "It might be great to have a kid that I could kick around/ A little me to fill up with my thoughts."

What shoves the album along just as much as Reed's talking-blues, beat-inflected vocals is the stark force of the band's playing. Since "The Blue Mask," Reed has been rediscovering the joys of the lineup of two guitars, bass, and drums, and here, even though he doesn't have the wiry scrawl of the guitarist Robert Quine this time around, the band applies a lean, echoey sheen to even the most raging tunes, without simply reverting to the pent-up rhythmic fury of the Velvet Underground. The sound it gets, full of light and unguarded movement, is as appropriate a musical counterpart as Reed has ever had, well suited to the lyrics' sprawl. The grand intentions of "New York" may turn out to have been a sop to Reed's newfound quizzical status as a grand old man of rock, a perch that has risen ever since "The Blue Mask" and "Legendary Hearts" announced him to be a happily married man who lets off steam on his motorbike, and not the sexual question mark who liked to simulate shooting up onstage. Yet, making melodies out of the barest handful of chords, talking trash with the best of them (including his former selves), Reed gives "New York" the spin of much of his most scabrous work, in which you can never tell what he's going to say next.

—Mark Moses

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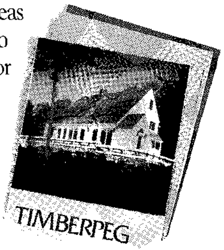

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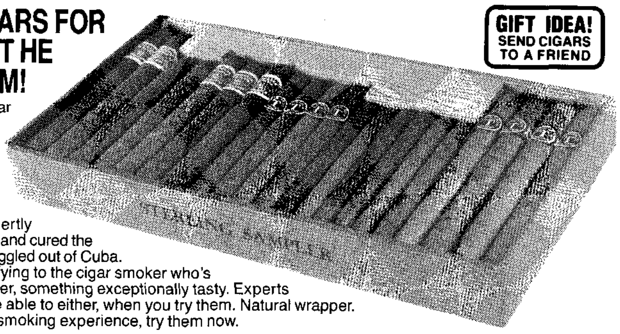

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LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES

JUST inside the main lobby of City Hall in Los Angeles, there has been for some time a curious shrine to Tom Bradley, the seventy-one-year-old black former police officer who on April 11th, to no one's surprise, was elected to his fifth four-year term as the city's mayor. There is an Olympic flag, suspended behind glass and lit reverentially, its five interlocking rings worked in bright satin. There are, displayed in a kind of architectural niche, various other mementos of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics, the event that remains the symbolic centerpiece not only of Tom Bradley's sixteen-year administration (arriving passengers at LAX, for example, are confronted on the down escalators by large pictures of Mayor Bradley and the somewhat unsettling legend "Welcome to Los Angeles XXIII Olympiad," as if the plane had touched down in the wrong year) but of what Bradley's people like to present as the city's ascension, under his guidance, to American capital of the Pacific rim. And there is, behind a crimson silk rope, a sheet of glass on which a three-dimensional holographic image of Tom Bradley, telephone to ear, appears and disappears. If the viewer moves to the right, the Mayor can be seen to smile; if the viewer moves to the left, the Mayor turns grave and lowers his head to study a paper. From certain angles, the Mayor vanishes altogether, leaving only an eerie blue, the exact color and intensity of the Cerenkov glow at the bottom of a nuclear-reactor pool. It is this disappearing effect, mirroring, as it does, what many have seen as a certain elusiveness about the Mayor himself, that most often arrests the passing citizen. "That's the shot on the Jackson endorsement," I recall a television cameraman saying as we passed this dematerializing Tom Bradley one afternoon last June, a few days before the California Presidential primary, on our way out of a press conference during which the actual Tom Bradley had successfully, and quite characteristically, managed to appear with Jesse Jackson without in the least recommending him.

"My goodness, it's little Benjie! You've grown into quite a distinguished man!"

In fact, it seemed to be the shot on the entire Bradley administration, the enduring electability of which is something many people in Los Angeles find hard to define, or even talk about. "I don't think Tom Bradley is beatable," I was told recently by Zev Yaroslavsky, a Los Angeles City Council member who decided not to campaign against Bradley in 1985 and aborted a campaign against him this January. "At least not by me. His personal popularity transcends the fact that he has been presiding over a city that in some respects has been experiencing serious difficulties during his term in office. Most people agree that we've got this traffic, that air quality stinks, that they see a hundred and one things wrong with the quality of life. But nobody blames him for it."

In part because of this perceived ability to float free of his own administration and in part because of his presumed attractiveness to black voters, Tom Bradley has over the years been repeatedly mentioned, usually together with Andrew Young, as a potential national figure, even a Vice-Presidential possibility. "Think what an Andy Young of Atlanta or a Tom Bradley of Los Angeles could have done," I recall hearing someone say a year or so ago on one of the Sunday shows, during a reflection on the mystery of Jesse Jackson's unexpectedly strong showing in one or another primary. This persistent white fantasy to one side, "Tom Bradley of Los Angeles" is not a charismatic candidate, or even one who seems particularly comfortable. His margin in this election, for which a large majority of Los Angeles voters did not bother even to turn out, was suprisingly low. In any case, his votes do not travel outside

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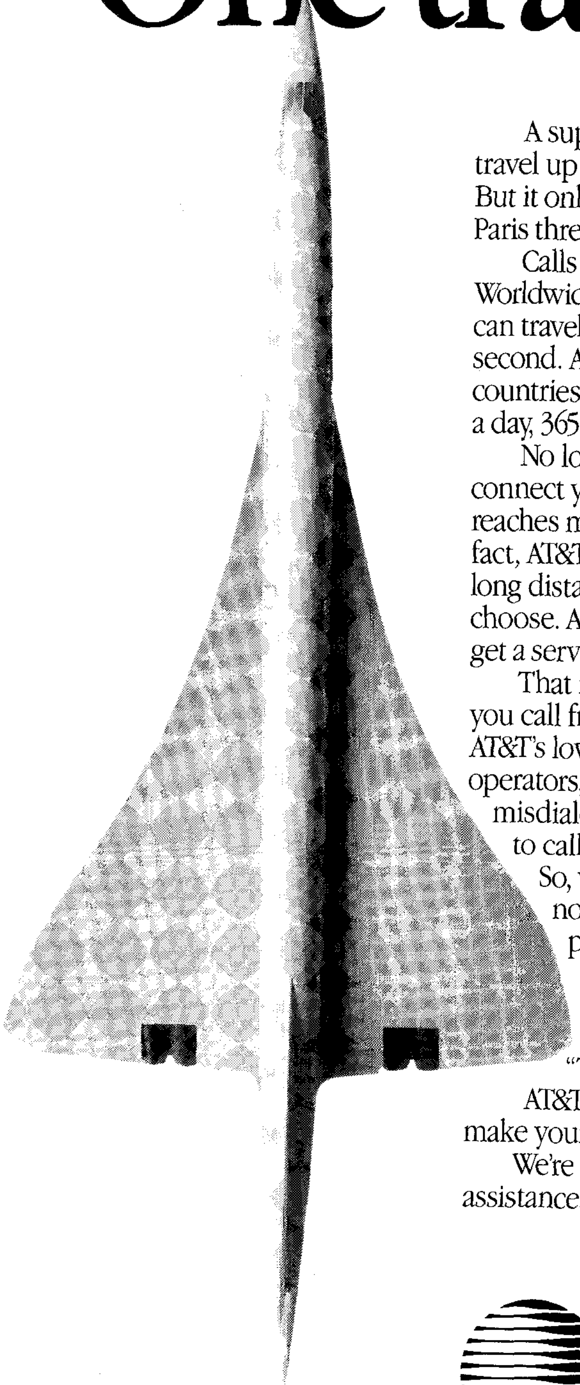

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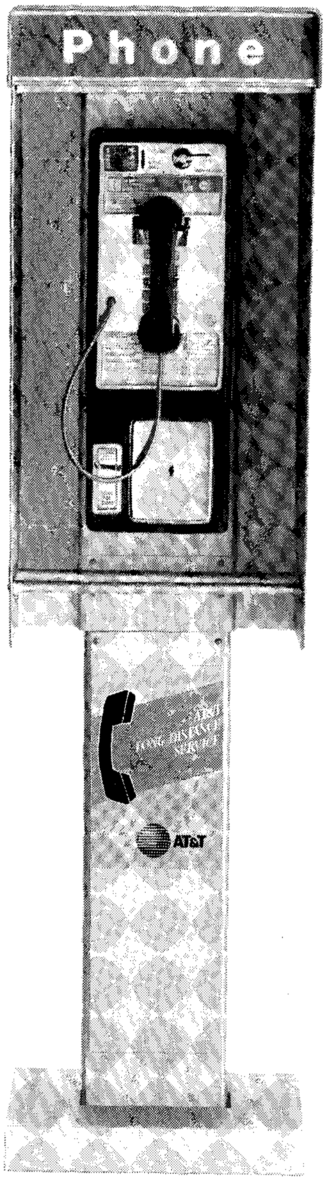

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Los Angeles. He has tried twice, in 1982 and in 1986, to become governor of California, and has been defeated twice by George Deukmejian, not himself noted for much sparkle as a candidate.

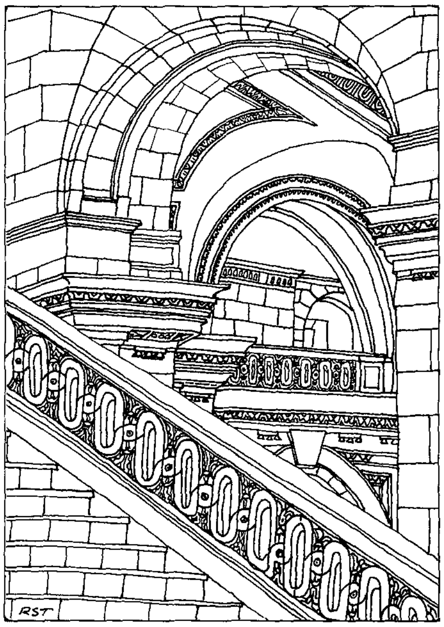
Bradley's strength in Los Angeles does not derive exclusively, or even principally, from the black community, which, in a city where the fastest-growing ethnic groups are Asian and Hispanic, constitutes a decreasing percentage of the population and, in any case, has come to vote for Bradley, who was the first black ever elected to the Los Angeles City Council, grudgingly at best. One city official to whom I spoke during this campaign pointed out that when Bradley last ran for governor there was a falling off even in those low-income black precincts in south-central Los Angeles which had previously been, however unenthusiastically, his territory. "He assumed south-central would be there for him, and so he didn't work it," she said. "And, having been taken for granted, it wasn't there."

"He is probably less liked in south-central than other elected officials who represent south-central," another city official acknowledged. "I mean, they view him as somebody who is maybe more interested in wining and dining Prince Andrew and Princess Sarah or whatever her name is than in dealing with the crumbling floor in the Nickerson Gardens gymnasium."

Nickerson Gardens is a housing project in Watts, where people may vote but tend not to bid on city contracts, tend not to exhibit interest in the precise location of proposed freeway exits, tend not to have projects that can be made "important" to the Mayor because they are "important" to them: they tend, in other words, not to require the kind of access that generates contributions to a campaign. Tom Bradley is an access politician in the traditional mold. "We would be rather disappointed if, having supported him, he were inaccessible to us," Eli Broad, a longtime Bradley supporter and the chairman of Kaufman & Broad, told the Los Angeles *Times* last summer. "It is not really a quid pro quo. [But] there's no question that . . . if someone . . . wants money for the campaign, and if you want to talk to them six months later and don't hear from them, you just don't give any more."

Kaufman & Broad is the largest builder of single-family houses in California, the developer and builder of such subdivisions as California Dawn ("From $108,990, 2, 3, and 4 Bedroom Homes"), California Esprit ("From the low $130,000s, 3 and 4 Bedroom Homes"), and California Gallery ("From under $150,000, 3 and 4 Bedroom Homes"). California Dawn, California Esprit, and California Gallery are all in Palmdale, on the Mojave Desert, some seventy miles northeast of Los Angeles. According to the final report of the Los Angeles 2000 Committee, a group that Mayor Bradley appointed to recommend a development strategy for the city, the Los Angeles Department of Airports is reviving a languishing plan to build an international airport on seventeen thousand seven hundred and fifty acres that the city owns six miles from the center of Palmdale.

The notion of building a Palmdale airport, which was first proposed in 1968 and has been more or less dormant since the mid-seventies, has met, over the years, considerable resistance, not the least of which derived from an almost total disinclination on the part of both carriers and passengers to go to Palmdale. But the possibilities were clear at the outset. There would be, first of all, the acquisition of the seventeen thousand seven hundred and fifty acres (which would ultimately cost the city about a hundred million dollars to buy and to maintain), and the speculative boom that would accompany any such large-scale public acquisition. Then, there would be the need for a highway project, estimated in the beginning at another hundred million dollars, to link Palmdale with the population. There was even the eventual possibility of a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar mountain tunnel, cutting the distance roughly in half. The construction of a monorail could be investigated. The creation of a foreign-trade zone could be studied. There would be the demand not only for housing (as in California Dawn, California Esprit, and California Gallery) but for schools, shopping centers, aircraft-related industry.



This hypothetical Palmdale International Airport, then, has survived as that ideal civic project—the one that just hangs in there, sometimes a threat, sometimes a promise, and in either case a money machine. Here is the way the machine works: with the encouragement of interested investors and an interested city government, the city will eventually reach Palmdale, and the Palmdale International Airport will reach critical mass, at which point many possibilities will be realized and many opportunities generated, both for development and for the access required to facilitate that development. This has been the history of Los Angeles.

Tom Bradley turned up last June at a dinner dance honoring Eli Broad. He turned up in September as a speaker at a party celebrating Kaufman & Broad's thirtieth anniversary. Bradley's most useful tool as a campaigner may well be this practice of turning up wherever a supporter or a potential supporter asks him to turn up: an impassive and slightly baffling stranger at Bar Mitzvahs and anniversary cocktail parties and back-yard barbecues. "It is just something that I do because I enjoy it," Bradley told the Los Angeles *Times* last summer about another such event, a neighborhood barbecue at the South El Monte home of one of his planning commissioners. "I showed up and I tell you, you've never seen a happier couple in your life than that man and his wife. And the whole family was there. . . . As we were out in the front yard chatting or taking pic-

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tures, everybody who drove by was honking and waving. It was important to him. He enjoyed that. And I enjoyed his enjoyment. I get a pleasure out of that."

This fairly impenetrable style is often referred to locally as "low-keyed" or "conciliatory"—terms that seem in context to be code words for staying out of the way, for not making waves, for raising the money, and for granting the access that the money is meant to secure. Tom Bradley is generally regarded as a pro-business, pro-development mayor, a supporter of the kinds of redevelopment and public-works projects that, however problematical their ultimate public benefit, tend to suggest considerable opportunity to the kinds of people who are apt to support one or another political campaign. He is often credited with having built the downtown skyline, which translates roughly into having encouraged developers to think of downtown Los Angeles—which until quite recently was a rather somnolent financial district enlivened by its also being *el centro*, the commercial core of the Mexican and Central American communities—as bulldozable, a raw canvas that could be rendered indistinguishable from Atlanta or Houston.

Bradley is redeveloping Watts. He is redeveloping Hollywood. He is redeveloping, in all, more than seven thousand acres around town. He is building—in a city so decentralized as to make conventional mass transit virtually useless and at a time when big transit projects have been largely discredited (one transportation economist has demonstrated that San Francisco's BART system must operate for five hundred and thirty-five years before the energy presumably saved by its use catches up with the energy expended on its construction)—one of the world's most expensive mass-transit projects: three and a half billion dollars for the projected twenty miles of track, from downtown Los Angeles through Hollywood and over Cahuenga Pass to the San Fernando Valley, that will constitute the system's "first phase" and "second phase." This route is one that, according to the project's opponents, could serve at maximum use only one and a half per cent of the work force; most of that one and a half per cent, however, either lives or works in the heart of the Hollywood Redevelopment. "You go out to where the houses stop and buy land," Bob Hope is supposed to have said when he was asked how he made so much money. This is, in Los Angeles, one way to make money, and a second is to buy land on which the houses have already been built, and get the city to redevelop it.

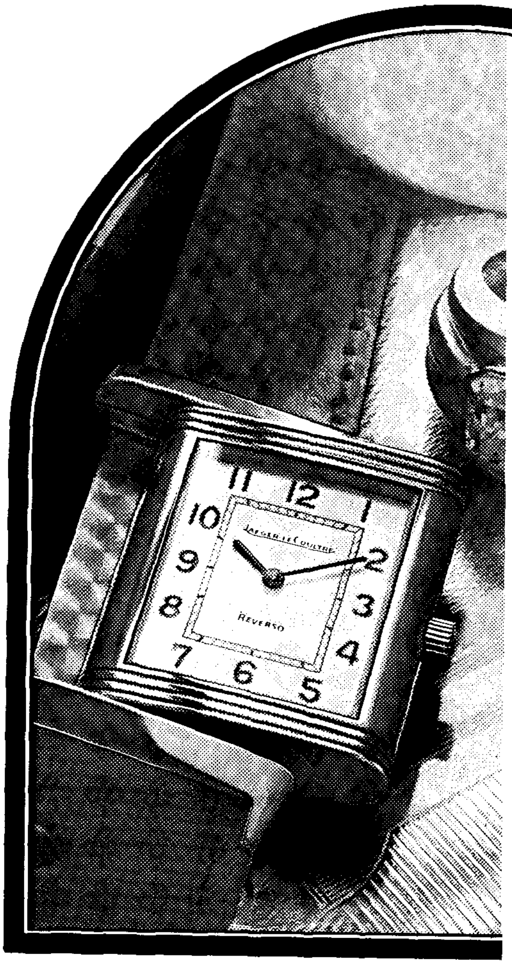
Metro Rail and the Hollywood Redevelopment are, of course, big projects, major ways of creating opportunity. The true Bradley style is perhaps most apparent when the opportunities are small; for example, in the proposal this spring to sell a thirty-five-year-old public-housing project, Jordan Downs, to a private developer. Jordan Downs is in Watts, south-central. The price asked for Jordan Downs was reported to be around ten million dollars. The deal was to include a pledge by the prospective buyer to spend an additional fourteen million dollars renovating the project.

When we talk about Jordan Downs, we are talking about seven hundred rental units in a virtual war zone, an area where the median family income is $11,427, and even children carry AK-47s. Presented with a developer who wants to spend twenty-four million dollars to take on the very kind of property that owners all over the country are trying, if not to torch, at least to abandon, the average urban citizen tends to look for subtext. The subtext in this instance is not hard to find: Jordan Downs is a forty-acre piece of property, only fifteen per cent of which is developed. This largely undeveloped property borders both the Century Freeway, soon to be completed, and the Watts Redevelopment. In other words, the property will very soon, if all goes as planned, vastly increase in value, and eighty-five per cent of it would be in hand, available either for resale or for development.

Nor is the developed fifteen per cent of the property, Jordan Downs itself, the problem it might seem at first glance. The project, it turns out, would have to be maintained as low-income rental housing for an estimated period of at most fifteen years, during which the developer stands in any case to receive, from the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development and the city housing authority, a guaranteed subsidy of four hundred and twenty thousand dollars a month and federal tax credits estimated at a million six hundred thousand dollars a year. This is the kind of small perfect deal—nobody is actually hurt by it, unless the nobody happens to be a tenant at Jordan Downs, and unable to pay the rent required to make the property break even—that has traditionally been the mother's milk of urban politics. But many people believe Los Angeles to be different, and in one significant aspect it is: the difference in Los Angeles is that very few of its citizens seem to notice the small perfect deals, or, if they do notice, to much care.

IT was believed for a while last year in Los Angeles that Zev Yaroslavsky, who represents the largely westside and affluent Fifth District in the Los Angeles City Council (the Fifth includes, in the basin, Beverly-Fairfax, Century City, Bel Air, Westwood, and part of West Los Angeles, and, in the San Fernando Valley, parts of Sherman Oaks, Van Nuys, and North Hollywood), could beat Bradley. It was, people said, "Zev's year." It was said to be "time for Zev." It was to be, Zev Yaroslavsky himself frequently said, "an election about who runs Los Angeles," meaning whether a handful of developers run it or the rest of the citizens run it. He had raised almost two million dollars. He had gained the support of a number of local players who had previously backed Bradley, including Marc Nathanson, the chairman of Falcon Cable TV, and Barry Diller, the chairman of Twentieth Century Fox. He had flat-out won what many saw as an exhibition game in the mayoralty race: a showdown, in November of 1988, between Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum Corporation, which had wanted since 1966 to begin drilling for oil on two acres it was holding across the Pacific Coast Highway from Will Rogers State Beach, and the many people who did not want—and had so far, through a series of legal maneuvers, managed to prevent—this drilling.

The showdown took the form of placing opposing propositions—one co-sponsored by Yaroslavsky and the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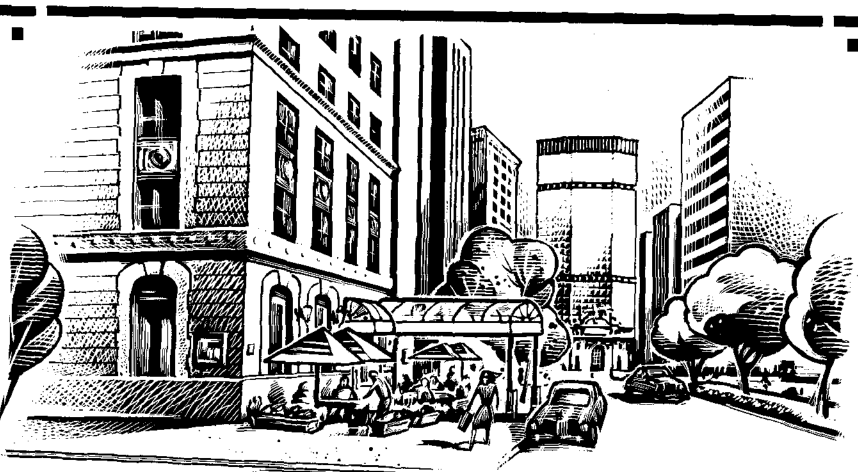
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other sponsored by an Occidental front calling itself the Los Angeles Public and Coastal Protection Committee—before the voters on the November 8th ballot. The Los Angeles Public and Coastal Protection Committee had some notable talent prepared to labor on its behalf. It had the support of Mayor Bradley. It would have, by the eve of the election, the endorsement of the Los Angeles *Times*. It had not only Armand Hammer's own attorney, Arthur Groman, but also, and perhaps most important, Mickey Kantor, of Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Phillips, a law firm so deeply connected to Democratic power in California that most people believed Bradley to be backing the Occidental proposition not for Armand Hammer but for Manatt. It had Robert Shrum, of Doak & Shrum, who used to write speeches for Ted Kennedy but was now running campaigns in California. It had, above all, seven million three hundred thousand dollars, seven million one hundred thousand dollars of it provided directly by Occidental.

There was considerable opacity about this entire endeavor. In the first place, the wording of the Los Angeles Public and Coastal Protection Committee (or Occidental) proposition tended to equate a vote for drilling with a vote for more efficient crime-fighting, for more intensive drug-busting, for better schools, and for the cleanup of toxic wastes, all of which were mentioned as part of Occidental's dedication to public and coastal protection. In the second place, the players had kept changing sides. On the side of the anti-drilling proposition, there was, of course, its co-author, Zev Yaroslavsky, but Zev Yaroslavsky had backed Occidental when the drilling question came before the City Council in 1978. On the side of the Occidental proposition, there was, of course, Tom Bradley, but Tom Bradley had first been elected mayor, in 1973, on an anti-Occidental platform, and in 1978 he had vetoed drilling on the Pacific Coast Highway site after the City Council approved it.

During the summer and fall of 1988, when the drilling and the anti-drilling propositions were placed fairly insistently before the voters, there were seventeen operating oil fields around town, with tens of thousands of wells. There were more wells along the highways leading north and south. Oil was being pumped from the Beverly Hills High School campus. Oil was being pumped from the golf course at the Hillcrest Country Club. Oil was being pumped from the Twentieth Century Fox lot. Off Carpinteria, south of Santa Barbara, oil was being pumped offshore, and even people who had expensive beach houses at Rincon del Mar had come to think of the rigs as not entirely unattractive features of the view—something a little mysterious out there in the mist, something a little Japanese on the horizon. In other words, the drilling for and pumping of crude oil in Southern California had not historically carried much true political resonance, a fact that made this battle of the propositions a largely symbolic, or "political," confrontation. That Yaroslavsky won it—and won it spending only two million eight hundred thousand dollars, some four million dollars less than Occidental spent—seemed to many to suggest a certain discontent with the way things were going, a certain desire for change: the very desire for change on which Yaroslavsky, in his campaign for the mayor's office, was planning to run.

THERE was at the start considerable interest in this promised mayoralty race between Tom Bradley and Zev Yaroslavsky. Some saw the contest—and this was the way the Bradley people liked to present it—as a long-awaited confrontation between the rest of the city (Bradley) and the west side (Yaroslavsky), which is well-off, heavily Jewish, and the only part of the city that visitors to Los Angeles normally see. This scenario had, in fact, been laid out in the drilling battle, during which Occidental, by way of Mickey Kantor and Robert Shrum, introduced the notion that a vote for Occidental was a vote against "a few selfish people who don't want their beach view obstructed," against "elitists," against, in other words, the west side. "The euphemism they kept using here was that it was another ploy by the 'rich west-siders' against the poor minorities and the blacks," I was told by a deputy to Councilman Marvin Braude, who was the co-author with Yaroslavsky of the anti-drilling proposition, and in whose district Occidental's Pacific Coast Highway property lay. "You always heard about 'rich west-siders' in connection with anything we were doing. It was the euphemism for

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the Jews.” Others saw the race—and this was increasingly the way the Yaroslavsky people liked to frame it—as a confrontation between the forces of unrestricted growth (developers, the oil business, Bradley) and the proponents of “slow,” or controlled, growth (environmentalists, the No Oil lobby, the west side, Yaroslavsky). Neither version was long on nuance, and both versions tended to overlook facts that did not support the favored angles (Bradley had for years been the west side’s own candidate, for example, and Yaroslavsky had himself broken bread with a developer or two), but the two scenarios—Yaroslavsky’s Greed versus Slow Growth, and Bradley’s the People versus the West Side—continued to provide that handful of people in Los Angeles who actually follow city politics with a kind of narrative line. As these people saw it, the election would fall to whoever told his story best, to whoever had the best tellers, the best fixers.

ONLY a few people in Los Angeles are believed to be able to fix things, whether the things to be fixed, or arranged, or managed, are labor problems or city permits or elections. There is the master of them all, Paul Ziffren, whose practice as a lawyer has often been indistinguishable from the practice of politics, but he is less active than he once was. There is his son Kenneth Ziffren, who settled the Writers Guild of America strike last summer. There is, operating in a slightly different arena, Sidney Korshak, who settled the Delano grape strike against Schenley in 1966. There is almost anybody at the Manatt office. There is Joseph Cerrell, a political consultant about whom a local observer said to me, “You want to get elected to the judicial, you call him, a campaign can run you fifty thousand dollars.” There is Robert Shrum, who worked Alan Cranston’s last campaign for the Senate and Representative Richard Gephardt’s campaign in last year’s Presidential primaries. There are Michael Berman and Carl D’Agostino, of BAD Campaigns, Inc., who are considered direct-mail (most of it negative) geniuses and are central to what is locally called “the Waxman-Berman machine,” the Democratic and quite specifically Jewish political organization built by Michael Berman; his brother, Representative Howard Ber-

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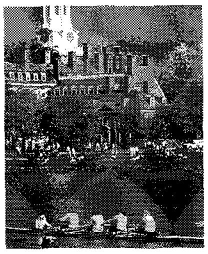

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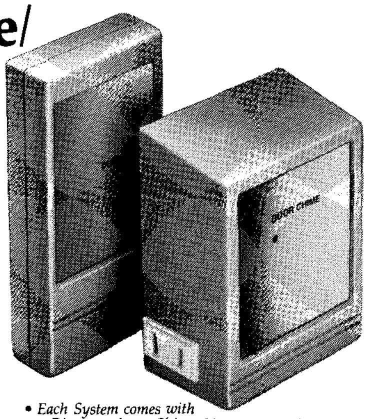

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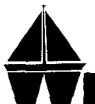

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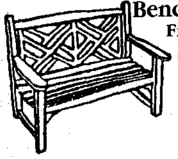

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man; Representative Henry Waxman; and Representative Mel Levine, who is expected to run for Alan Cranston's Senate seat in 1992 if Cranston decides not to run. It is Michael Berman who figured out how to send Howard Berman and Henry Waxman and Mel Levine to Congress in the first place. It is Michael Berman and Carl D'Agostino who have continued to figure out how to elect Waxman-Berman candidates on the state and local levels.

These figures are not without a certain local glamour, and so a considerable amount of the interest in this mayoralty race derived from the fact that Doak & Shrum—which, remember, had been part of Mickey Kantor's team on the Occidental proposition—was working for Bradley, while Berman and D'Agostino, who had been hired by Yaroslavsky and Braude to run their anti-drilling proposition, were backing Yaroslavsky. A mayoralty contest between Shrum and the Berman-D'Agostino firm, Bill Boyarsky wrote in the Los Angeles *Times*, could be "one of the great matchups of lowdown campaigning"—in other words, a chance, as I recall being told in June by someone else, "for Berman and D'Agostino to knock off Doak & Shrum."

Then something happened, nobody is saying quite how. One Friday last August, a reporter at the Los Angeles *Times*, Kenneth Reich, got a phone call from a woman who refused to identify herself but said that she was sending him certain material prepared by BAD Campaigns, Inc. The material—delivered the following Monday with a typewritten and unsigned note reading "You should be interested to see this. Government is bad enough without BAD"—consisted of three strategy memos addressed to Yaroslavsky. One was dated March 29, 1988, another was dated May 4, 1988, and the third, headed "Things to Do," was undated.

Berman and D'Agostino acknowledged that the two dated documents were early drafts of memos prepared by their office, but denied writing the undated memo, and, accordingly, it was never printed by the *Times*. However, the memos that were printed, which Yaroslavsky charged had been stolen from a three-ring binder belonging to one of his aides, had an electrifying effect, not because they said anything that most interested people in Los Angeles did not know or believe but because they violated the local social contract by saying it out loud, and in the vernacular. The memos printed by the *Times* read, in part:

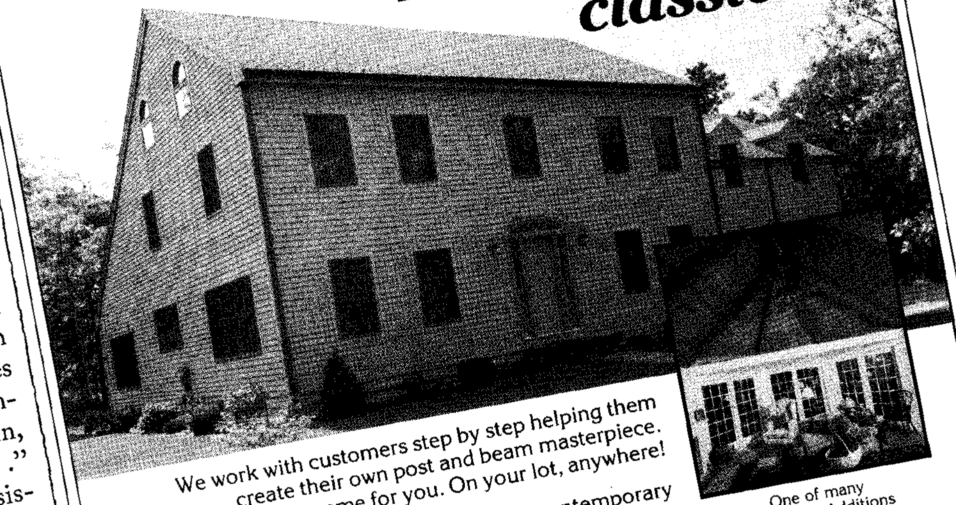
> The reason why BAD thinks you [Yaroslavsky] can beat Bradley is: you've got fifty IQ-points on him (and that's no compliment)....
>
> Just because you are more slow-growth than Bradley does not mean you can take anti-growth voters for granted ... many are racially tolerant people who are strongly pulled to Bradley because of his height, skin color, and calm demeanor. They like voting for him—they feel less guilty about how little they used to pay their household help....
>
> Yaroslavsky's vision [should be that] there is no reason on this earth why some flitty restaurateur should be allowed to build a hotel at the corner of Beverly and La Cienega.... The Yaroslavsky vision says "there is no reason on earth why anyone should be building more places to shop in West L.A." ... There is no reason for guilt-ridden liberals to vote out of office that fine, dignified "person of color" except that your Vision is total, unwavering and convincing. You want to hug every tree, stop every new building, end the traffic jams and clean up the Bay....
>
> To beat Bradley, you must be intensely, thoroughly and totally committed to your vision of L.A.... It is the way you overcome the racial tug many Jews and non-Jewish liberals feel toward Bradley. It is also the way you overcome the possible Republican preference for the conservative black over the Jewish kid friendly with the Waxman-Berman machine....
>
> Bradley can and will excite black voters to outvote the white electorate especially if there is a runoff where his mayoral office is seen as jeopardized by a perfidious Jew....
>
> What we do know is that Jewish wealth in Los Angeles is endless. That almost every Jewish person who meets you will like you and that asking for $2,000 is not an unreasonable request to people who are both wealthy and like you....
>
> The Yaroslavsky campaign becomes the United Jewish appeal....

This was not, on the face of it, remarkable stuff. The language in the memos was widely described as "cynical," but of course it was not. It was just the working shorthand of people who might actually be said, on the evidence of what they wrote down, to have an idealized view of the system—people who noticed the small perfect deals and did not approve of them, or, at any rate, assumed that there was an electorate out there that did not approve of them. This may have been an erroneous assumption, a strategic miscalculation, but, for some people who had supported Yaroslavsky and were now beginning to back away, the idea that some of his people might have misjudged the electorate was not the problem.

“Make a complete list of mainstream Jewish charities,” the March 29th memo advised. “Find a person in each charity to slip us a list with name, address and phone numbers of $1,000-and-above contributors. . . . Zev begins dialing for dollars. . . . Make a list of 50 contributors to Zev who have not participated to their ability and who belong to every Jewish country club in the L.A. area. . . . Make a list of every studio, Hollywood PR firm and 100 top show business personalities in Jewish Los Angeles. . . . You cannot let Bradley become the chi chi, in, campaign against the pushy Jew. . . .”

This acknowledgment, even insistence, that there were in Los Angeles not only Jewish voters but specifically Jewish interests, and Jewish money, was what troubled many people—most particularly those very members of the west-side Jewish community on whose support the Yaroslavsky people were counting. What happened next was largely a matter of “perceptions,” of a very few people talking among themselves, as they were used to talking whenever there was something to be decided, some candidate or cause to be backed or not backed. The word “divisive” started coming up again and again. It would be, people were saying, a “divisive” campaign, even a “disastrous” campaign, a campaign that would “pit the blacks against the Jews.” There was, it was said, “already enough trouble”—trouble that had been simmering, as these people saw it, since at least 1985, when Tom Bradley’s Jewish supporters on the west side had insisted that he denounce the Reverend Louis Farrakhan, and some black leaders had protested that Bradley should not be taking orders from the west side. This issue of race, most people hastened to say, would never be raised by the candidates themselves. The problem would be—as Neil Sandberg, of the American Jewish Committee, put it to Bill Boyarsky, of the Los Angeles *Times*—“undisciplined elements in both communities.” The problem would be, in other words, the candidates’ “people.”

Discussions were held. Many telephone calls were made. In December, a letter was drafted and signed by some of the most politically active people on the west side. The letter called on Yaroslavsky to back off, not to run, not



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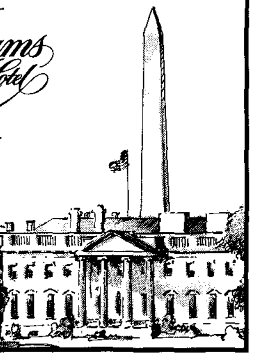

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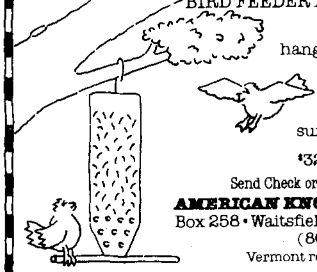

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to proceed on a course that the signers construed as an invitation, if not to open ethnic conflict, at least to a breaking apart of the coalition between the black and Jewish communities which had given the west side its recent power over the old-line Los Angeles establishment—the downtown and San Marino money base, which is what people in Los Angeles mean when they refer to the California Club. On the sixth of January, citing a private poll that showed Bradley to be running far ahead, Yaroslavsky announced that he would not run. The BAD memos, he said, had "played absolutely no role" in his decision to withdraw. The "fear of a divisive campaign," he said, had "played no role on my part."

THIS "fear of a divisive campaign," and the attendant spectre of the membership of the California Club invading City Hall, seemed on the face of it incorporeal—one of those received fears that sometimes overtake a community and redirect the course of its affairs. Still, the convergence of the BAD memos and the polarization implicit in the Occidental campaign had generated a considerable amount of what could only be described as class conflict. "Most of us have known for a long time that the environmentalists are . . . white, middle-class groups who have not really shown a lot of concern about the black community or black issues," Maxine Waters, who represents part of south-central in the California State Assembly and is probably the most effective and visible black politician in Southern California, told Bill Boyarsky when he talked to her, after the publication of the BAD memos, about the drilling issue. "Yet we have continued to give support. . . . I want to tell you I may very well support the oil drilling. I feel such a need to assert independence from this kind of crap, and I feel such a need for the black community not to be led on by someone else's agenda and not even knowing what the agenda was."

One afternoon in February when I happened to be in City Hall seeing Zev Yaroslavsky and Marvin Braude, I asked what they made of the "divisive campaign" issue. The apprehension, Yaroslavsky said, had been confined to "a very small group of people," whose concern, as he saw it, had been "fuelled by my neighbors here in the Mayor's office, who were trying to say we could have another Chicago, another Ed Koch."

"Some of it started before your candidacy," Braude said to him. "With the Farrakhan incident. That set the tone of it."

"Let me tell you," Yaroslavsky said. "If there's any reason why I would have run, it would have been to disprove that notion. Because nothing so offends me—politically and personally—as the notion that I, simply because I'm white or Jewish, don't have the right to run against a fourth-term incumbent just because he happens to be black."

At that point, Yaroslavsky was mounting a campaign to save his council seat. He had put the mayoral campaign behind him. Still, it rankled. "Nothing I was talking about had remotely to do with race," he said. "It never would have been an issue, unless Bradley brought it up. But I must say they made every effort to put everything we did into a racial context. They tried to make the Oxy oil initiative racial. They tried to make Proposition U—which was our first slow-growth initiative—racial. They pitted poor against rich, blacks against whites, west side against south side—"

"It wasn't only Bradley," Marvin Braude said, interrupting. "It was the people who were using this for their own selfish purposes. It was the developers. It was Occidental."

"I think if the election had gone on . . ." Zev Yaroslavsky paused. "It doesn't matter. At this point, it's speculative. But I think the Mayor and his people—especially his people—were running a very risky strategy of trying to make race an issue. For their candidate's benefit."

DURING the week in February when I saw Yaroslavsky and Braude, the Los Angeles *Times* Poll did a telephone sampling to determine local attitudes toward the city and its mayor. About sixty per cent of those polled, the *Times* reported a few days later, under the headline "People Turn Pessimistic About Life in Los Angeles," believed that the "quality of life" in Los Angeles had deteriorated during the past fifteen years. About fifty per cent of those polled said that within the past year they had considered leaving Los Angeles, mainly for San Diego. Sixty-seven per cent of those polled, however, believed that Tom

Bradley, who had been mayor during this period when the quality of life had so deteriorated that many of them were thinking of moving to San Diego, had done a good job.

This was not actually news. On the whole, life in Los Angeles, perhaps because it is a city populated so largely by people who are ready to drop everything and move to San Diego (just as they or their parents or their grandparents dropped everything and moved to Los Angeles), seems not to encourage a conventional interest in its elected officials. "Nobody but the press corps and a few elites care anything about the day-to-day workings in city government" is the way this was put in one of the "cynical" BAD memos.

Maybe a hundred people in Los Angeles, besides the handful of reporters assigned to City Hall, actually follow city and county politics. A significant number of the hundred are lawyers at Manatt. All of the hundred are people who understand access. Some of these people say that of course Zev Yaroslavsky will run again, in 1993, when he will be only forty-four and Tom Bradley will be seventy-five and presumably ready to step aside. In this revised view, 1993 will be "Zev's year," or "time for Zev." Others say that 1993 will be too late, that the entire question of whether or not Zev Yaroslavsky can hold together Tom Bradley's famous black-Jewish coalition will be, in a Los Angeles increasingly populated by Hispanics and Asians, irrelevant, history, moot. These people say that 1993 will be the year for other people altogether, for more recent figures in the local political landscape, for people like Gloria Molina or Richard Alatorre, people like Mike Woo—people whose names will tell a different story, although not necessarily to a different hundred people. —Joan Didion

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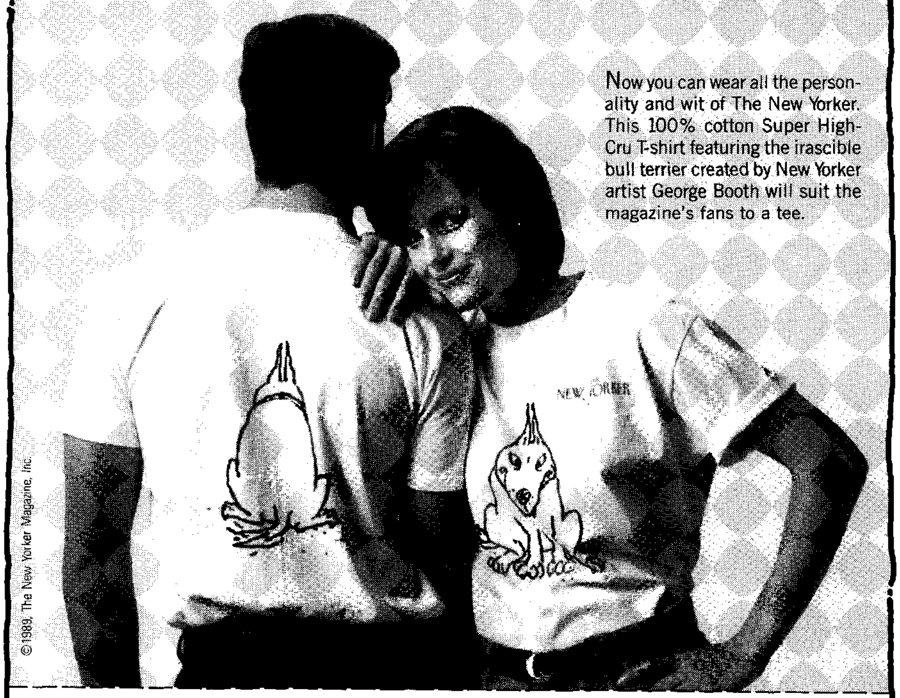

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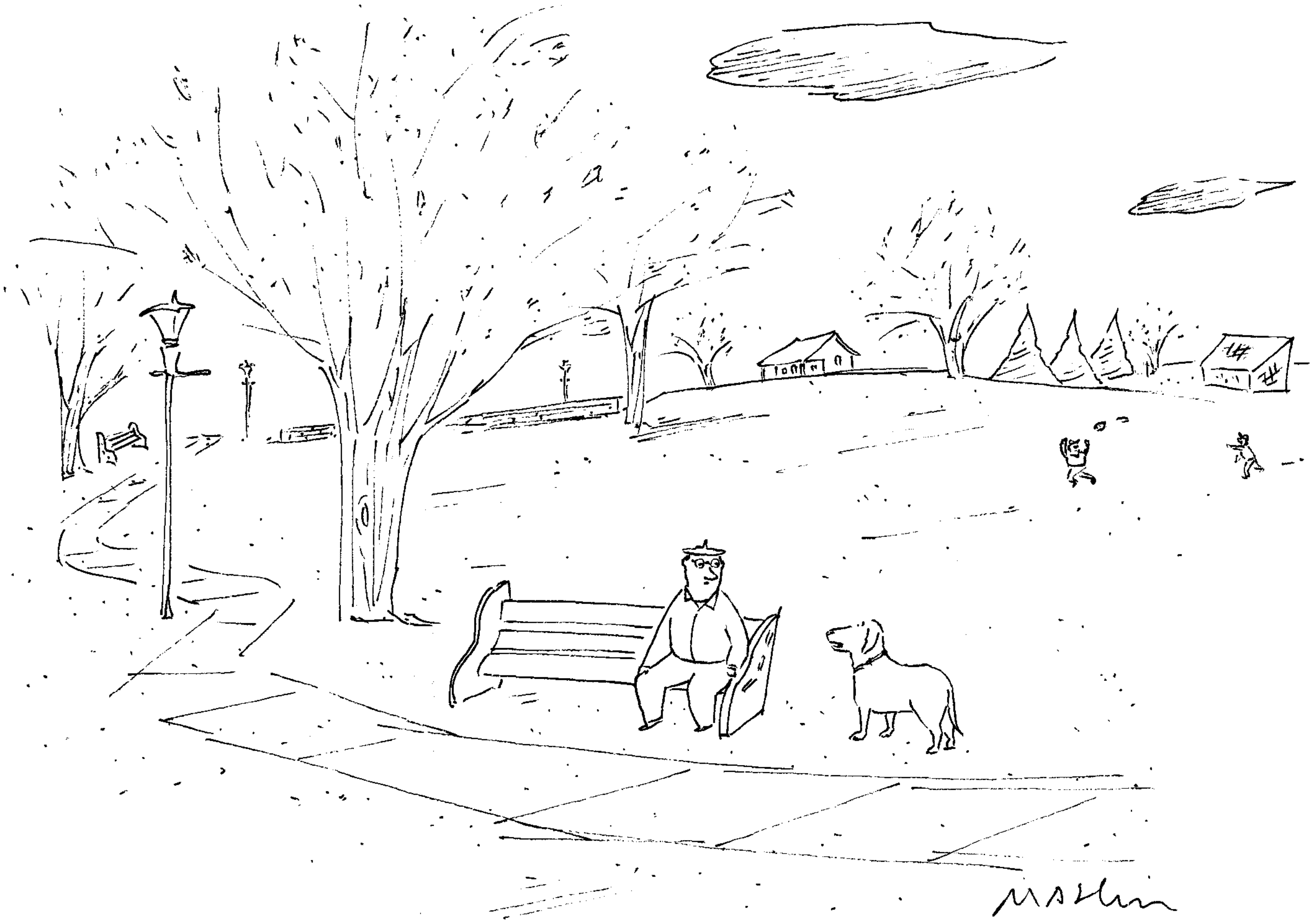
IN FASHION

Between Times

THIS is one of those moments when fashion seems to be spinning its wheels, when the people who make it their business and those for whom it's a pastime seem to have come down with a collective case of the blahs. Women with a job and a family protest that they just don't have the time to chase all over town for the right shoe to go with a new dress. Fashion retailers complain that people are spending their money on sofas and champagne coolers and fancy sheets instead of on clothes. The new trend is toward staying home, and nobody needs a new dress for that. The mood at the shows is an odd one these days—vigilant, part jaded, part eager, at times nearly desperate—as the people who report on fashion for newspapers, photograph it for magazines, and buy it for stores watch the runway in the hope that something will come along to capture their interest and hold it for the space of a few moments. Mostly, nothing does. As I write this, the European ready-to-wear collections for fall are over and the New York collections are getting under way, and so far there's not much news.

Toward the end of the seventies, there was a lot of talk about how fashion was dead—talk that subsided for a few years when Christian Lacroix introduced the pouf and other designers got into the party spirit. Now those sentiments are being voiced all over again, and what strikes me about them this time around is their intensity; women seem not so much disenchanted as irate. Is fashion dead yet? If not, there are a lot of people out there who would volunteer to kill it. I'm not sure what's behind this anti-fashion movement, and I confess that I'm a little put off by the sound of axes grinding—much of the rhetoric seems to say more about the speaker than it does about the current state of affairs. But I do think that a certain confusion exists between this anti-fashion sentiment and a long-standing attitude that is best described as non-fashion. Non-fashion is obliviousness—real or feigned—of what designers are showing, an insistence on comfort above all, a lack of fascination with clothes themselves. People who subscribe to non-fashion see fashion as benign but not terribly compelling; they're content to be spectators, not participants. People who are anti-fashion see fashion as evil and exploitative; they are aggressively interested in it, because they are out to repudiate it.

For the most part, I think, the angry and the disaffected are women who shop the middle price ranges. I have yet to see an interview with a disgruntled society hostess who feels that the big-name designers are letting her down, or with a kid who feels that the clothes she finds on lower Broadway and Canal Street aren't creative enough. It's housewives and office workers and other women on a budget who are complaining that fashion has nothing to offer. You can't blame them. Expensive fashion and cheap fashion have distinct identities of their own now; high chic and down-market chic are



"I mean it, Frank. I'm going now—that is, unless you tell me to stay."

genres unto themselves. In between is a no man's land full of conservative, unstylish, and, for the most part, rather boring clothes, as if the less creative the design the longer it lasts and the better the value. Now that middle-priced fashion isn't the line-for-line copy of high-priced fashion that it used to be, it seems to be floundering. Designers for this range have yet to come up with a look that is interesting in its own right.

The chronic fashion fatigue that seems widespread in New York and, if we can believe what we read, epidemic in other parts of the country extends to Paris, where I've spent the better part of the past six months. The French are staying home, too; *les pantouflards* are ordering in dinner from Allo Couscous. But although Frenchwomen may talk about how long it's been since they saw something that they absolutely *had* to buy, it's not in the final-sounding tones of people who've given up on designers and magazines and clothes once and for all. The outlook is different. No one in Paris speculates that fashion is dead. The French faith in fashion strikes an American as remarkable, admirable, naïve, and even, in a way, touching. It goes without saying that, one way or another, fashion will continue as long as France continues. To the French way of thinking, fashion is one of civilization's vital signs. This slump we're in is nothing serious, the French believe—simply a matter of biding our time till the end of a decade that most of us would just as soon walk out on if only we could find our way up the aisle in the dark.

IT'S been said that where fashion is concerned the second half of this century has been a mere rehash of the first—the sixties nostalgic for the twenties, the mid-seventies for the thirties, the late seventies and early eighties for the forties, the late eighties for the fifties (a phase that is still going strong). We've regarded everything before the twenties, when modernism in fashion got into full swing, as belonging to the dark ages, never to be revived, with Paul Poiret almost as remote as Charles Frederick Worth, who clothed the Empress Eugénie and the court of the Second Empire, and Worth just this side of Rose Bertin, Marie Antoinette's dressmaker. This season will go down in memory as the season Romeo Gigli, having withdrawn from the Italian ready-to-wear shows in Milan, brought his collection to the Louvre, where he presented clothes in the style of that pre-dawn decade we forgot—the teens. The Gigli silhouette at the moment is that of a woman in a dress by Mariano Fortuny (rich-colored, stretched and draped to follow the body's natural contours) with a coat by Poiret (cocoon-shaped, lavishly embroidered) on top. His new collection combines the best of the two veins in which he has been working—the mezzotint poetic subtlety that characterizes the clothes he has designed in his own name and the sumptuous ethnic exoticism that pervades the clothes he has designed for Callaghan.

Gigli's decision to show in Paris was not without precedent. Just this January, when the French presented their haute-couture collections, Valentino broke ranks with the Rome couturiers and entered his show, at the École des Beaux Arts, on the schedule along with Givenchy's, Yves Saint Laurent's, and Karl Lagerfeld's for Chanel. Gianni Versace brought his haute-couture collection from Milan. None of this, of course, surprised the French, who have never stopped regarding Paris as the fashion capital of the universe, and though most of the rest of us are a little more broadminded, there is the sense—still—that the designer who has made it in Paris has *really* made it. The runways there are for a fashion designer what the stage of the Maryinsky Theatre is for a ballet dancer or the stage of La Scala for an opera singer.

In Milan, where Gigli has had to struggle for recognition in an industry controlled by the ironfisted tycoons of the preceding generation, his clothes have been a departure—maybe even a dissent—from the fashion braggadocio that is the norm. Gigli's shows at his studio, a high-windowed, whitewashed loft on the Corso Como, were always well received, but they seemed to take place in the shadow of the Fiera, the fairgrounds-turned-trade-center where designers like Versace, Gianfranco Ferre, and Laura Biagiotti stage their collections. Seen in the context of Paris, Gigli's clothes looked different. From the start, it has been clear that he didn't share the same frame of reference as the other Italian designers, who in the seventies launched their own tradition—a hybrid of easygoing sportswear and im-

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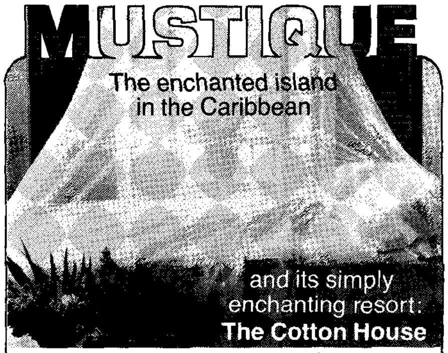
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peccable tailoring—and have worked within it ever since. But in Paris the allusions to the glory of the French haute couture—to Balenciaga, Dior, Fath, and now Poiret—which have been in Gigli's work all along no longer seemed like homages in passing. Suddenly, they made sense as part of a larger picture; we understood that his frame of reference is French.

Gigli's wasn't the only strong collection. Claude Montana, for example, continuing in the new direction he embarked on a few seasons ago, presented clothes that were at the same time fluid and restrained, gracefully draped and tailored, highly sophisticated and relaxed—with each piece of an outfit in a different shade of the same color, for a painterly effect. But it was Gigli's show that brought the house down and brought the whole week up a few notches. The twenty-minute-long standing ovation he received at the end was in recognition of something more than the clothes he had just shown. In aesthetic terms, Gigli had come home.

A LOT of what's been going on in fashion in Paris lately has been happening where you might not always think to look. A few days after Gigli's show, Christian Lacroix remarked to *Women's Wear Daily* on Gigli's ability to mix "museum and street fashion." Maybe that's what makes his clothes so resonant: Gigli has tapped into the two biggest sources of excitement in fashion right now—the creativity that thrives on flea markets and thrift shops and the hustle of city streets, and the artistry of clothes from faraway eras and cultures, enshrined in galleries, where people walk softly and talk in whispers.

The event that all the fashion enthusiasts are talking about in Paris this spring is the exhibition of Russian costumes from the Hermitage at the Musée Jacquemart-André, curated and designed by Stephen de Pietri, an American who for the past three years has been living in Paris, directing exhibitions for Yves Saint Laurent. (In the spirit of cultural exchange, the Russians lent the clothes in return for the Saint Laurent retrospective that had been mounted at the Hermitage in 1987.) For the occasion, the Musée Jacquemart-André, a late-nineteenth-century *hôtel particulier* on the Boulevard Haussmann, has been turned into a winter garden, filled with coleus, palms, and ferns.

In addition to the costumes, there are forty-five portraits—an extraordinary number for a costume exhibition—because de Pietri believes that it's important to see not only the clothes but the faces and the gestures that accompanied them, and to see all this through the eyes of someone living at the time. The connection between the paintings and the clothes is often specific and poignant. Anastasia, daughter of Nicholas II and Alexandra, looks out from her portrait wearing a silver dress, with a matching pearl-rimmed headpiece like a halo; the dress stands alongside. From a portrait above a mantel, Zenaïda Youssoupov, who was considered the most beautiful woman in Russia toward the end of the nineteenth century, serenely dominates the central salon. Her costume for the Boyar Ball, a masquerade given by the Czar in 1903, is upstairs. Her beige silk dress from Drecoll, in Paris, which is veiled with a layer of black chiffon beaded in a drizzle pattern, is a few galleries away. In the next room is Winterhalter's portrait of her mother, wearing a pearl necklace with enormous pearl-egg pendants—the famous Youssoupov pearls (which Felix, Zenaïda's son, took with him, along with two Rembrandts wrapped in a newspaper, when he fled Russia). Zenaïda herself wears one of these pendants on a pearl bandolier in her portrait.

Of the six gowns by Worth in the show, most are from the Youssoupov family. De Pietri says that, just as it's possible to distinguish the dresses Worth did for his American clients from the ones he did for his French or his English clients, you can see in those for his Russian customers a different color sense, more dramatic and Oriental, and longer trains, more jewels, more lavish fur trims. Unlike Americans, whose fashions lagged a year or two behind those of Paris, St. Petersburg women wore clothes that were up to the minute. Worth sent his atelier to Russia each year. The minute the ice on the River Neva broke, de Pietri says, everything came flooding in: textiles, oranges, tea, and French fashion magazines, which influenced the local couturiers. Of the several Russian fashion houses represented here, Lamanova makes the strongest impression, with a dress of black chiffon

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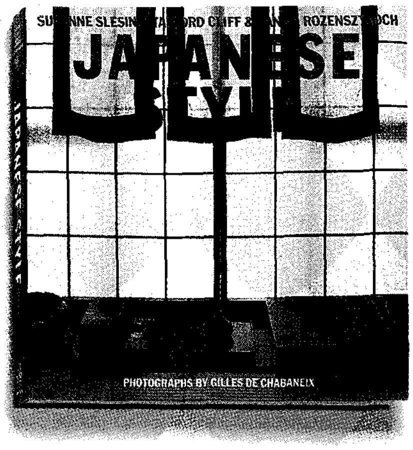
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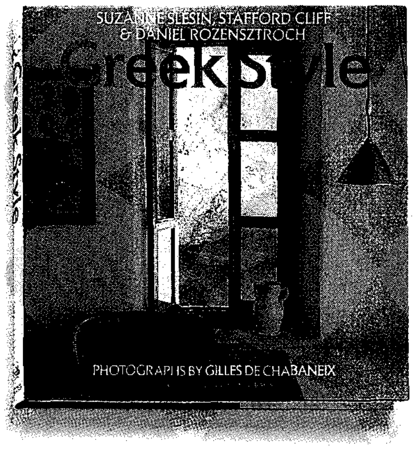
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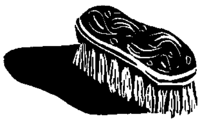
embroidered with leaves over emerald-green satin; the skirt is wrapped on the bias and fringed, like a shawl, and has a train.

Each gallery takes on an atmosphere and a character of its own. The palace servants preside over the first room, a sort of antechamber to the show, in red-and-black wool uniforms for a doorman, a lackey, a valet, and others—the wearers must all have been well over six feet tall. The uniforms are extravagantly trimmed with braid, into which the Romanov crest is woven in gold thread. There is one gallery devoted to what de Pietri characterizes as "life around the samovar," with a group of *robes de chambre* that give a sense of domestic routine in a country as cold and harsh as Russia, and another devoted to the military; it includes a tiny brass-buttoned navy-and-red jacket for a child, belonging to the regiment of Pavlovsk, and a uniform with a pale-blue moiré sash and embroidery motifs specific to the Russian chancellor. (In Franco Zeffirelli's recent movie about Toscanini, de Pietri spotted this uniform, or one like it, on the King of Brazil.) In a little room off to one side, Peter the Great's jackets are hanging in a row and his breeches are laid out, as if in a wardrobe. There are souvenirs of his travels: a German dressing gown, a French court suit. The master of more than twenty trades, he owned suits for each of them. His shipbuilder's hat is sitting in one corner.

The peasants and the bourgeoisie share a gallery, upstairs, where the peasant dresses are mounted on mannequins that are all the same, all in the same position, all lacquered red—an idea that de Pietri retained from Diana Vreeland's Russian-costume show at the Met. There are eighteenth-century *sarafans*, made of cloth imported from Europe, before Russia had its own textile mills; homespun-muslin plaid dresses and *lapti*, or birchbark sandals, for working in the fields; a pair of outfits for a peasant bride and groom. In one corner stand two dresses made of embroidered strips of red, blue, and white cotton pieced together with bands of crocheted lace—not in fact examples of peasant handiwork but projects for aristocratic women confined to the house for most of the winter. In summer, they would wear their homemade dresses at the dacha. De Pietri believes that these belonged to two of the daughters of Nicholas II. According to tradition, the little Czarevitch was dressed in peasant costume until the age of seven.

Making the rounds of this exhibition, you feel as if you were becoming acquainted with the people who owned and wore these clothes, as if the main thing were not the clothes themselves but the lives they describe—lives that seem to lie just beyond the clothes, just beyond our reach. There are suits—some boy-size, others to fit a teen-ager—made for Alexander I, the favorite grandson of Catherine the Great, who despised her own son, Paul I, and took his child in as an infant and brought him up herself. There is a man's silver bathrobe for the wedding night of a member of the royal family, complete with swansdown-lined silver slippers. There are three dresses that de Pietri believes belonged to Alexandra, whom George Balanchine likened to Grace Kelly in her cool beauty—all of them in the mauve-tinged shades of gray she favored.



The jacket that Peter the Great wore at the Battle of Poltava, in 1709, is here—the very jacket he wears in his portrait on horseback, seen in the catalogue: both in the gallery and in the portrait, it's missing the gold insignia, which, history tells us, was blown off by a bullet. It seems impossible that this jacket, and the débutante dresses of the last Romanov daughters, and the uniforms of the palace guards, and the peasants' homespun *sarafans*, and the priests' vestments made from noblewomen's dresses donated to the church have all survived the tumult of history; they seem so perishable. Yet the clothes remain, and the people who lived in them—who waged wars and planted the fields and waltzed and prayed in them—are gone. In the end, this show is a powerful testament to human fragility.

It is perhaps a sign of how far costume exhibitions have come that the French government has just named de Pietri a Chevalier of the Order of Arts and Letters; fifteen years ago, it was inconceivable that anyone who mounted shows of antique clothing could be seen as making much of a contribution to culture.

Unfortunately, the Musée des Arts de la Mode, the national costume museum, which opened four years ago in the Pavillon de Marsan, of the Louvre, announced a few weeks ago that, for lack of funds, it was cancelling "Les Étoffes des Héros," a retrospective of the Napoleonic era that it had planned in conjunction with the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum; the Met will mount its own exhibition, as planned, later this year. Meanwhile, the Palais Galliera, the municipal costume museum in Paris, is offering "Modes et Révolution," an assortment of clothes and accessories from the period between the end of the ancien régime and the neoclassical revival in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Trying to see these clothes as they were seen in their time strains the imagination, and their installation at the Galliera doesn't help: the mannequins are covered from top to toe with ribbed cotton jersey, which blurs their faces the way a stocking does a bank robber's. Some have no hands—an unfortunate omission for a show about an era when the French were busy chopping up aristocrats. The men, with their narrow shoulders and caved-in chests, look positively tubercular. And there are no shoes, which is less of a problem for the women, in long dresses, than it is for the member of the National Assembly who stands, cloaked in a dark-red wool toga bordered in a Greek key motif, in his stocking feet. If this exhibition has anything to teach us, it's that fashion is eminently resilient and adaptable. What had been the vehicle of the monarchy became, after the revolution, the medium for disseminating the ideals of a new society. An entire gallery is devoted to fans, delicately hand-painted on parchment, that are decorated with scenes of the taking of the Bastille and the fall of Marat, and lettered in flowing script with the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the roll call of the Estates General Assembly, held in 1789.

At the Centre Culturel in Boulogne-Billancourt, the chief attraction of "Costume à Danser," an excellent exhibition of costumes designed for dance, is a selection of Jean-Paul Gaultier's designs for the French choreographer Régine Chopinot. Excerpts from the dances, on video monitors, show the costumes in performance. The wittiest are a group in densely ruffled tulle sheared in sculptural shapes: one man wears a square green tutu, like a box hedge; a woman wears a red tulle bolero with topiary breasts. A cavalier's black stretch waistcoat (for "Les Hommes Bijoux"), festooned with gold braid and colored-glass pendants, and a female soloist's pink-and-green brocade-striped satin sheath (for "Les Puzzles"), strapless, with the cups of the bra pleated at the base to look like scallop shells, make you wonder what Gaultier could do with "The Sleeping Beauty." On the videotape, the dress is worn with knee-high pink ruffled tulle boots. In a trio (called "Le Dernier Crinoline") for dancers in enormous eighteenth-century paniered skirts, two hoist the third onto their shoulders and, twisting their panniers around to front and back, in order to get side by side, become riders on horseback. (These are all excerpts from a piece called, appropriately, "Défilé.") A panel of text on one wall quotes Gaultier: "When one destroys a culture, one must know it perfectly." Last year, for a film Chopinot made under the auspices of the Musée d'Orsay, Gaultier designed the costume for a dancing Eiffel Tower, in a wonderfully oxidized shade of green-gray, and complete with rivets around the base of each tier and a French flag flying from the cap; it is also on display.

My vote for the best costumes to have been conceived for the stage lately by a fashion designer goes to Gilles Dufour's for Twyla Tharp's new ballet, "Rules of the Game," at the Paris Opera. Dufour, who is Karl Lagerfeld's collaborator at Chanel, has made a fractured version of the Palais Garnier's big trompe-l'oeil front curtain, with its swags of deep-red plush drapery drawn aside by tasselled gold ropes, and has dressed the cast in velvety deep red and shadowy dark brown, as if the dancers were a fixture of that resplendent theatre. The women's dresses—tight, scoop-necked bodices, chiffon skirts that come to just above the knee—look like the one worn by Degas's statue of a young dancer. The stretch bodices are diagonally streaked with brown—more trompe-l'oeil, which from the house "reads" like draped velvet, without the bunchy look that real velvet would give. In their hair the women all wear black satin hair ribbons tied in a big schoolgirl bow.

CURIOUSLY, there was an excitement to the men's collections for fall, presented in February,

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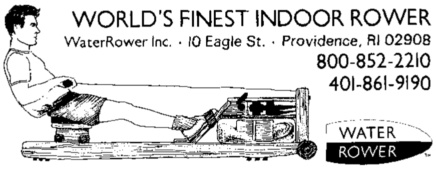

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that was missing from the women's shows. In fact, the long leather topcoats, the cashmere sports jackets, the scarf-printed silk shirts and matching waistcoats at Hermès, designed by Véronique Nichanian in her second season for the house, would do quite elegantly for women as well as for men.

In their men's collections, Rei Kawakubo, at Comme des Garçons, and Gaultier revealed a deep affinity, which is harder to see in their women's clothes. At first glance, no two designers could be less alike: Kawakubo, who in her clothes comes across as cool, restrained, serious, deliberate; Gaultier, who in his comes across as warm, exuberant, wry, spontaneous. Kawakubo, the cerebral minimalist; Gaultier, the happy hedonist. Kawakubo, the scientist; Gaultier, the provocateur. But in their menswear it becomes obvious that both are engaged in a process of dismantling clothes and recombining the component parts in astonishing, sometimes ironic ways. This season, the models at Comme des Garçons wore detachable collars draped around their necks but fastened to nothing, and mystifying jacket combinations—one looked like a sleeveless blouson over a suit—that were in fact all one piece. At Gaultier, the results were farther-fetched, including ankle-length tartan-plaid chaps, pleated like a kilt and reined in by leather buckle tabs at the knees, and jersey stirrup jumpsuits with tuxedo stripes down the sides, worn with cutaway jackets. Kawakubo seems to edit herself as she goes along; Gaultier designs like a person talking off the top of his head: "What if . . ." The means are different, but the end is the same. If every piece in their collections isn't what the fashion press calls "wearable," and if the things that are sold aren't worn as they were shown on the runway, that's beside the point. Both Kawakubo and Gaultier are forcing us to look at clothes in new ways, disrupting the habits of thinking we've fallen into. To the extent that what's going on in fashion may reflect what's going on in other departments of culture, the "research" that Kawakubo and Gaultier are doing parallels the work of structuralists like Foucault and Derrida, who are trying to deconstruct language, but Kawakubo and Gaultier are easier to follow.

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BOOKS

Women at Arms

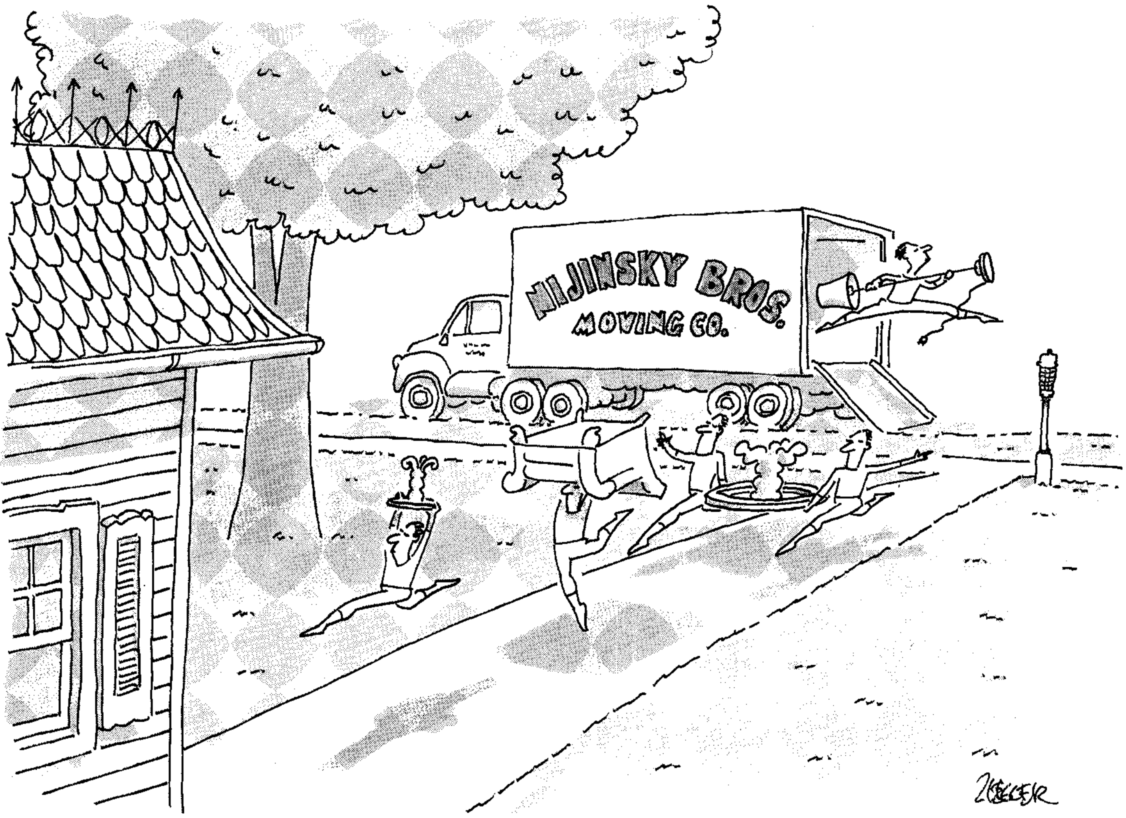
ANTONIA FRASER'S "The Warrior Queens" (Knopf; $22.95) is an intelligent and artful study of women rulers who commanded in battle. The book begins in prehistory—practically every pagan pantheon featured a warrior goddess—and comes down to the present; its heroines lived in Europe, Asia, and Africa. (The New World has produced no warrior queens known to history.) The author's ground rules exclude the West's most famous woman warrior, Joan of Arc, because she did not wield political power, but Ms. Fraser finds a place for Margaret Thatcher, who, living at a time when a nation's political chief is no longer expected to appear on the battlefield, made the decision that sent British soldiers to fight for the Falkland Islands.

The book—inevitably, I think—leads to feminist conclusions, but it is not a feminist tract. I would call it an exploration, and what it explores is a repeated pattern that a woman biographer and historian cannot help noticing. Women have ordinarily been denied public authority, and women who have become rulers (in the past, usually through the workings of mortality in hereditary systems), and particularly women rulers who have been called upon to make war, have elicited either extravagant admiration or even more extravagant odium. Mother of her country and/or savage slut—both responses echo down the centuries. In juxtaposing the myths about women with the careers of some extraordinary women, Ms. Fraser at once clarifies history and suggests the many ways that myths betray history.

One way is that the myths are always the same, while the warrior queens demonstrated considerable individuality. The empire builders—for examples, Queen Tamara, who ruled Georgia from 1184 to 1212 and greatly enlarged her Caucasian kingdom; and Isabella of Castile, who, with her husband, Ferdinand of Aragon, completed the reconquest of Spain in 1492—justified their aggressions very differently. They do not resemble each other or the numerous queens who became warriors by responding to aggression with arms instead of tears. In a common scenario, an aggressive male attacks a woman ruler because he assumes she is weak. Ms. Fraser recalls Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetae, who, in Book I of Herodotus' "The Persian Wars," adjures the Persian Emperor Cyrus, "Rule your own people, and try to bear the sight of me ruling mine": Cyrus ignored her advice, invaded her kingdom, and was killed in battle.

The Celtic warrior queen Boadicea was less fortunate. She was a king's widow who ruled the Iceni, a rich tribe of East Anglia, as regent for her two daughters. Her husband had been a friend of Rome, and there is no suggestion that she planned to alter his policy. Nonetheless, the Roman financial officer in Britain, the procurator Catus Decianus, sent a force that invaded her kingdom, flogged the queen, raped her daughters, confiscated the royal treasure, and expropriated the fortunes of the Icenian nobility. Ms. Fraser remarks that, like Cesare Borgia's rape of Caterina Sforza after he captured her fortress of Ravaldino, in 1500, the rape of the Icenian princesses was a humiliation inflicted to demonstrate women's helplessness. In the case of Boadicea's daughters, the gesture was expensive: the revolt she led in 60-61 destroyed Colchester, London, and St. Albans. Sometimes history tells us just what we want to hear—for example, that bullies are cowards: when the Celtic tribes rebelled, the procurator fled Britain. However, the Roman governor, Suetonius Paulinus, who had had no part in the wretched procurator's banditry, wiped out Boadicea's army. It is thought that she committed suicide after her defeat.

Boadicea reigns over this volume; Ms. Fraser not only recounts her career but follows her legend through some startling transformations. In the sixth century, the monk Gildas thought Boadicea a wicked rebel, but the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sixteenth century saw her as a forerunner of Elizabeth I. Purcell's Boadicea is positively genteel, while Cowper's is a British imperialist: "Regions Caesar never knew Thy posterity shall sway," he wrote, justifying Great Britain's war to retain her North American colonies. Presently, Boadicea became an Eminent Victorian, and then, in the twentieth century, her memory was invoked in the cause of woman suffrage, although it is doubtful whether the original Boadicea would have given *any* commoner a vote.

Throughout history Ms. Fraser finds an obsessional interest in the sex lives of warrior queens, who must conform to one of two stereotypes: icily chaste or blazingly lascivious. One sentence tells all we really know about Sammu-ramat: she was the widow of an Assyrian king who died in 811 B.C., and she reigned for five years as regent for their son. Yet Ms. Fraser cites work after work concocted about lustful Semiramis. Among the chaste there is (maybe) Zenobia of Palmyra. In the two hundred-sixties, she tried to carve an empire for herself out of Rome's Middle Eastern provinces. Although no chronicler can tell us the names and ages of her sons, all assure us that she allowed her husband's embraces only for the purpose of conception. Historians' and biographers' mania about the sexuality of women rulers causes them to misunderstand the women *as* rulers; Ms. Fraser observes that historians fascinated by Cleopatra's love life often overlook sources that show her devotion to power politics.

Some commentaries that Ms. Fraser records seem remote or archaic, but, surprisingly, many of the concerns of antiquity survive. Ms. Fraser notes that historians have always taken care to tell us whether the voice of a woman commander was harsh, and points out that whenever Mrs. Thatcher raises her voice in Parliament the Opposition calls her a fishwife. The author also remarks that, while Mrs. Thatcher's toughness is considered unfeminine by her opponents, when Geraldine Ferraro ran for the Vice-Presidency she was challenged to prove herself sufficiently unfeminine—tough enough—for the job. Ms. Fraser finds a single universal agreement about women and conflict: everyone, at all times, has believed that it is natural,

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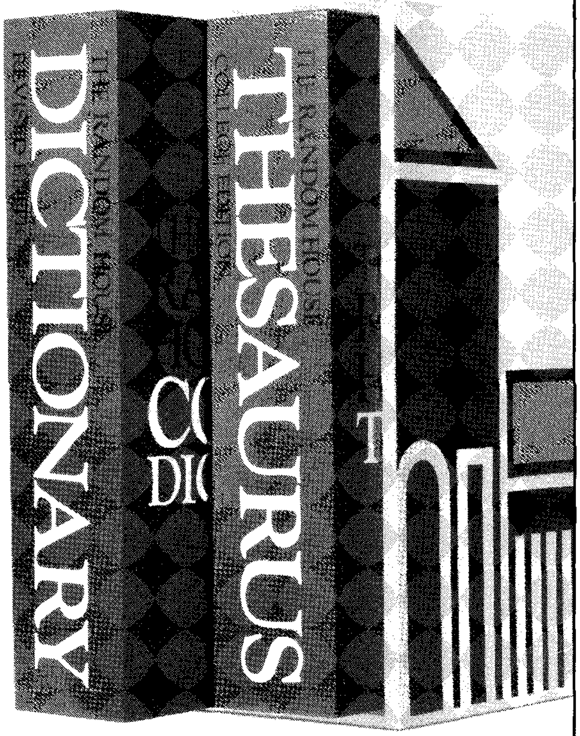

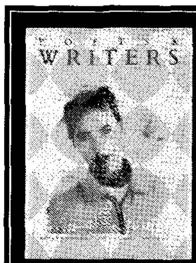

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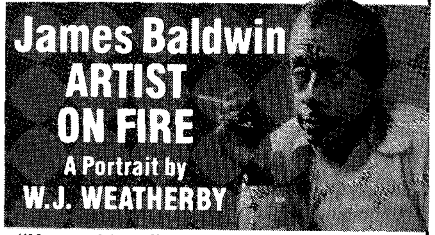

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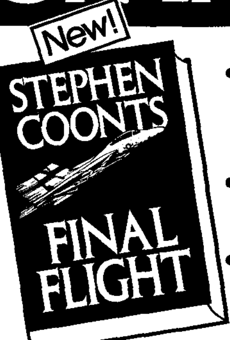

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normal, and feminine for women to fight for their children.

Ms. Fraser has thought about all the ramifications of women commanders, and she writes so easily that her inclusiveness never feels merely dutiful. She holds our attention and she misses nothing. For example, in her discussion of Queen Louise of Prussia, who goaded and nagged her husband, Frederick William, and their intermittent ally, Czar Alexander I, into resisting Napoleon, Ms. Fraser cites Napoleon's insistence that women must be subordinate. He expressed this opinion so often, so forcefully, and so gratuitously that one suspects it was his way of coping with his powerful mother. In her last chapter Ms. Fraser cites feminist thinkers who suspect that many men resent female authority because it reduces them to children. In their eyes, whatever costume a woman wears—even a general's uniform—trails Mommy's apron strings.

Ms. Fraser does not claim that any of her warrior queens ranks among the great commanders. Of all the battles in her book, I find only one among the twenty decisive battles of the world in Joseph Mitchell's 1964 revision of the Creasy classic: the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. Ms. Fraser recalls Queen Elizabeth's famous speech to her troops awaiting the Spanish invasion at Tilbury but considers the armor she wore on that occasion a sort of masquerade, and agrees with other historians and biographers that Elizabeth was almost neurotically peace-loving. On the other hand, it does not look as if the wars or battles that women lost would have been won by male commanders. No British chieftain of Boadicea's era could have enforced the discipline that her unruly host needed to defeat the Romans.

Though women warriors may not be important in the history of war, they are important in the history of women. Ms. Fraser recalls that, in her girlhood, reading about Boadicea helped her feel equal to her brothers. Here, I think, the author touches all her women readers. In my girlhood, I was taught that American women were the freest in the world, but the only heroine offered for my admiration was Betsy Ross, the patriotic seamstress. In a sense, Ms. Fraser's real subject is the childhood quest for heroes and heroines, which repeats itself in every generation. In recalling this quest, she

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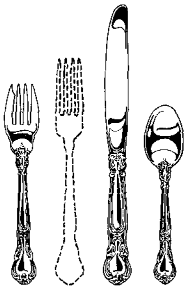

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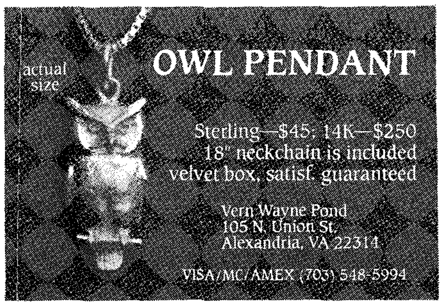

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raises a momentous and perplexing matter: shaping the imagination of the young. In the past, that activity has been allotted to unspectacular women, a contribution to history that is unmeasured but very likely measureless. It may be that humanity would be better off if both boys and girls learned to admire pacific, domestic attainments. It may also be that until we appreciate the dramatic achievements of a few women the humble talents of many women will be undervalued. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MY FATHER'S MOON, by Elizabeth Jolley (Harper & Row; $15.95). At boarding school and, later, as a young nurse in an English hospital during the Second World War, Veronica Wright lives solely in the affectionate, competitive company of her own sex. She marvels at those more delicate or neatly dressed than she, and feels the loathing that is really a form of self-hatred for girls who have holes in their stockings, or bulging tummies. It's a moment of revelation for her when she spies, through a knothole in the wall of her hospital bedroom, two female orderlies lovingly soaping each other and singing in a shared bathtub, and we're surprised when her first love turns out to be a man. This romance and its grim consequences are central to the plot, but it is also where the book falters. The affair just isn't as vivid as other ripe details that Ms. Jolley supplies: the way Veronica's father shoves magazines and newspapers through the window and then runs alongside her train at each of her departures from home; Veronica and her roommate dancing to the Tango Bolero on a hot summer night, muffling the gramophone by keeping it in the wardrobe.

NOTE: "In Transit," a collection of stories by Mavis Gallant, has been published by Random House ($17.95). All the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

BEN JONSON: A LIFE, by David Riggs (Harvard; $35). "Contemporary sources reveal that he killed two men for no apparent reason, went to prison on three separate occasions, was 'almost at the Gallowes' and wore the brand of a convicted murderer on his thumb, enjoyed sleeping with other men's wives (but not with single women), sired one or more illegitimate children, was paraded through the streets of Paris in a drunken stupor, and narrowly escaped having his ears and nose mutilated after collaborating on a play that lampooned King James I." As a means to "his ultimate, and unrealizable, ambition," Jonson also wrote "Volpone" and "Bartholomew Fair," and was court poet to James I and other noble patrons. The unrealizable ambition was to expunge his workaday origins and be a true gentleman. He veered between family and a surrogate family of patrons throughout his younger years, from at least the time of his education at Westminster School. Through state-of-the-art scholarship, Mr. Riggs makes this most self-conscious of authors an emotional contemporary of ours in his psychological afflictions. But where Mr. Riggs is not unlocking the private life his exposition of historical reports and of Jonson's works can become a murky catalogue. Quotations both from Jonson and from other writers, including T. S. Eliot and Foucault, are clarifying, and a relief wherever they occur.

FAR FROM HOME: FAMILIES OF THE WESTWARD JOURNEY, by Lillian Schlissel, Byrd Gibbens, and Elizabeth Hampsten, with a foreword by Robert Coles (Schocken; $19.95). In this absorbing study of four pioneer families, a footnote tells us that it took only "a pound of Nebraska earth and a handful of prairie grass" to persuade fifteen hundred Volga Germans to emigrate from Russia in 1876. Pieced together almost entirely from letters and reminiscences, the book is full of such tenuous beginnings, and shows that even when settlers managed to stake their claims they risked years of grinding hardship away from friends and family. A recurring theme is gain overwhelmed by loss: the Nehers and the Martins flee the Czar's Army only to spend their first North Dakota winter crowded together in an abandoned boxcar; Abigail Malick boasts of the mild Oregon climate to her daughter back in Illinois, even though three of her

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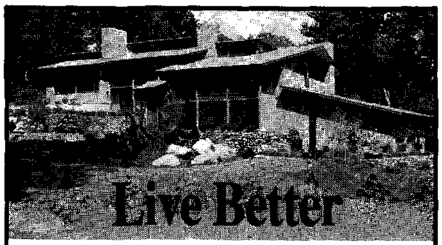

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children have died and a fourth has deserted her. "We are All well," she writes. "All that are left of us." Although the authors occasionally strain to draw conclusions, the voices that emerge here eloquently tell the tale.

Gertrude Jekyll: A Vision of Garden and Wood, by Judith B. Tankard and Michael R. Van Valkenburgh (Abrams/Sagapress; $35). "Aunt Bumps, Mother of All Bulbs" to the architect Edwin Lutyens, her friend and collaborator, the landscape designer Gertrude Jekyll (1843-1932) was the doyenne of the English private garden. The purpose of this elegant and appealing volume is to display a selection of Jekyll's photographs of her own garden, the famous and now vanished Munstead Wood. The pictures—among them are views of "Steps Up from Hidden Garden," "Hydrangeas Looking Down Nut Walk," "Tabby in the Catmint," and "September Borders Looking Up"—are evidence of a deeply dedicated and humorous temperament. A gardener, Mr. P. Brown, zanily costumed in a habit borrowed from a Sussex monastery, is photographed next to a clump of giant lilies; a snapshot of a little girl standing next to a rosebush is labelled simply "Dorothea Strachey—Rose McFarland." It is illuminating to learn that Jekyll's myopia was such that it may have been easier for her to view the progress of her grounds by means of these very photographs; we, too, see the beauties of Munstead Wood, both grand and homely, within the frame of her delineating eye. A bibliography of Jekyll's books and articles and a selected list of contemporary references to Munstead Wood (Lutyens, in a letter to his wife, mentions "the 11 essential gardeners") are included.

Doctor #117641, by Louis J. Micheels (Yale; $19.95). In late 1942, the author, a Dutch Jewish doctor, and his fiancée were arrested trying to flee from Nazi-occupied Holland and were sent to Auschwitz, he to be a medical assistant in the camp laboratories and hospital, she to be a nurse in the "medical research" block. The two were able to continue in tenuous contact until the evacuation of the camp, in 1945; they were reunited in Holland, but they found that their love had become a fatality of the Holocaust. These are the outlines of Dr. Micheels' story. Now a psychoanalyst in this country, he sets out to answer some of the questions he was left with, such as why it took almost forty years before he could openly discuss his experience of the death camps, and what he believes was the real reason for the estrangement between him and his fiancée, after they had been through, and survived, a common ordeal. In the vast literature of the Holocaust, this modest book stands out for the glimpse it affords us of unsuspected recesses in the human psyche.

Note: "The Outermost Dream," a collection of essays and reviews by William Maxwell, has been published by Knopf ($19.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Hooked," a collection of Pauline Kael's movie reviews, has been published by Dutton ($24.95 cloth, $14.95 paper). All the contents first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Killshot, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House/Morrow; $18.95). Mr. Leonard's new novel opens with a half-Ojibway Mafia hit man, Armand Degas, nicknamed Blackbird, taking care of a routine assignment in a Detroit hotel room. Then chance, or coincidence (Mr. Leonard is as good at likely coincidence as Dickens), leads him into a partnership with one Richie Nix, younger, stupider, but just as deadly. The two join in an extortion scheme that goes sour, or worse. They are seen and identified by an ironworker and his wife. Blackbird and Richie, as nasty a pair of humanoids as even Mr. Leonard has conjured up, have no big problem dealing with that. Mr. Leonard is, as always, single-minded; he grabs us, holds us for a couple of hours, then lets us go. Exhausted, we emerge from a vivid but quickly vanishing dream.

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For those of you who may not know, Jersey City is one of five boroughs which make up New York City and is located directly across the Hudson River from the island of Manhattan.—*The Observer, a Lithuanian newsletter published in Chicago.*

Somebody had better tell Ed Koch quick.

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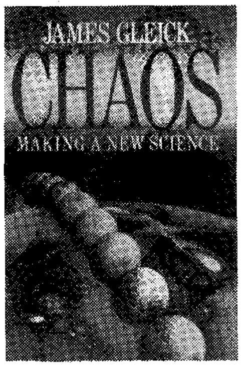

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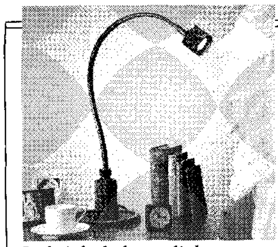

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